

Scandalum Magnatum:

Or the GREAT

TRIAL

AT

Cheltnesford Affizes,

Held March 6, for the County of ESSEX,

*Compten*

BETWIXT

HENRY Bishop of LONDON, Plaintiff,

AND

EDM HICKERINGILL Rector of the Rectory  
of All-Saints in COLCHESTER, Defendant,

FAITHFULLY RELATED.

Together with the Nature of the Writ call'd SUPPLICAVIT,  
seldom granted against any in these Days, more seldom granted  
against any but common-Rogues, and common-Barreters, and  
common-Villains; yet granted against Mr. Hickeringill: Who  
was thereupon bound to the Good-Behaviour, at the Court of  
King's-Bench Westminster, Octab. Pur. xxxiv. R. R.

AS ALSO

The Articles sworn against him, by six Proctors of Doctors-Commons;  
the Reverend Proctors Names are like-wise (according to the  
Record in the Crown-Office) particulariz'd. With large Obser-  
vations and Reflections upon the whole.

Published to prevent false Reports.

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LONDON,

Printed for E. Smith at the Elephant and Castle in Cornhill, 1682.

Sealed with the Great Seal of the Great

Of the GREAT

TRIAL

AT

Chelmsford Assizes

Held at the County of Essex

BETWEEN

THE KING, Plaintiff

AND

EDMUND HICKER, Defendant

of the County of Essex

IN THE MATTER OF

THE KING'S PETITION FOR WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS

IN FAVOR OF

EDMUND HICKER

THE PETITIONER PRAYING THAT HE MAY BE RESTORED TO HIS LIBERTY

AND THAT HE MAY BE RESTORED TO HIS LIBERTY

1682

8th 1628

1682

1682

Printed by J. Smith, at the Press of the Great Seal of the Great



# THE INTRODUCTION.

**W**AS there ever more need than now (to prevent false Reports) when every Coffee-House Table (instead of a better Carpet) is cover'd and pester'd with false News?

False Rumours and News (the Epidemical Plague) that our Ancestors were so careful to prevent, that (as the *Laws Oracle*, *Cook*, cap. 39. Institut. 3. tells us, that) the Law before the Conquest was, That the Author and Spreader of false Rumours amongst the People had his Tongue cut out, if he redeemed it not by the estimation of his Head. *Int. Leg. Alveredi*, cap. 28. If this Law had been reviv'd, *Thompson*, *Heraclitus* and the *Observer* had much better be Tongue-ty'd.

For tho Wise-Men and Good-Men (in a just scruple of Conscience) scorn to read such nauseous Ribaldry in Reverence to that of the Wise-man; (*Prov.* 17. 4.) *A wicked Doer giveth heed to false Lips; and a Lyeer giveth Ear to a naughty Tongue;* knowing that the *Refettor* is as bad as the *Thief*, and that the *Ear that loves to hear* (is as bad as the *Tongue that loves to speak*) false News, and equally Guilty; and he that loveth, (as well), as he that maketh a Lye, is rank'd amongst Dogs, and Sorcerers, and Whoremongers, and Murtherers and Idolaters. (*Rev.* 22. 15.) Yet the depraved Nature of Man is (*novitatis avida*) greedy of hearing Tales from the very Cradle; and many Englishmen now, (like the *Athenians*, *Acts* 17. 21.) spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new-thing.

The *Lydians* punish'd these false News-Mongers with Death, as if a Man's Reputation was as dear to him as his Life, and the Assassinate of a Man's good Name, was accounted a Murderer.

The *Grecians* and the *French* have but one Name or Word to signify the Devil and (his Son) the Slanderer; *diabolos*, *Diable*, or Devil; who was a Murtherer from the beginning; (that is) a Lyeer, and the Father of Lyes: And to delight in hearing or reading false and scandalous News, is an *Accessory*, (which in Murder and all Assassinations) is equally punish'd and equally guilty with the *Principal*.

Prudent Men (tho') and Men of Courage (like a *Lion*, or a right English Mastiff) stalk and walk on, when little Currs bark at them, answering their yelping, only with Contempt: *Convicia, si irascaris, tua dividuas, spreta exolescunt*, saith *Tacitus*; If you seek to revenge Slanders, you proclaim them as your own; But if you despise them, they vanish of themselves.

There are but few Bishops like Arch-Bishop *Cranmer*, who was so much revild, that he might have made work enough for the Lawyers, if he would have ply'd their Courts with Actions, upon the Statute of *Scandal Magnat*, but he chose rather to win Men with his Goodness, not rendring Evil for Evil, (so usually) Good for Evil, that it became a Proverb in those Days, *Do Arch-Bishop Cranmer any Lord of Canterbury a Displeasure, and you have him your Friend ever after;* that's more Christian-like, and Bishop-like, than if Men had cause to say, *Do my*

my Lord of — a Displeasure, and you have him your Enemy ever after. Sure the World is near its end, and drawing its last Breath, Charity is so cold now a Days, old and cold, (God knows!) as for Example, and woful Experience, *Ecce Signum!*

The Pressures that this Defendant has undergone since he writ the *Naked Truth*, (above a Year ago) are almost insupportable, and enough to make his Back crack, at least, enough to fright Men from writing or speaking any more *Naked-Truths*: It was always so; the great Prophet of old made the same complaint, to small purpose (God wot) amongst some Men; (Isa. 59. 14, 15.) *Judgment is turned away backward, and Justice standeth afar off; for Truth is fallen in the Street, and Equity cannot enter.*

*Yea, Truth faileth,* and he that departeth from Iniquity maketh himself a Prey; and the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no Judgment.

How has this Defendant been pester'd within this Twelve Months? Four and twenty great Heads of Barrettry prefer'd against him in the Crown-Office, about fifty Witnesses subpoena'd to prove them, yet, scarce ten of them sworn, and some of them that were subpoena'd, protest before they were subpoena'd that they knew nothing of the Matter, and yet subpoena'd. What? run Men down with a Noise? Is that such Policy? or, is it Piety? And when the Defendant's Innocence appear'd, and a Verdict to that purpose by the Worthy Jury; yet, afterwards How was he *visited and vex'd* in the Ecclesiastical-Court of Arches, (Henry Bishop of London Promoter there against him) and for some of the same Barrettry too, of which he had been honourably acquitted?

And when the danger appear'd of prosecuting him in that Ecclesiastical-Court for Barrettry (against the Statutes of *Premunire and Provisors*) though Witnesses were sworn to them, yet it was upon second Thoughts adjudg'd unsafe to insist upon them; and five of the Articles were laid aside (wherewith they had long made a loud noise) and only five clandestine Marriages insisted upon, or Marriages without Banes (first published) in time of Divine-Service, (and how can that be where there is no Divine-Service) but the old Rule, *Necessitas vincit Legem*, would not pass Currant against a Law of Man, though it prov'd a good Dispensation to Holy David against a Law of God: But, in all haste suspended and silenc'd he must be, (*I do not know when!*) whether the Ecclesiastical Court have Wit in their Anger, and will not do all the harm they can; or, whether they think there is more in Matrimony than a matter of Money; or, whether they think it hard to silence a Minister from Preaching the Gospel, though the Register's had not the nine or ten Shillings (as formerly) from the Defendant for a Blank-Licence, whilst scarce a Man in an Age is silenc'd for Drunkenness, Ignorance, Laziness, Fornication, or Debauchery; or, whether they resolve to be merciful in Conclusion, or, (if that be not so probable) whether they suspend the execution of the Suspension, that the longer the blow is a beaving it may fall the heavier, I cannot tell; But they have found the Defendant work enough this twelve-Month last past, if he had had no other work, but to fence and ward off the Blows made at him: Then six Proctors (they) swear against him Articles in the King's-Bench, and procure the Writ of *Supplicavit* against him, a Writ seldom granted against any in these Days, (as we are told by the *Compleat Solicitor*, p. 73, 74.) He says, he remembers that about eight Years ago, (in the days of *Usurpation*, for his Book was printed Anno Dom. 1666.) a troublesome malicious Priest sued one (namely a *Supplicavit*) against some of his Neighbours, but he had not heard of any since; and the Parties craving it should take their Corporal Oath that it is not desired for any Malice, Hatred, or Envy to the Party (surely if the said six Proctors swore it, they swore it freely, heartily and clearly!)

Besides,



Besides, tho' it is a *Writ rarely granted*, yet, when it is granted it is (more) rarely granted against any but *common Rogues, and Villains, common Barretors, and Man-Catchers*; Is there greater Indignity than to be *tried* amongst *Thieves and Rogues*? It has been the Lot of his Betters, (tho' the Defendant offered an *Affidavit* in his behalf, made before Judge Dolben, by three *Worthy Gentlemen*, and desired (with all Humility) that as the Bench had heard of one side *Affidavits* against him; that they would please to leave one Ear open, to hear some *Affidavits* for him, and some Pleas in his Defence: intending to insist upon the Statute of 2 Edw. 6. 1. which if it be in force, then the Ecclesiastical Courts sit not legally, nor can they be called by Names bad enough; and if that Statute be not in force, then why did the Lord Chief Justice Pemberton insist upon it so lately at the King's Bench Bar, and also Mr. Rotherham, for their Client Mr. Weald of *Wich-Walsbam* in *Essex*, about the time that the last Parliament sat at *Westminster*, telling the Lord Chief Justice Scroggs, that he would not urge it warily (or Words to the like Effect) because he perceiv'd his Lordship was not prepar'd at that time to give an answer to that Statute; or Words to the like Effect: A *moot-Case* belike then, and a *hard Case* to bind a Man to the Good-Behaviour, or threaten him with a Jail, when not wiser in the construction of the force of a Statute than the Lord Chief Justice. 2. 2. 61.

But nothing would be admitted to be pleaded in the Defendants Defence, but *utrum horum* (that is not false Latin, whatsoever *quisquis* is.)

Sad choice (alas!) Bail, or a Jail:  
There is no fence against a Flail.

They that will hear but of one Ear here, shall be made to hear on both Ears one Day (the Day of Judgment.)

And tho' Mr. Shepherd (in his Office of a Justice of the Peace, pag. 83.) says, that in taking a Recognizance upon a *Supplicavit*, the ordinary Sum is ten or twenty Pounds (and difficultly enough (too) to be procur'd by a poor Rogue, tho' a great Rogue) yet, since the time and Sum is Arbitrary and in the Breaft of the Justices, no less than a *hundred Pounds* must Mr. *Hickeringill* be bound in for affronting the Men of Doctors-Commons, (if the Proctors swore through-stitch) nay, one of the Bench stood stiffly for 200 Pounds, (that the Principal should Recognize, but (in that) he was over-ruled) and four Sureties in 50 l. apiece; whereas a *poor common-Rogue* could hardly have procur'd two *Manu-captors*: Ay, Ay; he that will have Honour must sometimes pay for his Ambition.

But, as if all these troubles were too little for the Defendant (besides the Weekly Affronts) By the Weekly News-mongers in their *Tantroy-Pamphlets*, (not to mention those familiar little friendly Courtships, and Carelesses, of Villain, Rogue, Colchester-Hick—the great Scribler of the Nation: Daring Nat. Thompson reports him to be *convict of Perjury*, tho' Nat. hides his viler Head for the same, and dare not give an appearance for himself and his Consort to Mr. Godfrey Woodward Attorney, who has long been prepar'd for him, if he could come at him, for villifying and aspersing such a Man as Mr. *Hickeringill* with so pernicious and false a Slander, all the Kingdom over.) But these are small Matters, *loss of Reputation*, and to be called and accounted a *common Rogue, common Barretor, common Villain*; a *small matter*.

Oh! But in the Neck of all, comes me, (*decima unda*) the tenth Wave, an Action of 5000 l. thick, brought by a great Bishop too, of great Interest, great Power, great Friends, great Parts, great Learning, and great all over;

B

against

against a poor Priest, or younger Brother, a *Minorite*, to Reform him, (*if any Body could tell how*) and make him better: Nay, it will be dangerous (this whole long Year) for Mr. *Hickeringill* to say, as did the Emperour, at a *General Council*, (when at the first setting out and opening thereof, the good Fathers were *gravell'd*, and at a loss, where (first) to begin to mend, the Ecclesiastical Frame being so horribly out of Frame, a *Minorite*, cries one of the great Ones very politickly: no quoth the Emperour,) rather a *Majorite*, let us first begin to mend the great Ones.

The Naked Truth, with ease, we tear;  
Not such as *Vizor-Masques* do wear;  
For *Vizors* sconce and skreen Men here;  
But will not always last, I fear.

This said Trial came on March 8, 1681. at the *Nisi prius* Bar, before the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Francis Pemberton; The Jury, by the Sheriff of the County of Essex, were thus return'd; viz.

Essex ff. Nomina Jur. inter Henr. Epif. Lond. qui tam, &c. Quer.  
Et Edmond. Hickeringill, Cler. Defend.

Andreas Jenner de Dunmow Magna, Bar.  
Ricardus Everard de Waltham Magna, Bar.  
Edwardus Smith de Thoydonmound, Bar.  
Willielmus Appleton de Shenfield, Bar.  
Johannes Bramston de Roxwell, Miles Balnei.  
Marcus Guyon de Coggeshall Magna, Miles.  
Johannes Marshal, Miles.  
Willielmus Maynard de Waltham Stow, Ar.  
Willielmus Glascock de Farnham, Ar.  
Jacobus Milbourn de Dunmow Magna, Ar.  
Alexander Prescot de Mountnessing, Ar.  
Willielmus Pert de ead. Ar.  
Samuel Hare de Leigh, Ar.  
Anthonius Abdey de Kelvedon, Ar.  
Ricardus Ballet de Hatfield Broad-Oak, Ar.  
Johannes Meade de Wenden, Ar.  
Johannes Tendring de Baddow Magna, Ar.  
Willielmus Petre de Stanford Rivers, Ar.  
Henricus Paschal de Baddow Magna, Ar.  
Henricus Humfreys de Westhamsfield, Ar.  
Ricardus How de Ingate-stone, Ar.  
Ricardus Stanes de Altham Ongar, Ar.  
Aurelius Piercey Wiseman de Wimbish, Ar.  
Edwardus Taverner de Canfield, Ar.

None of the Jury were challenged by either side; Most of the Gentlemen (first named in the Pannel) appear'd and serv'd; being sworn, a little Councell tremblingly made a shift to read the Heads of the Declaration, viz.

The



*The Declaration in English (faithfully translated out of the Lawyers Latin)  
was to this Effect, viz. Trinity Term, xxxiii. R. R. Carol. 2.*

**H**ENRY Bishop of London, one of the Prelates of this Realm of England, as well for our Sovereign Lord the King, as for himself, complaineth of Edmond Hickingill Clerk, in the Custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea; for that whereas in the Statute made in the Parliament of King Richard the Second after the Conquest, at Gloucester, in the Second Year of his Raign, held, amongst other things, it is Enacted and strictly Charged under great pain, That none should be so bold as to devise, speak or relate of the Prelates, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and other Nobles and Great Men of the Realm of England, nor of the Chancellor, Treasurer or Clerk of the Privy Seal, Steward of the King's House, Justice of the one Bench or other, nor of any Great Officers of the said Realm, any false News, Lyes, or any such Falsities, whereof any Scandal or Discord within the said Realm may arise. And whosoever this should do, should incur the Penalty otherwise thereof ordained, by the Statute of Westminster the First, as in the said Statute more fully it is contained.

Yet the said Edmond Hickingill the Statute aforesaid not regarding, nor the Penalty of the said Statute any ways fearing, but craftily designing the Good Name, State, Credit, Dignity and Honour of the said Bishop to hurt and blacken, and him the said Bishop into great Displeasure, Distrust and Discredit of our said Lord the King that now is, and of the great Men, and great Officers of this Realm of England, and also of divers worthy Persons, Subjects of our said Lord the King that now is, to bring; the fourth day of April, in the three and thirtieth Year of the Raign of our said Lord the King, at Chelmsford in the County of Essex, divers false News and horrible Lyes of the said Henry, then and yet being Bishop of London, and one of the Prelates of this Realm of England, in the presence and hearing of divers of the Subjects of our said Lord the King, falsely, maliciously, and scandalously devised, spoke, related, published and proclaimed in these English Words following, viz. *The Lord Bishop of London* (meaning him the said Lord Bishop of London) *is a bold daring impudent Man, for sending some Heads in Divinity to all his Clergy in those parts* (meaning the Clergy within the Diocese of London in those parts) *which are contrary to Law* (meaning the Laws of the Realm)

And of his further Malice, the said Edmond afterwards, to wit, the said fourth day of April in the three and thirtieth Year aforesaid, at Chelmsford in the said County of Essex, scandalously, and maliciously, and further to defame and scandalize the said Bishop likewise, devised, spoke, related, published and proclaimed of the said Henry, then and yet Bishop of London, upon a Discourse of the said Bishop then and there had, these other false News and horrible Lies, in these English Words following, that is to say, *His Lordship* (meaning the said Henry Lord Bishop of London) *is very ignorant.*

And the said Edmond further craftily designing not only the good Name, State, Credit, Dignity and Honour of the said Bishop to hurt and blacken, and him the said Bishop into further great Displeasure, Distrust and Discredit of our said Sovereign Lord the King that now is, and of the great Men, and great Officers of this Kingdom of England, and of divers other worthy Subjects of our said Lord the King, to bring; but also to cause him to endure the pain and peril of the Laws and Statutes of this Realm, against Traitors and such Malefactors,

‘ lefactors, made afterwards, to wit the said fourth day of April, in the said three  
 ‘ and thirtieth Year of the Reign of our said Sovereign Lord the King that  
 ‘ now is, at Chelmsford aforesaid, in the said County, divers other false News  
 ‘ and horrible Lyes of the said Henry, then and yet Bishop of London, and one  
 ‘ of the Prelates of this Realm, in the presence and hearing of divers of the  
 ‘ King’s Subjects, scandalously, falsely, and maliciously devised, spoke, related,  
 ‘ published and declared in these English Words following, viz. I (meaning him  
 ‘ the said Edmond Hickeringill) can prove His Lordship (meaning the said Henry  
 ‘ Lord Bishop of London) to be concerned in the Damnable Plot, (meaning the Po-  
 ‘ pish Plot to destroy the King, and subvert the Government of this Realm) late  
 ‘ discovered.

‘ By Means of which said several false News and horrible Lyes, the said Bi-  
 ‘ shop is not only hurt and scandalized in his Reputation, Honour and Digni-  
 ‘ ty, and the said Bishop hath lost the Favour, good Opinion and Esteem  
 ‘ which our said Sovereign Lord the King, and other great Men, and Prelates  
 ‘ of this Realm afore towards him did bear, and divers Rumors and Scandals  
 ‘ between divers of the Nobles of this Realm, and great Men, and other the King’s  
 ‘ Subjects upon the Occasion aforesaid, within this Realm are risen and spread  
 ‘ abroad, and great Scandals and Discords by reason of the Premises, between  
 ‘ the said Bishop and others of this Realm are risen, and daily more and more  
 ‘ are likely to arise, to the great disturbance of the Peace and Tranquillity of  
 ‘ the Realm, to the Contempt of our said Lord the King, and great Scandal  
 ‘ of the said Bishop, and against the Form of the said Statute of Richard the  
 ‘ Second, to the Bishop’s Damage 5000 l. and therefore he brings this Suit.

*Issue—Non Cul—*

This Trial (of so great expectation) came on about nine a Clock in the  
 Morning, *Wednesday the 8th of March, 1681.*

To prove the Declaration *only one single* Witness was produced for the Plan-  
 tiff, namely, one *Samuel Harris*, Clerk.

Witnesses sworn on the behalf of the Defendant, were, The Right Honour-  
 able *Edward Earl of Lincoln*, Mr. *Benjamin Edgar*, Mr. *Ambrose Flander*,  
*Robert Potter*, *Henry Bull*, *Christopher Hill*, and *Daniel Hamlet*; all (except  
 that Noble Earl) Parishioners of the Parish of *St. Buttolph’s* in *Colchester*, and  
 present when the Words were (pretended to be) spoken.

Actions for Words ought to be *precisely and punctually* prov’d, and all the  
 Words together without addition or diminution; otherwise, as the Defendant  
 (who pleaded his own Cause) told the Court, the Sense must differ, except they  
 be taken together, with the antecedent and subsequent Discourse, in *sensu conjun-*  
*cto*, not *diviso*; jointly and not severally: adding, that he had a thousand  
 times said, that, *there is no God*; and yet *that saying* (that looks so scandalously,  
 Atheistically and Blasphemously, taken disjointed and severally from the fore-  
 going Words) are really innocent and harmless, and have been spoken a thou-  
 sand times by every Man, that has a thousand times read or repeated *Psal. 14. 1.*  
*The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is no God.*

So also, in infinite Instances, as to say, *It is not lawful to love God, nor to*  
*our Neighbour dissimblingly, or hypocritically*; take away the last Words, and  
 looks scandalously and most prophanelly; but taken altogether, no harm  
 all, but good and true, and like that of the Apostle, — *Let Love be without*  
*Disimulation,*

The



The said *Harris* (Witness for the Plaintiff) had got the Words pretty well by Heart, but yet did not swear them so roundly off, as was expected.

For, (as to the first Words, namely, *The Lord Bishop of London is a bold daring impudent Man, for sending some Heads of Divinity to all his Clergy in these parts* :) he swore them thus, — namely, *The Lord Bishop of London is a bold daring impudent Man, for sending a Printed Paper, wherein were some Heads of Divinity which were contrary to Law.*

But the Defendant again examining, and bidding him repeat the Words, He said the Words were, — *The Lord Bishop of London is a bold daring impudent Man, for sending some Heads of Divinity in a Printed Letter which is contrary to Law.*

Whereupon the Defendant taking notice and advantage from the difference of the Expressions and Words, The Judge bid that same *Harris* to repeat the Words once more as he would bide by it.

Whereupon, *Harris* swore that the Words were these — *The Lord Bishop of London is a bold daring impudent Man, for sending some Heads of Divinity in a Paper contrary to Law.*

There the Mercury was fixt after all its several shapes.

The Words in the second Count, He swore roundly off without any Hæitation; But the Words in the third Count, he did not swear as they were laid in the Declaration, and yet without doubt the Declaration was made according to his single Information; But it pleased God, he did not swear them off so roundly; for instead of these Words — *I can prove his Lordship to be concerned in the Damnable Plot* (meaning) the Popish Plot; he swore these Words — *I can prove his Lordship to be concerned in the Horrid Plot against my righteous Name and Person*; and that the Words were spoken by the Defendant without any intervenient Question, all in one continued Discourse.

Yet the Counsel would gladly have insinuated to the Gentlemen that were sworn, That the Words should not be taken together, but to make a Pause at Horrid Plot, as if the next Words, *against my righteous Name*, did not sufficiently give the meaning, without any *subintelligitur*; for who can imagine in *farther sense* that a Man means *John a Stiles*, when he expressly says *John a Nokes*; or, who can imagine that a Man means a Popish-Plot, when he expressly says, *a Horrid Plot against my righteous Name*? &c.

And he and all the Defendants Witnesses agreed in one thing, namely, That not any Colloquium, Discourse or Mention was made of any Popish Plot during the Defendants stay in the Company, that 4th of April, 1681. being Easter-Monday, at the said Parish-Meeting for the Election of Officers for the said Parish of St. Buttolph's in Colchester, as their yearly custom was, on every Easter-Monday.

The said *Harris* his Testimony was confronted with six honest Witnesses, substantial Men, who had no delign upon the Defendant's Benefice of St. Buttolph's, (an Appurtenance to his Rectory of All-Saints, time out of mind of Man to the contrary) But the said *Harris* could not deny, but he had a Pretension thereunto by a Sequestration granted to him by the Plaintiff.

And first Mr. Edgar told the Judge, and those that were sworn, that he was present all the time from first to last, from the said *Harris* his coming into the Room at the said Parish-meeting where *Harris* found the Defendant; and gave good attention to all the Discourse that past betwixt the Defendant and the said *Harris* all the while they were together, which was not long, the Defendant soon leaving the Room and departing.

He was order'd to declare the whole Discourse, which he did as followeth; namely, that when the said *Harris* came into the said Parish-meeting, the fourth of April last, The Defendant ask'd the said *Harris* what Business he had there, or what he had to do there in his Parish? to whom *Harris* reply'd, that he had a Sequestration of the said Benefice of *St. Buttolphs* from the Lord Bishop of *London*.

To whom the Defendant reply'd, saying, The Lord Bishop is not infallible, (and that the Pope is not infallible;) for instance (continued the Defendant.) The Lord Bishop of *London* sent a Printed Letter to every one of the Clergy in these parts, wherein he recommended to them the Observation of the Canons of Forty, which Canons are disannulled by Law; *which Law if the Bishop did not know, it was his Ignorance; but if he did know it, it was Insolence.*

Besides, The Defendant added these Words, *The Bishop of London has a prejudice against me, for I can prove that he was concerned in the Horrid Plot against my righteous Name and Reputation.* In short, all the Defendants Witnesses agreed with Mr. *Edgar's* Testimony, and all of them swore positively, that they were present during the whole Discourse betwixt the said *Harris* and the Defendant, that they all gave attention thereunto, and that they did hear and take good notice of the whole Discourse that past at that time betwixt the Defendant and the said *Harris*, and that the Defendant during the whole Discourse, mention'd not these Words — The Lord Bishop of *London* is a bold daring impudent Man; nor any mention made of any Heads of Divinity, nor these Words, *His Lordship is very ignorant*; nor the least mention made of a Popish Plot by any in the Room, nor any Colloquium of the Popish Plot (laid) in the Declaration; but all agreed that the Defendant in a continued Discourse, said — *I can prove his Lordship to be concern'd in the Horrid Plot against my righteous Name and Reputation*; but *Harris* said, against my righteous Name and Person.

And yet the said *Harris* confessed, that after the Defendant was gone out of the said Room from the said Meeting, he went alone by himself into another Room; and writ something, and brought it so written to some of the Company, to the said Mr. *Flanner* in particular, and desired him to subscribe to the same; (this spake his Malice and Design:) presently after the Defendant was gone away. But the said Mr. *Flanner* and the rest held up their Hands (as astonish'd) and blest themselves from him, saying, There was no such Words spoke by the Defendant; and thereupon Mr. *Flanner* and Mr. *Edgar* writ down the Words (as aforesaid) which were spoken, thinking the Man had some Design against the Defendant to do him a Mischief, as it appears since, too true; and therefore they could not but remember the whole Discourse as well as he: at least, all could tell there was no such Words spoken.

The Preacher was a Prophet when he preach'd of the Horrid Sin of Man-catching; It was Jezebel's way to get Naboth's Vineyard, and his Life to boot; 'tis often fatal to have a Vineyard that other Men covet, 1 Kings 21. 15. And it came to pass, when Jezebel heard that Naboth was dead, that Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the Vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, which he refused to give thee for Money, for Naboth is not alive but dead. (Cunning Harlot.)

And it came to pass when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the Vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, to take possession of it. (But this is a Parenthesis.)

It was good sport to the By-standers, to hear how the glib-tongued Counsel did lay on Tongue against the Defendant, and to improve their little Evidences — Man: They did earn their Guinies, to give them their due.



The *Lacedemonians* (a wise People) banish'd all *Hackney-Orators* out of their Dominions, as pernicious to their Common-Wealth, because they could (*like old Ladies*) paint and bedawb their Wrinkles, could black-patch their Pimples and Sores, and make them *Beauty-Spots*.

*Candida de nigris & de candentibus atra.*

Could disguise the Truth, and cast Dirt and asperse *when* and *where* and *whom* they list, an Effeminate-Trade; yet for Calumny these Lawyers are usually out-done by every *Fish-Wife* and *Butter-Queen*.

But to go on with the famous Trial, some Men are bound to the Good-Behaviour, (as the Defendant told Sir George Jeffries, in the midst of his Harangue,) wishing that *his Tongue also* was as fast ty'd and bound to the Good-Behaviour, as is the Defendants: And withal, told the Gentlemen that were sworn, that the *left heed* was to be given to Sir George's Words, because he was not a Man of his Word; for that Sir George had promis'd the last Assizes at Brentwood (a Year and half ago,) that he would never be retain'd (*nor plead*) against the Defendant, tho any Man should give him an hundred Guinies; no, not against *Curse ye Meroz*.

But comes me out (before the next Assizes) — the poor Book, called the *Naked Truth* — the Second Part.

And then stand clear from a common-Barretor, the Knight had forgot his Promise to *Curse ye Meroz* —

So fickle a Passion is this same thing (called) Love, (as this Defendant now told him) neither Man nor Woman knows well when they are sure on't; If I were his Lady I should be jealous of him, (*nay, I should*) if he were as inconstant in his Love to me, as he has prov'd to this Defendant; (*I say again*) at this rate his Lady will scarce know when she can be Cock-sure of his Love; (*inconstant Man!*) Well, perhaps she may give him a *Rotoland*, for his *Oliver*: The Punishment, the usual and just Punishment of a *Liquorish Tongue*, (a luscious, wanton, extravagant Tongue is to be plagu'd with a) *liquorish T* — But enough of that at present, I am in his Debt, and I'll certainly pay him off with celebrating in Heroick Verse, the Merits of the *noisy-Hero* and *his Lady*, to perpetuate them to all Posterity; Let him shake his Head, and stare with open-Eyes how he pleases, 'tis strange if he should not some time or other meet with his Match; we are told —

— A Poet should be fear'd  
When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.

He shall repent his Inconstance, (*He shall*) let him do his worst. A time may come yet, and a Day of Reckoning, God is Righteous, and he usually shows his Justice in this World, against the greatest Atheists that live Hectoring and Torying in defiance of him, as if God had forsaken the Earth, and where is the God of Judgment?

To support the Credit of their little Witness-Man, which they craftily foresaw would be shrewdly shaken by all the Witnesses, they had provided (*ready for the work*) five Clergy-men, to adorn the little Black-Coat with five Circingles more, Men of the same stamp, (and if possible,) swore as boldly and venturously for him and the Bishop, as Harris himself; and brought for the very notice.

But

But Good Sir George *Jeffries* (that never before had told a Lye at the Bar) if you'll believe him, or any *Hackney Breath-sellers*, they come not for the sake of the *Guinies*, but purely in Devotion to Justice, and love to their Clyent and his Cause, tho *Pro* or *Con*, who comes first to retain them (*right or wrong*,) Tongue wagg in the Cause, if it be retain'd, and if the *Angel* appear, then the *A—* opens his Mouth, (a very pretty World) nay, many of them do not read their *Breviats* till the Cause be call'd, and then with two Eyes, in all haste, they are busy to spy out Vantages; (poor Clients are well help'd up, and what with an ignorant Jury, or a *Pick'd-Jury* for that very purpose, (as this was by Order of the Court of King's-Bench, the last day of the last Term, upon the Motion of Sir *Francis Withins*, just such another Man.) Poor Country-men have a fine time on't, to go to Law as *Tinkers mend Kettles*, to remedy one hole in their Estate, they make two; is not this Remedy worse than the Disease? What? do you think a Lawyer will tell a Lye?

But the Good Knight, Sir George *Jeffries*, told a Whisker at this time, when the said *Black-Coats* swore so heartily, in Vindication of *Harris* his Reputation; One Mr. *Powell* swore he had known *Harris* a Twelve-month and more, and He never knew any ill by him; so swore one Mr. *Kiddier*, and Mr. *Grove* (I think his Name was) of *London*, and so swore also one *Thompson*, and one *Shelton*, two *Colchester* Ministers.

Look you (my Lord) quoth Sir George, here are Clergy-Men swear to the Reputation of the Witness for the Bishop, Clergy-Men that here come by accident, and spying them in Court, we make use of them.

Whereupon the Defendant ask'd the said *Colchester-Ministers*, *Thompson* and *Shelton*, whether Sir George was a Man to be believ'd herein, or a Man of his Word, when he said these Clergy-Men came by accident, &c. Speak (Sirs) you are upon your Oaths, Did you come by accident, or for set purpose subpoena'd to give this Testimony? They answered (for they durst not do no other, being publicly subpoena'd) That they came on purpose, being subpoena'd.

Then, (Good Sir George) retorted the Defendant, Where is your Veracity, your Truth good Sir George? But Sir George sat down very angrily, his Mouth was stop'd for once, (Is it not a Wonder!) and the good Gentleman was silenc'd; his *Welsh-Blood* flying into his Face, and answering for him only with a Blush: Nay, 'tis well he had the Grace to Blush, he is not much given to it; but this was put upon him from his own Witnesses, the said *Black-Coats*, who had all of them more cause to blush, than Sir George, but they blush'd no more than a *Black-D—* Nay, I'll trust such *Black-Coats* with an Oath, as soon as poorer Men, if there be a Bishop in the case, and hopes of Favour and Preferment; what? Can any Man think they will not stretch it for a Bishop, when (one says) they will ride down Sun and Moon for a Benefice, a Prebendary, or a Dignity.

The Men were true Sons of the Church, and knew the virtue of the Oath of Canonical Obedience; but unhappily the Defendant snap'd them with one single Question, and made them all swear (in effect) Tongue thou liest; and contradict themselves and one another, and all upon Oath too.

The Question put to every one of these Clergy-men (who swore so thoroughly to *Harris* his Reputation) was this; namely, Is it not an ill thing in a Clergy-Man, and a Vicar (who is sworn to perpetual Residence in his Parish) to be Non-Resident for three quarters of a Year, minding only the Fleece but not the Flock?

This gravell'd them, for they knew the danger of Perjury, and knew no well how to avoid it.

And



And therefore *Powel* being first ask'd the Question (and the rest of them after him, one after another) *was at a stand*, and knew not what to say.

*Let's have no Pumping, no Pumping*, I beseech you good Mr. *Powel*, answer directly, (said the Defendant.) *Is it not an ill thing for a Minister to be Non-Resident ever since before Mid-Summer last?* Yes, replied he, and they; (there was no help for it.) Well then, *Has not Mr. Harris been non-Resident and deserted his Flock ever since Mid-summer last?* Yes, replied Mr. *Powel*, and the rest of them; and yet before they knew no ill thing. But (says Mr. *Powel*) there has been some Differences and Contentions about the Parishes of *St. Buttolphs* and *St. Leonard's* in *Colchester*, which the Bishop gave to Mr. *Harris* by Sequestration: But (replied the Defendant.) *What is that to Fingringhoe*, to which Vicaridge *Harris* is Instituted, and Inducted to your knowledge, for you were present at his Induction, and so was *Thompson* and *Shelton*, the other Witnesses; which all of them confess; (for they could not avoid it by any Evasion or Equivocation) only said, there was no Vicarage-House at *Fingringhoe*; to whom the Defendant retorted, That it might be a good excuse for not residing upon his Vicarage, if he resided in any other House of the Parish; but what is that to his leaving his Flock at the distance of forty Miles, namely, at *London*, and taking upon him another Cure and Charge, (as Curate under Mr. *Grove*?) and leaving none to supply the place for three quarters of a Year, nor four Sermons from *Mid-summer* to *Michaelmas*; and those preach'd by a quondam *Logg-river*, one Mr. *Silk*, Rector of *Downland* (a good Rectory) but the Man tho' a Rector, never yet could, nor ever was able so much as to read his Accidence; yet he that knows not how to supply his own Cure as he ought, must (for cheapness) mumble (to boot) a little for this prime and single Episcopal-Witness: (good doings the while!) This 'tis to be in Favour with a Prelate, and this 'tis to incur the Displeasure of a Prelate, and tell bold Truths; (behold the difference!) The Defendant silenc'd, Stigmatiz'd, belid and slander'd, vilify'd as a Common-Varlet and Common-Barretor, paid off with Indictments, Informations, Actions and Accusations, in Spiritual Court, in Temporal Courts, *Henry* Bishop of *London* Promoter, Suspensions, Supplicavits, Excommunications, Fines, outrageous Verdicts, Plots and Complots, Conspiracies and Horrid Plots to ruine him and his Family, by enriching the Rich Bishop, and all for what? For a little Naked-Truth. (Sir *George Jefferies* brought the Books, and pointed with his Index to the two last Lines of the *Black-Non-Conformist*, namely—

A Bishop sayest? Thou lyest: Him Cornet call p. 57. p. 40.  
Of the *Black-Regiment*, that Jayles us all.

The *Welsh-man* looking merrily at the Defendant, and glaring in his Face;) For Sir *George* insist'd more to the Jury, concerning the Defendant's Books, and his writing and speaking against Lordly Prelacy (than upon the Declaration) producing two Letters writ by the Defendant to the Bishop, wherein he complain'd to the Bishop how hardly he was used, (I wish they would Print those Letters, as well as produce them to the Jury,) as if it were a Sin to groan when a Man is pinch'd and tormented: First they make us sigh, and then accuse us for sighing to ease our Hearts. But first Sir *George* insist'd upon the Title and Supercription of those Letters (To the Bishop of *London*) which was descanted upon (notably) by that Critick in Law, Sir *George Jefferies*; namely, this

# To HENRY Lord Bishop of LONDON

These.

Do you see, Gentlemen, (quoth Sir George) *Henry Lord Bishop*, no more ! Sir, (quoth he, to the Defendant) It might have become you to have styl'd him, — *Reverend Father in God* — you have not said — *To the Right Reverend Father in God, Henry Lord Bishop, &c.*

That, quoth Sir George is omitted, and seems to be an Aggravation (at least) if not another *Scandalum Magnatum* : nothing but plain *Henry Lord Bishop* ;

A Gentleman of a noble Extract and Pedigree, I hope the Jury will take notice of this Omission, here is no — *Reverend Father in God*.

That is (replied the Defendant) the very *Naked-Truth* on't, you say right, Sir George, there is no *Reverend Father in God* in the case, who denies it !

But, (said the Defendant) I am not innur'd (nor desire to be innur'd) to *Count-Complements* : (I think) to say *Henry Lord Bishop*, is pretty fair for him, and pretty fair from me.

Sir George makes little or nothing of a Lordship belike ; whereas the Bishop of London's Grand-Father *William Compton*, liv'd the greatest part of his Life without the Title of Lordship.

For indeed *William Compton* (this Bishop's Grand-Father) was the first of the *Compton's* that ever was an *Earl* since *Adam* : And King *James* created him *Earl of Northampton*, (I could tell the Reader how, and for what too) *Anno Dom. 1618*. There are thousands alive that remember the Business.

But no doubt, but the Bishop did come of a noble Extract : But if Sir George had not taken notice of it, the noble Family would have been never the worse ; for when Men are always dung in the Teeth with the same and the same *Bastinado*, Self-Preservation makes them stand upon their Guard, and perhaps take the length on't : and as it happens, this Pedigree (that Sir George did so bluster with) is not so long neither — not so long as a *Welsh-Pedigree*, ap *Lewis*, ap *George*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Taplee*, ap *Lloyd*, is a Pedigree more than twice so long.

But I should have wondred, if the *Welsh-man* (on this occasion too, you'll say) had not vapour'd with his Extract and Pedigree.

But, to the Business — Here's no *Reverend Father in God* : 'Tis readily granted, nor is the Omission a Sin of Omission, 'tis no Crime ; For a younger Brother to be a Lord that's pretty fair, and more honour than his Grand-Father arriv'd unto at his Years : For a Man that was but the other day a *Cornet* in *Captain Compton's Troop* in the *Earl of Oxford's Regiment* (I think) by the King's Grace to be made a Prelate, and a Lord Bishop, there's no reason in the World that he or any Body else should take it so in disdain, to be called only *Lord Bishop*, since that old Complement (of *Popish-Times*) namely, *Reverend Father in God*, was never given till Priests grew abominably and loathsomely Proud and Ambitious, when *Pride* and *Prelacy* came in Fashion.

The Defendant in his Epistle Dedicatory to the *Arch-Bishop* (to avoid offence) in his Book called the *Black-Non-Confessant*, does give that old Father, The Stile — namely, (the Stile that Sir George does so want, and does so stare about to the Jury, to find it missing) *To the Reverend Father in God William, &c.*

But



But the Bishop of London is *newer*, newly come to the Faith, as being young in Years, and a *Cornet* of Horse within the memory of Youth, and *unmarried*, and much a younger Brother to the Defendant, both in Years, in Travels, in Studies, at the University, in Experience, nay, as a Souldier too; *Author boasting* one a Cornet, the other a Captain, one a great Traveller as the most Gentlemen in England; the other's greatest Travels is but over the Diocels, in *Conferences, Visitations*, to gather *Procurements*, and unconformable Confirmations not according to Law (as is proved in the *Black Man-Conformist*) and for the Defendant to have called one who is (indeed) (only by the King's Grace (as being made a Bishop and a Doctor) and therefore only) *his Senior*, but *his younger Brother* by many Degrees in all other respects, as aforesaid; if the Defendant had pleased Sir George's Humour, and had stiled him *Reverend Father in God*, perhaps the Bishop would have thought the Defendant had jeer'd him, and then all the Fat had been in the Fire again, and all in a Flame, the other Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

And let the By-standers judg, whether it had not been as much for the Bishop's Honour, if Sir George had never touch'd upon the Pedigree, but have left it quiet as he found it; nor yet have star'd about, when he mist the *old coggings*, flattering, Hierarchical, and Prelatical Complement (of) *Reverend Father in God*.

A Complement now worn out at Elbows, and as tatter'd, trite, and Threadbare, as—*Your Humble Servant*.

And for the noble Pedigree, the *Welsh-man* had as good have let it alone, (if it had been possible for a *Welsh-man* to omit the Occasion;) but the noble Extract and Pedigree (which no Body does deny) had *rested never the worse* if he had suffer'd it to *sleep quietly* to all Posterity, without this *his Index* to disturb it.

Here's a *flaming-do* with these *Welsh-men* and their Extracts, and their Pedigree's; and if old Adam or Noah were alive, they would equally love a Beggar, as one (who is as nigh a Kinsman of their Blood) as the *Welsh Knight himself*: Away with this *musty, worm-eaten-Heraldry*, some by *pimping* (and worse,) have got to be *Lords*; stand clear there from all his Progeny, remember 2 Ric. 2. Sirra; well *Scandalum Magnat*, you! do you not honour a Lord, and a Lord's Son?

A Lord's Son! Can you prove your Words? Now it is the Mode in some Countries, for Ladies that have Lords, to have also a *Gallant*, a strong Back'd Coach-man, or sweaty Foot-man, or Groom, (Spindle-shank'd Gentlemen—Ushers (as *useless*) being laid aside;) And now it is the Mode, the *Court-like Mode*, for a Lord that has a Wife, to keep a *Miss*—likewise; That it would puzzle this same little *Harris* (who would make no Bones of a probable Oath (but swallow it roundly) to swear who is a Lord's Son; and yet what a *potter* Men keep in the World with their *Noble Blood*, Noble Blood; when the Chirurgeon swears, that there is not one of a hundred Lords (upon trial of Phlebotomy) has so good Blood in his Veins as the Defendant. In *Guinea*, therefore, to secure the Blood-Royal infallibly (in the Blood and *Family-Royal*;) the eldest Son of the King's eldest Sister does *Heir the Crown*, not the King's Son; for so there can be no *fool play*.

But the said two Letters were read, wherein the Defendant inculcated the Commands of our Saviour to his *Disciples*, that they should not Lord it over one another, (as the Princes and Men of the World do:) Look you, (says Sir Francis Withins) he justifies his speaking against Prelates. (As if it were a Sin to quote our Saviour's own Words!) But especially He and Sir George storm'd when the Defendant said, That Prelacy is condemn'd; 1 Tim. 5. 21. *ne quis se exaltet*, *absq; eo ut unum alteri praeferas*; without preferring (or, prelatng) one before another.) Worse and worse, saith Mr. Withins, He justifies, here's *Scandalum*

*damum Magnatum* again, an Aggravation *Gentlemen*, I hope you will remember it in the Damages. (Ay, Ay, trouble not your Head!) The Jury-men were Wise-men and had *conn'd* their Lesson perfectly, and knew their Business and what to do, as well as Sir Francis could tell them; he might have *spat'd his Breath* to cool his Pottage; or, for the next cause; and yet when his Tongue did not go, his Hand went, (at every Clause and Period and sometimes at every Word) lifting up his Hand and then the Cadence, (he had seen the Singing-men how they *all* their Prayers.) And when the Words of the Letter were full of heavy complaints, made to the Bishop by this Defendant, at every Period, or Clause, — *Hab* (quoth Sir Francis:) As when in the Letter the Defendant complains, that the Bishop of London listned to *clandestine Affidavits* — (*Hab!* quoth Sir Francis) about the false Accusations of Barretry — (*Hab!*) and taken illegally (*Hab* —) and out of Court (*Hab* —) when there was no Cause depending — (*Hab* —) nor any Issue joined — (*Hab* —) nor any Cause that was of Ecclesiastical cognizance — (*Hab* —) and sworn by two Bum-liffs — *Martin* and *Groom*, (*Hab* —) two Fellows of the basest Conversation — (*Hab* —) the former, *Martin*, whip'd for a Thief, (*Hab* —) in *Sudbury* — (*Hab* —) and the Record thereof produc'd, and prov'd at the Affizes, by Mr. *George Catesby*, Town-Clerk of *Sudbury* (*Hab* — still quoth Sir Francis:) And that the Fellows swore through an Inch-Board, as swearing against Records (*Hab* —) and after his Lordship knew this to be true, yet he or his Chancellor Sir *Tho. Exton*, or the Registers — *Morris* and *Betts*, or all of them, still prosecuted the Defendant as a Common-Barretor — (*Hab* —) and for taking a Bribe for granting an Administration to *Thomas Shortland* which they knew by their Register-Books was never granted, and yet (*knowing all this*) they suffer'd this *Martin* to swear that he brought the Administration from *Chelmsford*, from the Register's-Office of that Couple — *Morris* and *Betts*; and *Groom* (their Apparitor, fit Companions in their Spiritual Court) swore he saw the Administration under Seal of the Court, and granted to *Thomas Shortland* by the Defendant, as Surrogate; when they knew all was false as God is true, and that not the Defendant, but *Gilbert Arch-Bishop of Canterbury* (in the Prerogative-Court where the Defendant was never concern'd in his Life) and *Marcus Cottle* (not *Morris*, nor *Betts* Registers) and under the Seal of the Arch-Bishop: Of such Vexations and Grievances the Defendant humbly complains, (but smartly and warmly too) in his Letters to the Bishop, and humbly entreats the Bishop, either to give him reparation for the Damages he has causelessly been put unto; or, if he would stand upon the Plea of his Innocence and Justification (that he would please to give this Defendant the Benefit of righting himself by Law — (*Hab* —) And that the said Bishop would be pleas'd to wave his Priviledg, and give Appearance to the Defendants Attorney Mr. *Coleman* — (*Hab* —) and come in amongst the rest of the Conspirators and Plotters against the Defendants righteous Name and Reputation — (*Hab* —) And that all these Mischiefs had their rise from that old inveterate piece of Malice (*Hab* —) Sir *John Shaw* — (*Hab* —) who without any lawful Power or Authority — (*Hab* —) had taken clandestine Affidavits (*Hab* —) in his House (*Hab* —) about Barretry (*Hab* —) depending in the King's-Bench — (*Hab* —) where Sir *John Shaw* had no Authority to give or take an Oath — (*Hab* —) in private — (*Hab* —) against the Laws of the Land (*Hab* —) and made them ready against the Bishop came down, to set the Bishop to Roil Mr. *Hickeringill*, whom, he knew, would not tamely suffer himself and his Reputation to be illegally and publicly brought in question by any Bishop in Christendom — (*Hab* —)

This



This was the Sum and Substance of those two Letters which the Defendant writ to the said Bishop, that were never answered, but only (as Men are when they are prest to Death,) with— *more Weight— more Weights—*

The Defendant, in vain, opposed the reading of his private Letters, saying it was not genteel, civil nor manly to produce such Evidence, and nothing to the present Declaration, and that tho there was nothing in them but what was modest and true, yet private Letters are, and ought to be sacred in their Privacy, and that —(*Si liceat parvis componere magna.*) King Charles 1. (If it be lawful to compare great with small) did justly upbraid the Parliament with the Incivility of publishing his private Letters taken at Naseby, tho there was nothing in them, (nor in this Defendants Letters) for which any Man need blush, or be blam'd. But *this* is the Ecclesiastical-Candor; any Method to expose the Defendant, no Vengeance is great enough, no Fine or Verdict outrageous enough, to crush one that dares (as the Defendant has) discover the *Mystery of Iniquity Ecclesiastical*, in Extortions, illegal Fees, Oppressions, and Courts kept in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm, Excommunications, Absolutions, Prophanations, Procurations, Visitations, (namely) Vexations, &c.

*There's a Villain indeed!* Plague him, All Hands aloft, all's at Stake, down goes—if you do not help; This Fellow is another (*Germana illa Bestia que non curat Aurum*, a) German Beast that regards not Preferment, as the Cardinal told the Pope when he chid him, because he could not (by tampering with Luther, and the proffer of Gold, and a Cardinal's Cap) prevail with him, nor take him off from writing and preaching against the Abominations and Corruptions of the Church and Church-men.

Church and Church-men! Ay, set but the Clergy— upon a Man, and you need not set any Dogs upon him to worry him?

Church and Church-men! Ha! do you know who you speak against? what? Find fault with Oppressions and Extortions of Ecclesiastical-Courts, with Apparitors, Registers, Commissaries, and all that Fry of Lay-Elders?

Church and Church-men! Ha! Do you speak against Prelacy? Say that Word again, say it again before Witness—Sirrah, Villain, Rogue! How dare you at this time of day speak Scripture, dangerous Scripture, Scripture against Statute-Law, 2 Rich. 2.5, which Statute makes a Prelate, *vis meus*, Act 8.9. some great One; and you, Sirra, would have him, as your Saviour and the Gospel would have him, *as lowly as Christ* or his Apostles; you, Sirra, do you speak Scripture in a Court of Law? Ha! what do you produce a Bible instead of a Breviate? Do you plead Gospel against Law? and Christ and his Apostles, in defiance of Rich. 2?

An Aggravation, an Aggravation. (as Sir Francis Withins said) the Defendant justifies in a Plea of *Non-Culp*— this is rich indeed! These Errors will be committed when you suffer Parsons to be Pleaders, and plead their own Cause, and understand not the Punctilio's and Methods of nice-pleading— very fine! What suffer Scripture to be quoted instead of Law, and Christ and his Apostles, instead of Cook and Littleton? for Shame. And yet the Defendant (*ignorant Man!*) did not understand the mischief of urging a little Scripture in this Cause betwixt two Church-men, and already there decided, namely, that of Christ, St. Paul, and St. Peter against all Prelacy, Pride, Lordliness and Dominion one Brother over another, nor *Lording it over God's Heritage*.

But, Christ and St. Paul and St. Peter were poor Men, Silver and Gold had they none, they were meek, humble, and lowly, and when they were reviled, reviled not again, nor brought an Action of *Scandalum Magnat*. nor did Fee a pack of Lawyers to mouth it, upon an old Statute, made in the time of Popish

Prelacy, and when Antichrist was Rampant, and *when the Devil reigned*, a time (as the Defendant told the Court) when the *Prelates did all, and all ill*; a time when the Prelates were *grand Rebels* as ever were in England: For then (in the Reign of Rich. 2.) was this Statute made, when the Clergy were *as very Rebels* as *Wall the Priest*, *Wat. Tyler*, or any of that wicked Crew.

\* 'Tis true; *Henry Spencer* Bishop of *Norwich*, was General for the King both in *England* and *France* (did not Armour disgrace Bishop *Henry's Lawn-Sleeves*?) The Bishop of *Ely* was Lord *Chancellor*; (Countez, Two.) *Tho. Arundel* Bishop of *Hereford*, (Countez, Three) Lord *Treasurer*: *Nicholas* (Abbot of *Waltham*) Lord *Privy-Seal*; (Four.) *William* Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*; (Five.) *Alexander* Arch-Bishop of *York*; (Countez, Six.) *William* Bishop of *Winchester*; (Seven.) And *Thomas* Bishop of *Exeter*; (Eight.) *Good Men and True*: (that's a Lye) a *Pack of damnable Villains and Rebels* as ever were in *England*, for taking upon them (by Commission) to rule the King and Kingdom, and so the Judges concluded that (Commission of thirteen Persons to rule the King and Kingdom, of which eight were Prelates, with five Laymen, for fashion-sake, for the Prelates could out-vote them when they list,) a Devilish Rebellion, abominable Prelates in *Rich. 2d's* time, when the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* was made: and struck at it has been by the last Parliament at *Westminster*, and others, as a Statute obsolete, or (in the Judgment of the Wisdom of the Nation, the Honourable House of Commons) to be repealed; being made in the wicked time aforesaid when the *Devil danc'd*, and *Simon Magnus* vaunted himself to be one of the *Magnat*, some *Great One*, and yet also the Successor of *Simon Peter*; who was a poor Fisher-man, and a Fisher of Men; not a Pick-Pocket, nor a Promoter of Law-Suits; nor did he mend his Market by turning Ghurch-man (as some have done, too well known) but to his dying day was poor and pennyless, having his Faith and Hope in another World, and being a Disciple of him whose Kingdom is not of this World.

All this and more the Defendant told the Court, and the Men that were sworn (for to give the Judge his due) he gave the Defendant sufficient leave, and leisure for three hours to defend himself against the crafty Suggestions, and dirty Language thrown at him, on purpose to vilify him with Dirt, which the Counsel had rak'd up together; and in two set-Speeches made on purpose, fetch'd it far, and not at all to the purpose or to the matter in hand, villifying him with the Miseries and Vexations with which they had loaded him in the *Barretrie* and *Supplicavit*, (as if his Sufferings were his only Crime.) But something they must say for their Guinies, and for their Lord Prelate, and in hopes of Preferment, and his Good Word and Recommendation; But the Defendant gave them such smart, such nimble, and such home Repartees, and (so free from all Passion, and unmov'd) that even his Enemies, and all the Hearers could not but acknowledg, that as he never spoke more at one time, so he never spoke better in his Life.

And yet to no more Fruit, than if he had preach'd (as *St. Bede* did) to a heap of Stones; for the Jury were *resolv'd-Men*; never Men better tutor'd, better-cull'd, and obsequious—*Pedagogue* said to his Imps—

Yeave con'd your Lesson well, stroke them o'th Head,  
Call them good Boys, and buy them Ginger-Bread.

There is cunning in Dawbing, and a Cause slenderly witnessed, had need be well-fury'd, or else the 2000 *l.* had not been worth a *Gray-Groat*; no, not worth a *Brummingham*. A plain Countrey Yeoman has neither Hopes nor Fears at Court



Court (the wiser and happier Man be) He is neither fearful a Commission to lose, nor in hopes of a Commission to get; But values his Oath, his Soul, and his Conscience above all.

You talk of an *Ignoramus-Jury* in London, we'll match them in *Essex* with *Billa-vera-Men*; you talk of a *Whigg-Jury*, we can match them with a *Tory-Jury*; Does not the *London-Juries* Idolize the Men of *Doctor's-Commons*? Bring *Doctor's-Commons-Men* into *Essex*, and the most abominable contemners of Statutes, Oppressors, Extortioners, Buyers and Sellers of Offices, and (they know all this is true, except their Consciences be hardened) yet let them come into *Essex*, and (as the common Strumpet said to the Fellow that call'd her Whore, which she knew as well or better than he) you, Sirra, Villain, I would you would prove me a Whore, Sirra; Bear Witness—Neighbours—*Scandal. Magn.*—he calls me Whore, Scarlet Whore—bear Witness—

Sir *Thomas Exton* must be call'd too, as a Witness, for his Master the Bishop (a very good Witness said the Judge and the Council) a Man untainted, they meant untainted, unconvicted, as yet; a Blot is no Blot till it be hit; if I live it shall be as well as *Betts* and *Morris*—But what had Sir *Thomas* to do at a Parish-meeting, in the Parish of *St. Buttolphs* in *Colchester*? No, that's true; But he was not produc'd as a Witness to prove the Declaration; No, no; a good reason why, he could not swear, when he was not there; But he was call'd to prove some private Discourse that the Defendant had with him, in his private Chamber, whither the Defendant came (in *Doctors Commons*, they being old Acquaintance) and the Defendant desired the said *Doctor Exton* to mediate an Accommodation betwixt him and the Bishop, as a common Friend to both; which Sir *Thomas* undertook to do, when the Defendant had ingenuously made a private Confession to him of the truth of the Case, to the very same effect, that the Defendants Witnesses unanimously swore it; namely, that the Defendant did speak of a Printed Paper, which the Plaintiff sent down to every Clergy-man, beginning with these Words—*Good Brother*—&c. and ending with these Words—*Your La. Brother, H. London.*

In which Paper the Bishop recommended to the Clergy the Observation of the 65. 66. and 3. Canons or Constitutions of Forty; (which the Defendant said again in open Court were so far from being according to Law, that it was *Non-sence*, forasmuch as the Constitutions of Forty, have not 65 nor 66 Canons, nor above eleven, and therefore it was Insolence or Impudence, to lay upon the Clergy Burdens not to be born, and Duties impossible to be observ'd; forasmuch as it is *Non-sence* to bid them observe the 65 and 66 Canons and 3d of the Constitutions of Forty; there is not so many, and yet there is enow of those *Lambeth-Canons*, which (the Defendant said) do seem to have a mark of *Non-allowance* by the 13 Car. 2. 12. For if the Words of that Statute leave those Canons of 1640, only just in *statu quo*, then the mentioning the — not confirming them, &c. in the said Statute, signifies nothing at all; for so those Canons would have been (in *statu quo*) altho that Statute had never been made; which Law, the Defendant said, if the Bishop knew not, it was his Ignorance; if he did know it, it was Insolence to oppose his Sence and Judgment to that of the King and Parliament; and to impose impossibilities upon the Clergy.

And this Defendant confessed again, that those Words he did say, and if the Bishop be aggriev'd thereat, he is at Liberty (if he have not enough of this) to bring another Action of *Scandal, Magnat.* if he pleased, but not being the Words of the Declaration, that, and what Sir *Thomas Exton* witnessed was nothing (as the Judge fairly told the Jury) to this present Action.

But

But this must be said for Sir Thomas Exton, he did his good Will, and no doubt but he will reap the Thanks for the same, and perhaps be the better for the Defendants Money (when they can catch it) but no Jesuite could equivocate more than Sir Thomas did, when he first gave his Evidence against the Defendant upon Oath.

For he had the Words— *Ignorance*— and *Impudence*— spoken of the Bishop; (which come pretty near to those Words in the Declaration— *Impudent Man*— and *Ignorant Man*— but being not the same, could not affect, nor ought not to affect the Jury (as the Judge honestly told them, and less he could not say) as to the proof of the Declaration; for the all, the stress, and weight of that, lay solely and singly upon little Harris his Evidence.

And for that cause, The Defendant neglected Sir Thomas his Evidence, as *impertinent* to the matter in hand; but I thank you, — *Latet Anguis in Herbâ.*

When Sir George perceived that the Defendant had (and willingly) slighted it, and neglected to examine Sir Thomas Exton about the *Colloquium* and foregoing *Discourse* preceding the Words— *Ignorance*— and *Impudence*— which when afterwards confessed by Sir Thomas upon the Defendants reexamining him, and quite altering the Sence) to see, how Sir George (when he thought the Defendant had done, and said all, and the Plaintiffs Counsel claim'd the Priviledg (that a sort of Females claim) of having the last Word,) to see, and hear, I say, how Sir George and Sir Francis did mouth and open upon't; — Here is Sir Thomas Exton (Gentlemen) a Man of untainted Reputation, he speaks in effect the same thing, and almost the same Words,—

(And yet the Judge had said before, that what Sir Thomas witnessed was nothing to the proof of the Declaration;) but Sir George spent many Words upon it notwithstanding— Whereupon the Defendant interrupted him, (at which he stared and storm'd and fretted at a great rate,) but to little purpose, for the Judge very mildly, bid the Defendant go on to examine Sir Thomas Exton more strictly, since they endeavour'd to make work with his Testimony, (declared *Impertinent to the present Cause* now in Question, as aforesaid.) Sir Thomas Exton, (said the Defendant) was there no *Colloquium*, no *Discourse* preceding nor subsequent to the Words *Ignorance*,— and *Impudence*? — Yes; replied Sir Thomas; you were discoursing of a *Printed Paper*, and the Statute of 13 Car. 2. 12. which seems to disallow the *Canons of Forty*, which Statute (you said) if the Bishop did not know, it was his *Ignorance*, but, if he did know the same, it was *Impudence* to oppose his Sense and Judgment, to the Judgment of the King and Parliament.

And herein (when it was almost too late; herein, when he had almost forgot his Oath, (which so lately he had sworn) to speak the whole Truth, as well as nothing but the Truth; herein, when the Jury and the Court was possest and prejudic'd with his Evidence first given of the Words— *Ignorance*— and *Impudence* three hours together, then indeed, upon further Examination the Truth was pump'd out of him: Oh! the Policy of this wicked World! Some are wiser than some, at least some are crafty, wise to do Evil, but to do Good they have no Knowledge; a Craft that is easily and readily learn'd; for, any Man, that is not a very Fool, may soon arrive to be a Knave; tho none but a Fool will be a Knave; any Fool has Head-piece enough to be a Machiavelian, if he have so little Wit as to be a Knave, and so bad a Heart as to be hard, or hardned in Mischief: For scarcely any Man wants Wit enough (if he have but Wickedness enough) to be a Knave or perfidious.

Then,



Then, the Defendant bid Sir Thomas Exton say, upon his Oath, *on what occasion these Words were spoken to him by the Defendant in private*, with him in his Chamber?—To which the *Doctor* then (and *not till then*) replied, That the Defendant came to him as his old Acquaintance, (*but a false Friend to be sure*) that he would use his Interest with the Bishop, to accommodate those Matters; which honest Office of a Peace-maker Sir Thomas undertook, and promised to give the Defendant the Bishop's Answer with all convenient speed; the Bishop being then at his Country-House, at *Fullham*.

Ay; But when the Defendant came again to his Chamber, to hear the Bishop's Answer, Sir Thomas begun with *wrinkled Brows* to tell this Defendant, That—*Did he* (the Defendant) *think* that after all the Mischiefs he had done to the Bishop's Courts (*Ay, there, there, it pinch'd*) in his late Books all the Kingdom over, that the Matter could be taken up with a *private Submission* in a parcel of fair and *soft Words*? Will you (quoth Sir Thomas) publicly and in Print retract and *refute* your Books called the *Naked-Truth*? Who, I? (*replied the Defendant*) what? The same Hand that gave the Wound give the Cure? What? *Vulnus opemq; tulit*? continued Mr. *Hickeringill*. Nothing like it, quoth Sir Thomas; No, no, (*replied the Defendant*) you are *high enough already*, but I'll see you all as *high as Pauls first*; whereupon the Defendant departed from him, *for ever parted*.

And let all ingenuous Gentlemen judge, how *un-Knight-like, ungentle, un-Christian, and Inhumane* it was in Sir Thomas, to make his Table a Snare; and to be an Evidence to *improve* (tho he could not *prove*) the present Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, from Words ingenuously confessed to him in private as a Common-Friend and Mediator betwixt the Bishop and the Defendant.

Can any Man imagine, or can it be in the least probable, that any Man should give more scandalous Words against the Bishop, at the very time, and to the very Man that undertook to be a Peace-Maker? and did not so much as take the least Exceptions against what was spoken; but went to treat the Bishop to terms of Accommodation, until the Defendant *peremptorily refused* to retract, or write against the Books called the *Naked-Truth*, the Second Part; in lieu of which Retraction, the Defendant did write again indeed, but mended the Matter, in the *Black-Non-Conformist*; These are the dear, dear Books, that has cost the Defendant so dear, and must be his Ruine, if combined *Clergy-Malice* and *Revenge-Ecclesiastical* will do the Feat. Barnaby—*Take for a Warning*, neither write nor speak (as this Defendant has) against the vile Corruptions, abominable Extortions of the Men of *Doctors-Commons*; Hem! Heu! Wo, and Alas!

Devorat Accipiter, vexat censura Columbas.

The Birds of Prey are never vext,  
But the poor Doves must be perplext.

Or, thus;

Make Rome there for the Birds of Prey;  
But fright the poor Doves quite away.

Let the Vexations, Citations, Actions, Articles, Promotions, Writs, Supplications, and Oaths of the Ecclesiastical-Men, and Men of Doctors-Commons (the only *Affidavit-Men* against Mr. *Hickeringill*) be *Chronieled to all Posterity*;

together with that unconscionable, inhumane and outrageous Fine of 2000 l. by a *pick'd Jury* (pick'd and appointed on set purpose) together with the Names of the precious Jury-men; and let them pray that the righteous God do not deal as severely with them and theirs, to their ruine, as they have *unmercifully and unchristianly* ruin'd the Defendant and his Family, Wife and Children. *God is just* (not only hereafter, but) *in this World*, wait and see the Finger of God in this Affair; shall he not avenge his own Elect, tho he bear long with them? Yea, he will avenge them *speedily*; he must, he will, to vindicate his Word, his Gospel, his Christ, and his Apostles, (publick Enemies to Prelatical Pride) against all the Hypocrites that put on *Religion, Religion*; the Church, the Church, for a Cloak to their *Tantrwee-Avarice*, and high-flown Ambition. Good God! *Arise, and let thine Enemies be scatter'd, and let all that hate thee, flee before thee.* A single Arm has done Wonders when upheld by God.

We read indeed, *Eph. 5. 11.* that God gave some *Apostles*, some *Prophets*, and some *Evangelists*, and some *Pastors* and *Teachers*, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the Ministry, &c.

But *who the Devil* brought that Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition into the Church? *2 Tim. 2. 3, 4.* that sits in the *Temple of God*, and opposeth, and exalteth himself above all that is called God? (*viz.* the Magistrate.) Away, Away, with these *carnal millenaries*, the Kingdom of Christ is *not of this World*, nor the *true Apostles* and Disciples of Christ ambitious to sit neither on the Pinnacle of the Temple, nor the Pinnacle of the Palace.

When Bishops begun to be very *Rich, then, then*, they begun to be *high-minded and to trust in uncertain Riches, rather than in* (the Words of) *the living God*, *1 Tim. 6. 17.* the Words of our blessed Saviour and his Apostles against Tyrannical and Lordly Prelacy; and when they left the Word, then they to clap their hands upon the same Magistrates Sword, if one *would not*, the other *should*; this is the plain Truth on't, and observ'd by all that observe any thing. For who heeds their Excommunications, their Suspensions, their Silencings, their Ecclesiastical Mischiefs, Curses and Anathema's, if it were not for the *old Writ* invented first by Popish Prelates, and since and now still made use of to this day, to *ecke out* their Spiritual-Weapons, which every Man can take the length of.

The bloody and numerous Sect of the *Donatists* in *Africa*, what Mischief brought that Heresy to the Christian-World, and all the quarrel arose, because *Donatus* (that *Diotrephes* that *lovd to have the prebeminence*, *3 Ep. Joh. 9.* or, was *ambitious of being a Prelate*, as the *Original* properly signifies) ruffled with *Cecilianus* for the Bishoprick of *Carthage*.

*Solomon* says, from Pride comes Contention; for a Man ambitious to sit perking upon the Pinnacle of the Temple (the fittest place (the crafty Devil thought) to insinuate his Temptations upon our blessed Saviour) he will endeavour to break that Man's Neck, that *says come down*, into the Seat of the Church amongst your Brethren, where our *Saviour* has plac'd you; nay, and the (*honest*) *Canons* too.

What inhumane Cruelty did the Prelates (in the Council of *Constance*) exercise to poor *John Wickliff*, our Country-man, Rector of *Lutterworth* in *Leicestershire*, and (his *Naked-Truth* in *45 Articles*) that cut them to the very Hearts, because it cut their Combs for them; and not content with killing him, after he was buried one and forty years, they caused his Bones to be digg'd up (*barbarous and cruel Ecclesiasticks!*) and to be burn'd (*inhumane Divines!*) Nay, That great Advocate for Prelacy (*Sir George Jefferies*) in this *Affizes*, took notice, that of all the *Witnesses* that swear at the *Affizes*, the *Clergy-men*,



men, the — Clergy tell the strangest Tales, and the most oddly, and most impertinently, of all other Witnesses, (perhaps 'tis because they are forced to preach at the Affizes without Book.)

But of all the *Clergy-Witnesses*, never did any thing look so *beshrimpen* and *appall'd* as that same little *Harris*, the *Bishop's special Witness*; truly the Man has reason to go *snips*, and have half of the 2000 l. given in Damages to the Bishop.

For neither the Bishop, nor any Man alive, had to this day *ever* heard of those scandalous Words in the Declaration, if he had not broach'd them, and been the Author of them; for after the Defendant was gone, little imagining (as neither any in the Company) that any Offence was taken, or any Exceptions made, no not so much as by *Harris* (the Man-catcher.) The little *Blade* goes to another Room, writes what he lists, or what he remembers, (and such a Man had need of a good Memory) but 'tis treacherous; and out he brings his own *Scandulum Magnatum*, hoping to get some one in the Company to be (if possible) as wicked as his little *Clergyship*: But by God's good Providence missing his Aim, away he trudges, lest he should be called to an account for his own devised Scandals, and be forced to find the Author; away trudges he, as fast as his wicked Legs could tremblingly carry him, to that old Piece of Malice, *Sir J. S.* that has always an open Heart, as well as open *S. John Shaw* Ears, at a Piece of Mischief against the Defendant. *Harris* could scarcely (on this side Hell) have met with a *fitter Tutor*, whose Friendship is *Artifice* and superficial; but his Malice, Revenge, and Wickedness is *natural*, innate, deep, as his own, own Self. Nor could any *Present* be more welcome to the Bishop (it seems by the consequence) than Articles against the Man that finds such fault with his illegal Confirmations, Visitations, Vexations, &c.

Therefore call a Court — come to the Cabal — all the *Breath-sellers*, whose Trade also is endangered by the wicked Defendant: Search old Statutes, (for the promoting whereof *Empson* and *Dudley* were hang'd) vex and ruin (by the Aid of a good Jury) the Defendant, and his Family; and only for a supposed Transgression, proved by a *slender and self-contradicting* Evidence, that *swore three times, and every time varied*; and yet (Ple warrant) he had said them over and over, since last *Easter*, oftner than he had said his Prayers: but he was not suffered to swear by Book, tho he *prayeres* and *preaches* all by *Book*.)

For if (at the first time) he swore the Words true, the other was false and he a false Varlet, and not to be believed by any Jury, that were not re-<sup>many Exemptions as</sup> solved; and some would not have been suffered to attempt the third time, *Harris* especially,

1. He was but a *single Evidence*, and therefore neither the Bishop ought to have believed him at first, nor the Jury now, swearing against a *Presbyter*; because the Holy Scripture (as the Defendant urged) ought to have some respect and observance, (from a Bishop especially) who is commanded, *against an Elder not (so much as) to receive an Accusation, but under two or three Witnesses.*

2. This little Witness was not to be believed, because point-blank contraried by six *substantial Witnesses*, who were not negative Witnesses only, but affirmative and positive: for they did not only swear they *did not* hear any such Words, but all *jointly and positively* affirmed, that they heard the whole Discourse, heard all the Words, and well remembered them, because *Harris* (after the Defendant's departure, *not before*) going into another Room, and writing other Words than the Defendant spake, and bringing them to the rest of the Company

pany to subscribe, they writ down the true Words whilst fresh in their Memories, and all turn'd *Abhorrens* of so vile a Man, and so wicked a Design: And all this was upon Oath made appear to the *Judg* and *Jury*, by the Oaths of all the six Witnesses; but no notice was taken of it by the *Judg*, when he *sum'd up the Evidence*, otherwise than that he honestly said, the Evidence on both sides was quite contrary one to another, and could not be both true. And who could imagine, that an *unbias'd Jury* should judg six honest Lay-men, (that had no design but Truth) should swear false, in compliance with a puny Clergy-man, not worthy a Name or Company amongst honest Men, (such Man-catchers should be avoided by all Men, as Enemies to all Commerce and Conversation) and such a Fellow too as swears for himself indeed; for he is the Author of the *Scandalum Magnatum*, if he could not father his Lies upon the Defendant, as he has done, thank a good Jury, by special Orders of the Bench to the High-Sheriff himself, to pick them, and empannel them throughout the County. And the Jury-Men for Estates and Quality were well enough, but not one of them any other than such as know who and who is together; and all or most of them in Commission and Dependence for their Places and Offices, at the Arbitrement of ———

3. How improbable is it, that the Defendant should put a Dagger into his Enemy's Hand, the Hand of a Creature that came to take his Benefice from him and to eat the Bread out of his Mouth?

4. How probable is it, that one single Evidence may and must forswear himself in this Case, when six Men contradict him at the same Time and Minute, soon after the Words were spoken?

5. How improbable it is, that a Man should truly repeat another Man's Discourse, that cannot repeat his own Discourse and Words off-Book, in Sermon or Prayers, or now upon Oath?

6. How improbable it is, that one Man should swear Truth against all the rest of the Company, who are so positive in what they heard, and then swore unto, *unanimously and constantly*, like honest Men, when no Persuasions, no Motives, no Temptations, could alter them? (for they had all been tamper'd with, and Mr. Edgar, Mr. Hill, and Daniel Howlet were subpoena'd for the Plaintiff.) But all would not do to win them for the Bishop's side, and make them face about.

7. Lastly; What Jury alive (except this) could, against the Evidence of so many substantial Witnesses, credit one single Creature, that was so infamous?

First; For deserting his Flock, that he swore to feed, and was bound by Oath, by Law of God and Man, Justice, Conscience, Equity, and Christianity, to look after, and mind the Cure of them, and take the Care and Charge, but neglected by him three Quarters of a Year together; and whilst the Fleece grows, he is hired to another Flock, staying till Summer (till the Wooll be grown) before he goes down to clip them.

Secondly; Infamous, because he had forsworn himself before this time, (as the Right Honourable the Earl of Lincoln there in Court testified upon his Oath.) When Harris was his Chaplain, and having often broke his Word with the Earl, and told him many a Lie, he was not willing any more to trust him upon the Security of his bare Word; whereupon Harris takes up a Greek Testament that lay upon the Table, and solemnly imprecates, by all the Mercies and Benefits that he should receive by the Contents of that Holy Book, he would return to the Earl (at furrhest) on the next Saturday, and so be ready the next day to officiate, except Sicknels prevented.

But

right hon. the  
Earl of Lincoln pr.



But the Gentleman came not home till the Tuesday following, and then came with Tears in his Eyes, that is, (as the Earl upon his Oath explain'd it) *drunk*; *maudline-drunk*. And the Earl said, it was some considerable time, and not till his Servants took notice of it to him, that Weeping was the certain Symptom of his being in Drink; that as other Men *rant and tear*, and *swear* when they are drunk, this little *Episcopal Tool* always wept when he was drunk. Whereupon the Earl (one time when he saw him weep) ask'd him, *What ail'd him?* Harris answered, That he had a Sister an Apprentice in the Exchange, and that he had heard *sad News* of her, namely, that her *Mistress* and she had *quarrell'd*, and had some hard Words together. Another time he said he wept, because he had an *Uncle* lately dead. This was *over-night*, but the next day, when the Earl ask'd him of the Quarrel betwixt his Sister and her Dame, and of the Death of his Uncle, (at another time) Harris star'd at him, and ask'd his Lordship, what he meant by these Matters? for he could not imagine what the Earl should mean by such Questions; he said (indeed) he had a Sister an Apprentice, he had an Uncle, but never heard of his Death; nor (at the other time) of the said *Female-Bickering*.

And as for the *Solemn Oath* that he had *took and broke*, he told the Earl; There was a Cause for his Stay, for he was in *pursuit of a Girl*, whom he intended also to marry, (and he was as good as his Word in that, for this *Episcopal Implement* has her (*much good may she do him*) Body and Bones.

But would any *Jury*, that were not of *Tory-Consciences*, credit the single Testimony of this *Bishop's Engine*, when (it was prov'd) that he abandon'd all his Interest that he expected in the *Mercies and Benefits* of the Gospel, and the *Merits* of our blessed Redeemer, for a Fit of Wooing, or in *pursuit of a Wench*.

Or, let a *profligate Clergy-man* in competition with *six honest, substantial Laymen*, and Men of *unstained Honesty and Reputation*, except the *Tories* are *Eagle-sighted*, nimble and quick to *foresee* the Inundation of Popery, that (they *senselessly* imagine) is *coming, tumbling in apace*; (But I hope God will preserve his Majesty with longer Life than any of his Father's Children; that as he is the *Alpha*, he may be the *Omega*, the last as well as the first of his Father's Children. Thus I prophesy as I would have it, not (I confess) according to the *Course of Nature*, nor according to the *bloody Principles and bloody Plots* of *Papists*, who (as it is undoubtedly known, even by them that ridicule the *Popish Plot*) *never spare* any Prince that is not (at least in Heart) *Heretical*, and of whose Inclination they have not good Assurance, longer than they think good, or can come at him. I say, the Jury possibly were *quicker-sighted than other Mortals*, and could foresee the speedy Appearances of approaching Popery, if all be Gospel, and *infallible*, that comes from a Clergy-man, (tho' he be as *lewd and bad* as the *Irish Friar, Teague O Drivelly*); but Lay-men are not to be believed against a Clergy-man, (*this is the Council of Trent*, right! just right!) nor to have the Benefit of the Clergy; *You must not expect it*, Gentlemen; never look for it, (you Lay-men!) till you come to be hang'd. From a *Tory-Jury*, *Good Lord deliver us*: That's as honest a *Letany*, as that *Letany* that used to be read or sung just before the Mass, I do not mean that *Letany*, (where's Harris with his *Innuendo*? the *Popish* — Suffer me to explain my self; *do not lie at catch*, and at snap; I do not mean that *Letany*) where-in was the *Suffrage* now *blotted out*, and thought by the *Wise* (who think themselves wise enough to make our Prayers for us in spite of our Teeth) to be omitted, and left out, for fear (no doubt) of displeasing his Holiness, — namely, — *From the Bishop of Rome, and all his vile Enormities, good Lord deliver us*.

But since neither the *Act of Uniformity*, nor the *Common-prayer-Book*, does license us (as once it did) to pray so against the Pope; yet I will take liberty (without asking leave of an Act of Uniformity, or a Common-prayer-Book,) to pray, — *From a Tory Jury* (of forlorn, desperate, and hardened Consciences) — *Good Lord deliver us*. I (once) thought, the Defendant might have ventur'd his Life in the hands of this Genteel Jury, one Moyety Knights, I'll assure you; but (as Coleman said at the Gallows, when his Devil fail'd him) *There is no Truth in Men*. When Power and Interest does but plead against it, there is no Oath so sacred, but some sort of Judges and Jury-men will break it without any regard. Ay, ay, the honest Lord Chief Justice *Hales* is dead and gone, in his Room (*seldom comes a better*) came Sir *Will. Scroggs*, but, as thought unmeet, discharged; but to mend the Market, (*who comes there?*) who comes next? Sir *Francis Pemberton*, the present Judg in this Cause.

Ch. Justice takes  
task.

*With whom* we will (as he did) conclude this Trial (for I have enough on't, if you knew all, whatever the Reader has) Sir *Francis* summing up the Evidence, and directing the Jury, to this effect, — namely, —

That this Action was brought by the Bishop of London, against Mr. *Hickeringill*, upon the Statute — (*Scandal. Magnat.*) for speaking scandalous Words of his Lordship, and such Words (*he told them*) as the Defendant himself ingenuously acknowledged. (*Such a Rehearsal transpos'd* would fright a Man from ever making an ingenuous Acknowledgment whilst he lived: If a Man be not submissive, then he is proud and obstinate, and justifies, (an Aggravation, an Aggravation, as Mr. *Withins* said) but if he be coming, they'll take him o'the Chaps, and make him stand further off; but this is the Policy: The Judg said, that the Defendant acknowledged) that if he had said the Words *modo & forma*, as they are laid in the Declaration, the Jury could not punish him enough. (This 'tis to be courtly and complemental, a Man that is not us'd to it neither; for really and truly the Words in the Declaration (the Lawyers say) are not actionable, except the last *Innuendo*, the Popish Plot, had been proved; and instead of an *Innuendo*, *Harris* swore — *Plot against my righteous Name*: It is besides impossible to be prov'd by this Declaration, because no preceding *Colloquium* is laid; (but *this 'tis to be civil*, and to make Concessions, without which the Judg would have been put to't to have directed the Jury, as to the *Scandal of them*, or the *Law* in that Point. For 'tis not *Scandal. Magnat.* (the Learned say) to say, — *His Lordship is very ignorant*, because 'tis true of him, (and of wiser Men, and better Men than *Henry* Bishop of London) and therefore cannot be Lies, and scandalous, or within that Statute.

The Bishop of London for Knowledge and Wisdom is not worthy to carry St. Paul's Books, Cloak, or Parchments after him, if he were alive; and yet that blessed Apostle (that could cast out Devils with a word) confesses he was very ignorant, and knew nothing as he ought to know.

But not to insist of Divinity, to come to Philosophy, the wisest Man of Greece, and the chief of the seven wise Men of Greece, (to whom the Oracle of *Apollo* awarded the Golden *Tripos*) confess'd he was so ignorant, that he knew nothing but only this, namely, he knew that he was very ignorant, or knew nothing: *Hoc tantum scio, quod nihil scio*.

'Tis Atheism to say, that St. Paul made that ingenuous Confession of his Ignorance, (in that and many more Places) only in Complement, (as some that are as proud as *Lucifer*, or as the Devil can make them, will yet say, — *Your humble Servant*.)

For



For Shame—Away with these Scandal Magnat's, and undoing Men and Families for speaking nothing but the Naked-Truth, and which the Bishop of London cannot, without blushing refuse to acknowledg that His Lordship is very Ignorant.

Which, if he does acknowledg, the Defendant and he are agreed in one certain Naked-Truth.

But if his Lordship does not acknowledg that he is very ignorant, all the wisemen of Man-kind must condemn him, as very ignorant; For none but he that does not know himself, none (*but a Fool*) but must know and acknowledg themselves to be very ignorant: 'Tis true, the Issue is Non-Culp, because the Defendant never spake those Words as they are (*modo & forma*) laid singly, by themselves, in the second Count of the Declaration; and all the Witnesses (except Harris) (nay, Exton the Doctor's Commons Man too) says that the Word Ignorance had reference to the Law or Statute, of which, tho a Bishop be ignorant, yet it is no blemish nor scandal to him: Nay, scarce a Bishop in England understands, or ever read so much Law as the Defendant, yet it is no Scandal to them, nor disparagement; Nay, Harris himself at last confesses, that the Ignorance and the Impudence had reference to the Printed Paper and the Canons of Forty; and therefore these Words — His Lordship is very Ignorant, could never (as laid in the second Count singly) be spoken in Manner and Form as they are laid in the Declaration.

But were the Bishop of London (really and truly) wiser than Solomon, St. Paul, or Socrates, yet it is as clear as the Sun at Noon-day, that he was ignorant in tanto (whatever he might be in *toto*;) namely, ignorant in so much, and in that (which occasion'd all this Discourse) namely, in sending Harris with a Sequestration of the Benefits, and the small Tithes of the Parish of St. Buttolph's (the place of this Contest, and also the occasion too) in Colchester; when the said small Tithes and Benefits, nay, all Tithes, both small and great Tithes, of St. Buttolph's Parish appertain to the Defendant, as Rector of the Rectory of All-Saints, and has been enjoyed by his Predecessors since the Reign of Henry the 8th, and so to continue for ever, as is more fully declared pag. 27. of the Black-Non-Conformist, and therefore it is no Lye, (and therefore not within the said Statute of Scandal Magnat.) but a great Truth, tho a costly one. Truth has been a dear Commodity to this Defendant, but still it is too true, that the Bishop was very ignorant in sending such a Sequestration; it had been better for the Defendant by 2000 l. if he had been wiser, and then this sad occasion had never come: (hard Case!) to be whip'd on another's Back, and taken up at these Years for other Men's Faults; and that the Bishop should without Law disturb the Defendant's Title to his Free-hold, and then by the help of his Tool and Utensil, and a good Jury, ruine him for complaining when he is pinch'd.

The Itch, the Scab, the Morphew, the Boils, the Uncombs, the Carbuncles, the Leprosy, the Pimples, (*a Pox*) and the Nodes, are but Skin-Diseases, and Deformities coming immediately from the vicious Ros, and Gluten of the third Concoction; (at third hand, *poor par-boiling Function*, but it cannot help it) for the Mischief, the Mischief, the Author and Origine of all this Mischief, is the first Ventricle, that's erroneous, and out of order.

If the Bishop (the Original Cause of all this Discourse and Stir, in sending down a Sequestration of the small Tithes of St. Buttolph's (the Defendant's Free-hold) by this same Harris, in hopes to do the Defendant a Mischief or Displeasure, had not been mistaken in this his Attempt, these Evils had not come, they were but the third Concoction, and necessary Consequents of the Bishop's Error. Except some thought perhaps that Mr. Hickeringill is (as Heracitus now calls him)

him) an Aſs, good for nothing but to be burthen'd; or, worſe than a Worm, and— ſhould ſay—*Prelate come tread me*, come, ſtamp upon me. I know, ſuch an *Aſs-like ſottiſhneſs* had been, (as it proves) the wiſeſt way, becauſe the cheapeſt way, —But what *Patience* can endure to be ſo nuſſed?

And ſo the Word —*Impudent*—if (as it ought) it have reference to that nonſenſical (at leaſt) *Impoſition, upon the Clergy*, and to the Statute; who can deny but that it is *Insolence* and *Impudence* too, for a Biſhop ſo to inſult over the Clergy, as either to recommend to them Articles to obſerve, which are no where to be found, or which interfere, or are not warranted by the Statute?

And if the Defendant had not been over-ruled by a ſort of Lawyers, he would have pleaded the Words, ſpecially as they were ſpoken, *abſq; hoc, &c.* And not to come upon an *Issue Non-Culp.*—againſt a Fellow that (*every Body aſſur'd him*) would ſwear *right-down Thump*; and yet his Memory fail'd him, for he could not for his Life repeat the firſt Words, right; nor any one time repeat them, *one like another and uniform*. But let the World judge, whether any ſorry Witneſs be not good enough, when a *Biſhop is Plaintiff*, and before *ſuch a Jury*, and ſuch a ——— (God help!) it will not always be thus; Let not the Tory Pamphleteers ever henceforth prate of an *Ignoramus-Jury*; Here's a *Billa-vera Jury* (an *Essex-Jury* to a Proverb) that ſhall give them half way, and yet over-run them: (But all this long Parentheſis by the way.) Sir Francis Pemberton goes on to this Effect, tho not perhaps in the very Words, —That the Jury had heard the Defendant's ingenuous Acknowledgment, and that he muſt direct them to find *good Damages*, if they find for the Plaintiff; ſaying that the Biſhop of London is a worthy and learned Biſhop, as any in England (that's a large Place, and a large Word, and a large Compariſon; I know not how the old Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury would take it, if he ſhould hear on't; ) and therefore (quoth the Judge) you muſt vindicate his Lordſhip's Reputation, and give good Damages, if you find the Words—

And they are ſworn unto, by one that is a Clergy-man; he is (ſaid the Judge) a ſingle Witneſs (for what Sir Thomas Exton ſays, (he told them) they muſt not take to be any proof of this Declaration) but if they find that this ſingle Witneſs ſwears true, *contrary to the other ſix* for the Defendant; (for, he ſaid, he muſt ſay the Evidence is quite contrary one to the other, and cannot both be true;) then (if they find for the Plaintiff) he told them they might have ſome reſpect to Sir Thomas Exton's Evidence in Aggravation of Damages: but ſaid again, (very honeſtly) that Sir Thomas proved nothing as to the Declaration; but told them that Sir Thomas Exton is a Man of *unſtained Reputation*; the Judge not reflecting in the leaſt, upon the *known and conſtant* Extortions and Corruptions of *Doſtor's-Commons*; nor, taking the leaſt notice of Dr. Exton's diſingenuity, in being a *publick Evidence in Aggravation*, for Words ſpoken upon *treaty of Submission*, and as to a Friend, and without any exception or diſguſt, (well liked of, by the Doſtor,) at leaſt, *unmanly to make his Table a Snare*, except a Man had ſpoke Treason; (but *this is the Candor of an Eccleſiaſtical-Lay-Elder, or Lay-Vicar-General*;) For that is his place, he is the Biſhop of London's Vicar-General, the Biſhop cannot help it, he has a Patent for it for his Life, granted by Humphrey late Biſhop of London: Good doings! when our Souls muſt be Tutor'd by a Lay-Vicar that cannot preach, but has got a Patent to ſend us to the Devil, and (at his good Pleaſure) back again; rare doings! This is the Man of Reputation,) who is (the Judge goes on) unblemish'd in his Repute: telling the Jury, that he muſt ſay, as to the Reputation of this ſingle Evidence for the Plaintiff (for indeed the Cauſe depends wholly upon his



his single Reputation ) and that tho *Non-residence be an ill thing*, and that is prov'd upon him, and cannot be denied ; yet a Man may be a good Witness, tho he do transgress a Statute ; none of us (said he ) but do transgress a Statute some time or other. ( Note by the way, this is not the same Direction given at Mr. *Roussé's* Trial, when for the Breach of a Statute ( of Uniformity ) the Dissenters could not be admitted to be Jury-men, ( the Black Non-Conformist is good for something yet, for since the publishing of the Black Non-conformist those new Laws are not repeated ; ) and if they are by the Breach of a Statute incapable of giving a Verdict, surely they are much more incapacitated to give an Evidence. But he goes on — telling the Jury, *Non-residence is not good, it is an ill thing, ( indeed it is ) but God forbid but a Man may be believed upon his Oath, tho he be Non-resident. ( And no doubt on't, 'tis very true, and so may a Non-conformist also surely, ( God forbid else ) and with much more reason : For the one sins (if Non-conformity be such a Sin) out of Weakness ; but this Non-resident (whom the Judg excus'd) has sinn'd three Quarters of a Year wilfully and wickedly ; a vast difference ! (How many Blemishes can Episcopal Favour draw a Curtain over, and hide ! )* And indeed the Judg (if a Body may say so) mightily mistook (through want of Memory, or worse) in summing up the Evidence thus to the Jury : for the Defendant did not examine and force the Clergy-men to swear *Harris's* Non-residence, as thereby incapable of being a Witness, ( as the Judg summ'd it ) the Defendant was never guilty of such Nonsense and Impertinence, (and therefore the Judg mistook himself) but the Defendant made the Clergy-men (that brought to support *Harris* his Credit) to swear his Non-residence, that with their own Tongues they might swear that they themselves were not Men of Credit, nor fit to be believed, and therefore more unfit to prop another Man's Credit, that had ruin'd (for ever) their own, by swearing contrary things, and impossible to be true ; namely, That they never knew any ill thing by him, and yet they were forced after that to swear him a Non-resident, that (contrary to his Oath Canonical, and his Duty to God and his Flock,) had left them to a Log-river, that cannot read his *Accidence*, much less supply his own Cure, the said Mr. *Sylls*. ( The Nonconformists have not got all the Mechanick Preachers, the Church of England hath got some, Log-rivers, Broken Trades-men, and I know who. ) But listen to the Judg, how he goes on, but takes no notice of what the Earl of *Lincoln* swore against *Harris*, no notice of his forswearing himself for the Company of a *Wench*, no notice of his being a *Mandlin-Drunkard*, no notice of *Harris* his Design to ensnare the said Earl out of the Fee-simple of the Manor of *Throckingham*, 300 *l. per annum*, by a Deed writ in Court-hand, which he thought the Earl could not read, when the Earl intended only to settle the Mannor of *Throckingham* ; and for this piece of Knavery, the Earl swore, that he was credibly informed, that *Harris* was to have, if it succeeded, a hundred Guinnies. *Nemo repente fit improbus* ; No Man can be a great Rogue per saltum, suddenly ; Villany, like Youth, must have time to grow, *gradatim*. But the Honest Judg took no notice of the Villany sworn against this *Harris*, and thus particulariz'd by that Noble Earl, that scarce a Jury in the World would hang a Dog upon such Evidence. But listen to what the Judg said, to this effect, telling the Jury that he left it to them. But on the other side, said the Judg, the Defendant has made indeed a very large Defence, and has told true, that this Statute of 2 *Rich. 2.* upon which this Action of *Scandal. Magnat.* is brought, was made when Popish Prelates bore a great Sway ; but it is not repealed, (remember that) it is in force, and is not yet repealed. And tho (as the Defendant hath alledged) Religion now is not the same, nor has the same Head,

nor the same Face consequently ; yet the Statute is not repealed. The Defendant has produc'd six Witnesses, to contradict the Bishop's single Witness: they do swear contrary one to another, *both their Testimonies cannot be true* : They swear, that some of them writ down the Words, upon Mr. Harris his coming to them to have them *subscribe* his Paper, which they refused, saying, *soon after the Words were spoken*, that the Words were not so spoken by the Defendant, but *so and so*, as now they all *unanimously still agree in* ; and if you believe them, you must *find for the Defendant*.

Thus have I given the Reader a *true Account*, and also an *ample* and full Account of this Trial (so much talk'd of) nor have I omitted any one material Thing, spoken by the Counsel, or the Judge, or given in Evidence, on either side, but without partiality have given a faithful Account.

But the Jury withdrawing, (and Dinner ready) the Crier *adjourn'd the Court* ; but before he had *fully cry'd out his Cry*, Hold, hold, cries Sir George Jefferies, and Sir Francis Wilebans, to the Crier ; and he obeyed : whilst they whisper'd to the Judge, and desired him to stay a little longer, for the Jury would *speedily return (they knew their Minds and Resolutions belike)* with their Verdict, thinking and intending to snap the Defendant in Court, and have him committed to Prison, if they knew how, without Bail, as the Statute enjoins in the Case, if scandalous Words be found (by the Verdict of Twelve Men) to be spoken of a *Prelate*. — Make Room there — Take heed, Gentlemen, take warning ; and if you will avoid hard Imprisonment, and 2000 l. and an unmerciful and cruel Jury, speak not against the Prelate — not a Word, no, tho it be God's Word ; and therefore make an *Index Expurgatorius*, and blot out of your Bibles, Luk. 22, 25, 26, 27. and 2 Pet. 5. 2, 3. and 1 Tim. 5. 21. 1 Tim. 3. 3, 6. Acts 20. 29. For these, and many more, condemn a *brawling, proud, young, covetous Action-driver, and Promoter*, (tho a Prelate, so much the worse) condemn all Prelacy that insults over, tyrannizes over, or lords over the Brethren, and like greedy and grievous Wolves, *entring in, not sparing the Flock* ; as if the Flock of Christ was made to be eat up, and devoured, not to be fed ; and as if the rich Bishops could not thank God, and be content with their rich Palaces and Endowments, but they must *enrich themselves with the Tears, Cries, and Groans of the Widow and Orphans* ; A blessed Time !

But some say, That the Bishop of London intends to build *Paul's* with this 2000 l. (when he gets it) as far as 2000 l. will go. — I'll speak more to that in the following Observations.

But first let us conclude the Trial. The Jury, after some Consultation amongst themselves, *soon agreed* upon their Verdict, being *soon resolv'd* upon the Premises, and the Conclusion, (not before-hand surely) but they made no great Pause upon the Matter ; the Case was a clear Case as any thing, not to be question'd, and about a Trifle — only — 5000 l. Damages. Who are you for ? a silly Question not to be nam'd ? Who are you for ?

For the Defendant, do you say ? (a likely matter) when there is a great Bishop, and Privy-Councillor, and great with the King and Court ; For the Defendant ? not a Man (I dare say) was so simple.

What ! do you think wise Men do not know which side of their Bread the Butter lies on ?

And



And yet one of the Defendant's Counsel, (for he had retain'd Counsel, and fee'd them again at the Assizes, rather to avoid the Imputation of Penury, than of any Intent he had to make use of them) came to the Defendant whilst at Dinner, and whispering him in the Ear, assur'd him that the private Verdict was given in, and for the Defendant.

After him came another with the same Errand, whether deceived through Weakness, or designing to deceive the Defendant through Wickedness, I shall not determine.

This is certain, the Plot was to inveigle the Defendant into the belief of the Verdict, which the Defendant did so far believe, (for neither he, nor any unbiass'd Men could imagine any other Verdict than for the Defendant; the Declaration being but stammeringly, uncertainly, variously, and contrarily repeated by the Episcopal Implement, little Harris; himself prov'd infamous by a Noble Peer, (whose Oath not to credit, was the greater Scandal. Magnat. of the two) and *ex abundanti*, six substantial Witnesses contradicting that infamous Engine of Wickedness.) Besides, the Declaration not prov'd in the least, namely, that the Scandals were spoken before divers the King's Subjects: Here was but one Subject, and he none of the best. And accordingly the Defendant was treating with his Landlord at the White-Horse, how and with what suitable Accommodation to treat the Jury, (for that is the Custom belike); but the Jury were wiser, and expected a better Treat, (for a quite-contrary Verdict) by a greater Purse.

The Plot was to cajole the Defendant into a good Opinion of the Privy-Verdict, that so staying in Town, the Adversary might snap him with a Caption, ready cut and dried, to hale him to Jail. And if they had succeeded in that After-Game, it had been to them worth ten such Verdicts; for if they had got him into Lobs-pound for six Months, I do not know but the Stone Doublet might have lasted him his Life-time.

But they were not more cunning than he was crafty; and being inform'd by his faithful Friends (that could see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of them) and as privy as the nasty Verdict was, they scented it: And thereupon the Defendant, with five more of his Friends, took Horse, and rid for London, where he now is, giving their Wives the Go-by, to their great Grief, and will not appear till he list, in good Time, and when Time shall serve.

We'll catch him, We'll pound him, quoth (Sir Sun)—

My Friends— it is not to be done.

For a Man that is in safe Harbour to put out to Sea (till the Storm be over) argues Folly indeed; the Fool (Solomon says) goes to the Correction of the Stocks; or, puts his Neck into the Collar.

To abscond for Treason, Murder, Robbery, Felony or Debt, would indeed be dishonourable to the Author of Naked Truth.

But, (blessed be God,) The Man-Catchers have laid nothing (as yet) to his Charge, but Words spoken against their pretty Courts and Prelates, and these wrested (too) from their true meaning, (as shall be proved hereafter in the *Supplicavit-Business*.) If worthy Men, and Men of great Reputation and Renown may be credited so much as Harris and the six Proctors.

And these accuse the Defendant of nothing but some rash Words; (take them at the worst) they lay no Crime to his Charge, but such as is common to Men, especially to Men of the Defendant's Complexion.

For he is a Man subject (above many others) to many Infirmities, somewhat Cholorick by Nature and Constitution, (which tho he strives (through Grace) to quell, yet 'tis hard quite to extirpate Nature.) But if none but such (as never

*if authors own Character of him.*

never spoke a *rash Word*, nor ever spoke *worse Words* than is laid to the Defendant's Charge) should cast *the first Stone* at him, or put him in Jail, 'tis hoped he might safely *walk the Streets again*, and go to his Grave in Peace.

In the *Interim* he *absconds* neither for Debt, Treason nor Felony, (that's a great Mercy in these *shamming-Times*) but enjoys the *Happiness of walking incognito* (a Happiness that Princes seldom can arrive unto, and because of their publick-Station are (*in vain*) ambitious of) and sees and hears what's done in the World, sees and observes—sees and takes Notes—sees, (*as in a Balcony*) the bustling *Cavalcade* in the Streets, and yet not annoyed with the *clamorous and sweaty Crowd*; sees and is not seen—There's the *Pleasure* as well as the *Grandieure* of Retirement, a *Grandieure* that great Men may *envy*, but *unable* to obtain the Felicity, as well as the Safety, the Quiet and the Security; made the *more conformable* by Necessity and the *gentle hand* of God; (for some good end no doubt) a Retirement happily freed from the Noise and Business of the World, the bawlings, brawlings and yawlings, the bustle and ruffle of the Barr and Pulpit, the throng and crowd of vexatious Turmoils and impertinent Visits; (*a Happiness not 'till now enjoyed*,) to be buried alive, to be *buried and yet live*, in hopes of a joyful arising; to be buried safe from the *poynant Malice* of Enemies, (for Envy ceases in the Grave, and they are malicious to purpose, that envy him this poor-play of — *Hide and Seek* — and *Bo-peep*;) and yet alive and *brisk still* with some Friends, and with his best Friend on Earth—*His Loyal Consort*; the happy Mother of ten lusty Children, and seven alive still, blessed be God; Heirs enough for his Estate, and Estate enough for his Heirs, if the Bishop do not make them *poor enough*—(God knows;) at least—It is to be fear'd—*Nobleness of Nature is not every Body's Portion*; But God help, however; For the Defendant (if he be wife) will *never beggar himself and his Family*, to build *Cathedrals for Singing-Boys*—be as *cunning as they can*—And they are *subtle*—very subtle—*Ay—so they are*—and so might others too, with *one quarter of the Power* they have in their Hands;

—— Fight on *Macduff*,  
And let him fall that first says, *Hold!*—enough.

Before (it came to) *Extremity*, has not the Defendant studied Peace and pursued it, *once, twice, thrice*—if possible—And as *much as in him lies*, (as you will hear anon) by all the methods and ways of Meekness and Submission, as far as is consistent with a Man of Honour?

And have they not been inexorable, and like the *Meridian-Shadows* (of Men running North-ward) which fly *the faster*, the faster they are pursued? Are they not *inexorable to any Terms*, but what is *worse than Death*, and ill becomes a Gentleman or a Christian?

Has the Defendant lived fifty Years in the World, and travell'd half the *Globe of the Universe*, with all the advantages of an ingenuous Education, in studying Men and Books, and is he yet to seek to know such Men? He knows what is in Man; knows what is in Men flush'd with Power and Interest, and flesh'd with Success and Revenge.

Let them be beaten with their own Rod, which with such Industry, Joy, Interest, Friends, Power, Glory, and Combination they have so eagerly contriv'd:

——The Scabbard's thrown away —Come on *Macduff*,  
And Coward he that first says—*Hold!* —enough.

*Honesty*

Def: with his wife  
children.



*Honesty is the best Policy*, and so (*Machiavellians*) will find (*to their cost*) in time; and *Christianity* is the greatest *Wisdom*; and *Persecution*, *Tyranny*, *Oppression*, and *Extortion* the greatest *Folly* in the World! But, *Oh ye Fools!* when will ye be *Wise*? With *Solomon*, when will ye be good? Never, never, some Men will never be good (*but like a Spaniel*) 'till they be beaten to't, by (the *Mistress of Fools*) *woful Experience*, and too late.

A little *Honesty* and *Christianity* is soon and easily attained unto; and will do *Wonders in Government*, and with ease; whereas, (*as a Lyar had need have a good Memory*, and yet is often put to his *Trumps*) a *Machiavellian*, with all his *Quirks*, and *Shams*, and *Subornings*, and *Tricks*, is as very a *Fool* as *Pope Alexander the 6th*, and his Son *Cesar Borgia*, (to whom (the *Florentine*) *Machiavel*, was both *Secretary* and *Tutor* in that *Black-Art*, called (*Machiavellian*) *Policy*) both of them coming to an ill end and a violent Death, falling into the very *Pit they digg'd* for others, and *poison'd* with the very *Druggs* they prepar'd for the *Italian-Princes*, by the just *Judgment* of the righteous God—that sits in *Heaven*, and laughs (the *Atheist*) to *Scorn*—yea—the *Lord* shall have them in *Derision*.

And let some Men triumph, crow, and insult, at the *Victory* they have got by a *little-Fool*, and especially (that same *special-Jury*) and glory that they have silenced him (the *Sin* and *Shame* lye at their Door) stopping his *Mouth*, because of *cheap-Marriages* without a *License*; and he shall be in his *Church of All-Saints* the next *Lord's Day*, (God willing) and so on, let them do their worst.

No Man that falls by great Power,—can (possibly) fall more gently—nor for less Offences.

There's nothing sworn against him, nor laid to his Charge, for which any good Man, or Man of Honour has cause to blush, and be-ruby his Cheeks.

The Bishop first offends in sending an *unwarrantable Sequestration*, (there's the *Origine*;) and for this occasion, the Defendant suffers and pays 2000 l. there's the *Consequence* of that *Origine*, or *Original Sin*.

As soon as the Judge had filled his Belly, he return'd to the Bench, and some thought to catch the Defendant, but the Bird was flown.

The Verdict was for the Plaintiff, *Damage 2000l.* And so they said all, being agreed upon the Business, and their Fore-man (*Sir Andrew Jenner*) their Learned Speaker, or *Spokes-man*.

Thus ended this Famous Trial, of which when I have made some *Observations*; (for the *Torys* have not got all the *Observer's* on their side :) I will give you an account of that other *Ecclesiastical-Engine* to batter the Defendant, by Affidavits sworn by six *Ecclesiastical Lay-Persons* called *Proctors of Doctor's-Commons*: (Ay, there, there the *Mischiefs* (against the *Naked-Truth*) are hatch'd; They act for Life, at least, for a dirty *Livelihood*, which seems to stand on *Tip-Toe*, tottering, and just upon the goe.) And therefore they would *Wire-draw* and hook in *Westminster-Hall* (base *Indignity*!) to prop up their rotten and tottering Frame, by craving (*Forsooth*!) from thence Aid, in a Writ called *Supplicavit*.

But first, Let us not over-pass this Signal Trial without some Remarks, or *Observations*.

## OBSERVATIONS

Made (by an unknown Hand)

## Upon the foregoing TRIAL.

**F**irst, we will *observe the Observations* that have been already made of this *noisy Trial* by the *Tory Pamphleteers*.

The *Tory Observer* is *wiser* than to trouble himself with disquieting Mr. *Hickeringill*, or to abuse himself by nicknaming others, whether out of respect or sense of Honour, or out of fear of Mr. *Hickeringill's* smarter Pen, (that never scratches but when Defendant) we will not determine. But *Thompson* and *Heracitus*—

How now? *Thompson* and *Heracitus*! Will any Man of Honour stoop so low to take notice of such contemptible Wretches? Wretches below all scorn! Wretches that would have no Name but for the *Ills* they do.

For they (like *Erostratus*) are ambitious of a Name, by committing unheard-of Villanies, tho they thereby ruine themselves, and an (once stately) Church.

And (without offence be it spoken) it is a *Condescension* (meritorious) for any Man to *debase himself so much* as to take notice of such despicable and forlorn *Bravo's*, (the Objects of every honourable and honest Man's Contempt) any otherwise, or with any other design than (those charitable Visits made to the Jail, when common Robbers and Murtherers are condemn'd to the Gallows) to enquire (either) after Goods (by them) stolen; or, by shewing them the Evil of their Ways, bring the condemn'd Villains to Repentance, before they be hang'd.

Which *Act of Charity*, Humility, and bountiful Condescension, I (now) piously take upon me, by (thus) observing their Observations. (Nay, the Tories shall not have all the Observators on their side, the Whigs shall have some; for (to tell you the naked Truth on't) the politick and pious Tories have bereft me of better Employment, and very cunningly have given me leisure to (do little else but) observe their Motions. God reward them according to their Piety, and their Works, and let them fall into the Pit that with such combined Interest (Cunning and Power) so industriously they have digg'd.

And first for *Thompson*, so vile a *Moth*, that he is too much honour'd to be crush'd with the blunt End of my Pen. But I use him here, as he will be used when he comes (amongst other (condemn'd) Murtherers and Assassins of Mens Lives and Reputations) at Tyburn, (namely) — to tie up and halter the greatest Rogue first.

Fogh! I have done with him for ever; now (the very first time) I come near him, no rotten Carcase or Jakes comes nigh him for a Scent; He stinks above Ground — most abominably and nauseously, in the Nostrils of all that have not lost their Senses. His Rogueship being very ignorant, and also such a bold, daring, impudent Man, for sending some Heads of — Lies — in his Printed Papers — contrary to Law; whence it will appear, that he is concerned in the Plot — the horrid Plot against Mr. *Hickeringill's* righteous Name and Reputation,



tation, — belying him all the Kingdom over, as a Man *convict of Perjury*, and so *assassinates his Honour and Reputation*; the only Answer (yet) made (in defence of the Extortions and Oppressions so impudently continued to this day in Ecclesiastical Courts, in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm, and contrary) to the *Naked Truth*.

I am not able to endure the *Carrion* any longer, and therefore I leave him to the Justice of the Nation, and to Mr. *Hickeringill's* swinging Action against him, and his pretty Confort; and except he hide his hated Head for ever, he will be punish'd for that *dangerous and damnable Lie and Slander against the righteous Name and Reputation of Mr. Hickeringill*, in saying, he was *convict of Perjury*. Nay, they would convict Mr. *Hickeringill* of somewhat worse than *Perjury*, (I fear) if they could get any Man-catchers, or *Teagues O Divelly*, into his Company: nay, there was one *Mortlack*, a Black-smith of Colchester, that asking a *Cunning-Lawyer's Advice*, what he should swear against Mr. *Hickeringill*? *Breath-feller* replied, — *Canst thou not swear Treason against him?* Or, that he is a common Drunkard, or a common Whoremaster, or a common Swearer? *Treason?* quoth *Mortlack*, yes I can; In what? (replied *Petty-fogger*) in Words or Deeds? *Mortlack* answer'd, *In Words, Treasonable Words*. But *Crafty* replied, *How long ago?* How long is it since you can prove you were in his Company? and in what place? *Mortlack* answer'd, That he heard the Words spoken in the King's High-way, near *Dilbridge*, about four Months before that Time, (for he could not prove that ever he was in Mr. *Hickeringill's* Company except that time, when there were also above twenty People more.

Whereupon quoth *Crafty*, Speak no more then of *Treasonable Words*, for you will be hang'd for concealing *Treason* thus long; but what say you to the other? *Mortlack* answered, It is too apparent to all that know Mr. *Hickeringill*, that he is *no common Drunkard, nor common Whoremaster*, but — (he took a great Oath upon it, saying,) I will swear that he is a *common Swearer*, and that never a Word comes out of his Mouth, but an Oath comes out.

And he was as good as his Word, and got two more to swear (the same) along with him, both of which have with Tears (since) and on their bended Knees, begg'd Mr. *Hickeringill's* Pardon, (that's more than *Thompson* hath done) and he frankly and generously did forgive them, and they live in Colchester to this day; but *Mortlack* is fled for it ever since.

For by the Craft of Sir *J. S.* before Sir *Mundisford Bramston* (as Master in Chancery) the Villains swore to Articles, whereupon a *Supplicavit* (this *Doctors Common's Supplicavit* is not the first, nor the first *Supplicavit* devis'd against him by that Root of Bitterness and Revenge, Sir *J. S.*) was granted against him, and bound he was in Chancery, in 20 l. the Principal, and 10 l. the Manu-s. 20. sh. cur.captors; and thus was he put to some little Trouble and Charge. And Mr. *Hickeringill* stands (to this day) in Chancery (upon Record) a *Common-Swearer, &c.* and yet he never swore so much as one rash Oath in his Life. What will not Malice and Man-catchers swear?

But none that knows Mr. *Hickeringill* believes them, but knows they are perjurd Villains, and (like this *Thompson*, or Parson *Thompson* of Colch — as like his Name-sake *Nat* — as one Devil to another) the *Scum of Mankind*, and so black in the Mouth with continual Lies and Slanders, (both of them) and especially against Mr. *Hickeringill*, that no *Recording Ink* can paint their smutty Features *dismal or black enough*, they are so *Hellish and Impslike*, where I leave them, to discourse with *Party-per-pale*, half Fool, half Knave; Half-Fool,

Fool, or Jester, — and Half-Knave in Earnest, *Heracitus* ; what Observation does he make of this famous Trial ?

Busy *Heracitus* Num. 59. treating of this Affair (this *Ishmael's* Hand must be against every Body), is it not meet that every Man's Hand should be against this Privy and Masquerade-Assassinate of Men's Reputation ? Saying, He (*Hick—Forsooth !*) wishes by this time he had made use of an abler Counsellor.

No doubt, Tricks and Niceties in Law, are best defeated by Men accustomed to such Quirks and Tricks, the disguise of Truth, and the defeat of many an honest Cause. These Quirks (the Rabble that use them) are useless in the United Provinces, where every Man pleads his own Cause ; of which the same Sun that views the first Process, sees the End and Determination before it sleeps in the Ocean.

Whereas we labour with our nice Pleadings, Quirks and Tricks, Writs of Errors, Pleas, Rejoinders and Demurrers eternally.

A Man was Indicted—*quia furatus est Equum*, because he stole a Horse, (in Holland he had dy'd for it) but with us the Indictment was quash'd for lack of Form, there wanted (*Forsooth* the Word) *Felonicè* ; and therefore ill. 29. Ass. 45.

A Man was Indicted that he was *communis Latro*, a common Thief, and the Indictment was held vicious, because too general — never coming on to the particular Proof.

A Man Murder'd another, but the Indictment (by the Clerks oversight, or worse, was only *Interfecit*) and was quash'd for want of the Word *Murdravit*.

Thousands of Instances might be given of pretty Quirks and Niceties (that are now made such essential parts of the Law) that he is accounted the Man of Law, that is most nimble at them, to take a Cause with a— *Why not* ; Tick-Tack ; as if some design had been to make the Law (like *Sives* and *Cullenders*) full of Holes for the nonce.

of Attorneys But, some may say then—What shall become of the *Vermine*, the *Locusts* and the *Caterpillars*, that (like those Plagues of Egypt) eat up every green thing in the Land ?

How now ? Is this good Behaviour ? Is *Sampson* bound ? or bound with Withs of smal Cords, made on purpose to be broken ? Explain your self, who do you mean by the Vermine, the Locusts and the Caterpillars, that eat up every green thing in the Land, and is the great plague-fore thereof ? Who do you mean ? Sir.

You, that are so blunt and such a plain Dealer, do you mean those Throngs about Temple-Bar, and Chancery-Lane ? those Crouds of Pen and Inkhorns ? that a Man can scarce stir there without being jostled or run down by them or their Coaches ? Speak out, who do you mean by ? the Vermine of the Land, the Locusts, and the Caterpillars ?

Why then, really, truly, and plainly, I call those Locusts, and Caterpillars, and Vermine, that live on the Sweat of other Men's Brows, and of the sweet Labour and Industry of the painful Husbandman, and Country-man, who (if they were not Fools) would agree their Quarrels over a good Fire, and a Pot of Ale, by the Men of their Neighbourhood, (for it must come to that at last, and why not as well at first ?) before the Estate be wasted, time consum'd, with Dancing Attendance to Vermine.

But what shall the Locusts and Caterpillars do ? Ask Mr. Wilson, who tells you in his Description of the new Plantation, called *Carolina*, that there is good Air, room enough for the Locusts and Caterpillars, those unprofitable Insects and Devourers. Room enough for the He's and She's, let them go there and



and work and Engender ; why should not Spiders spin ?

And yet ( with *Heraclitus* his good leave ) the Defendant did ( if it were worth the mentioning ) ( in his pleading this Cause ) *this Tick-tack* which might as well have been kept secret, but that *Heraclitus* will not be pleased without it :

For the Declaration is only *un'Prelat*. not *un'Magnat*. and though the Plaintiff does declare as *Episcop-Lond.* and *un'Prelat*, yet ( said the Defendant, ) it does not appear ( *by the Declaration,* ) that the Plaintiff is *un'Magnat*, and therefore not within the Statute.

For the Defendant said further, that he had consulted the *Records of those times*, whereby the meaning of the Words (*Bishop and Prelate*) in those days, is best cleared ; and does not find that ever by Prelates or Bishops is meant *Magnates*, or *le Grantz*, or *le Seigneurs*— and therefore *Scandalum Prelatorum*, nor *Scandalum Episcoporum*, can possibly by that Statute be meant *Scandalum Magnatum*.

25. *Edw. 3.* The Proceedings and Judgment of Death against Sir *William de Thorp*, ( Chief Justice ) for *Bribery*, and brought into Parliament, which the King caused to be read *Overtment devant les grantz de Parlement &c.* openly, before the Great Men—*coram Magnatibus*, that could not be the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, nor Prelates— for they were ( always withdrawn ) in those days, out of the House of Lords— in Judgments or Inquest upon *Life and Death*, as this was, — *For the Chief Justice was hang'd for his Bribery : ( right and good reason, — Cave, cave. )*

42. *Edw. 3.* Sir *John de Lee*, Steward of the King's House, was charged in Parliament for several Misdemeanors — *Et Apres manger vindrent les Prelats, Duc's, Counts, &c.* After Dinner came the Prelates, Dukes, Counts, &c. Here ( being but a Misdemeanor ) the Prelates were present, it not being in a Question of Life or Death.

50 *Edw. 3.* *Alice Perrers* was accused for Breach of an Ordinance, ( so is the Record, but it was really a Statute, which in those Days was called an Ordinance ) *Fait venir devant les Prelats, & les Seigneurs du Parlement*— Which also was not in a Question of Blood, and therefore the Prelates are nam'd, as well as the *Magnates*, or *les Seigneurs*.

Many Instances of this Nature may be given, wherein Prelates were never signified by the words, *Magnates*, *le Grants*, or *le Seigneurs*, or *Peers* : For they are tried ( as all Men ought to be by *Magna Charta* ) *per Pares*, by their Peers or Equals ; and being tried by their Peers, ( that is ) *Commoners*, they therefore are *Commoners*, not Peers of the Realm, as the other *Magnates*, *le Seigneurs*, and *le Grantz* — are.

And therefore tho the Bishop of *London* be *Magnas*, as he is a Privy-Councillor, and a Great Officer of the Realm ; yet the Declaration not mentioning any such thing, the Defendant urg'd that it was deficient : but the Judge over-ru'd him therein.

Yet 28. *Edw. 3.* *Roger of Wigmore*, Cousin and Heir of *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*, desires that the Attainder made 4. *Edw. 3.* against the said *Mortimer*, might be examin'd : *Et dont le dit Seigneur le Roy vous charge Counts, Barons, les Piers de son Royaume, &c.* The Lord the King charged the Counts, Barons, and Peers of his Realm, to examine the said Attainder, and give righteous Judgment.

But if the Prelates were meant by *Counts*, *Barons* and *Peers*, then they also were to examine the Attainder by that Command of the King : But they had nothing to do with Attainders, it being against their own *Canon-Law*, and

Oath of Canonical Obedience, as they afterwards declared in another Case, to be seen in the *Rolls of Parliament*.

5. *Edw. 3.* In a Parliament called for Breach of the Peace of the Kingdom, away went the Prelates out of the Parliament, saying, What had they to do with such Masters? *Et les dits Counts, Barones, & autres Grants, per eux mesmes*— And the Counts, Barons, and other great Men, went by themselves, &c. to consult, &c.

So in the same Parliament, upon Judgment given against Sir John Grey, for laying his hand on his Sword in the King's Presence, for which he was questioned for his Life, (no Bishops nor Prelates being there therefore) yet the Record says, — *Le Roy charge tous le Countes, Barons, & autre Grants* — The King charges all the Counts, Barons, and other Great-Men, to consult, &c. And then he must charge the Prelates too, if he charged all the Great Men, if the Prelates be *Magnates*, or *les Grants* — which could not be in a Question of Blood.

¶ 'Tis true, the Bishops are a kind of Barons, and so were the Abbots and Priors, by virtue of the Baronies bestowed upon them by the Charity or blind Devotion (or for what other reason) by William the Conqueror, &c. who divided his Conquests all over England into *Knights-Fees*; and of several *Knights-Fees* (laid together) he made Baronies: And some of these Baronies the Lay-men got, but the Clergy (in the Scuffle and Scramble put in (never fear it) for a Share) and got proportionably, and more; some Lord-Bishops got, and some Lord-Abbots got, and some Priors.

By virtue of which Baronies they had Votes and Places in the House of Lords. But one House being not able to hold so many Lords, the King divides his Baronies into *Majores & Minores*; the *Minors* he tript off, but the Bishops, Abbots, and Priors held it fast till *Hen. 8.* and then the Lord-Abots and Priors tripp'd off, (this was a sore Shock to the Prelacy) and only the Bishops (of all the Prelates in 2 R. 2.) hold it to this Day. And tho Parliaments (as at *Bury St. Edmonds*, and also as aforesaid 2. *Edw. 3.*) have been held without the Prelates; and tho it is declared (before the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the major Part of the Prelates) in 7. *Hen. 8.* in Keilway's Reports, p. 184. Dr. Standishes Case. *Les Justices de soi ent que nostre Seigneur le Roy poit assés bien tener son Parlement per luy, & ses temporal Seigneurs, & per ses Commons tout sans les spirituals Seigneurs*: That our Lord the King may well hold his Parliament by Himself, and his Temporal Lords, and by his Commons, without the Spiritual Lords, &c. Yet (by virtue of their Baronies) they have Right to sit in the House of Peers, tho their Brethren-Prelates (Abbots and Priors) be outed, and the Privilege of Sitting in the House of Lords does not now continue (*de facto*) to those Gentlemen that now enjoy those Baronies which the Abbots had, with all their Privileges and Immunities, &c.

Of which Privileges and Immunities, &c. this was one, to sit in the House of Peers, and granted and regranted, in the same manner the Abbots, &c. held these Baronies. But I do not know *de Jure*, how far this Immunity does extend, nor is it my Province to argue it, tho I am possessed of the Barony of the Priory of *Wicks in Essex*, to me and my Heirs, with all the Immunities, &c. and therefore one would think I might claim the Privilege of a Prelate, out of that old Statute, 2 R. 2. that hath caused all this Debate and Debate.

Nay, all Clergy-men (that are Rectors) are Prelates; so *Lyndwood*, a Doctors Commons Official, in his *Provincials*. *Con. Cabo. sacer Ordo. verb. illiteratos. Que Ignorantia muld magis desistenda esset in Episcopis, seu majori Prelato.* If there was a major Prelate, then there was a minor Prelate; little Men are Men,

tho



the *little*. — A hundred Instances I could give, that all Clergy-men that are Rectors are Prelates.

Now if the speaking against any Prelate who is not *Magnat*, (nor so mentioned in the Declaration, (as here it is not mentioned that the Plaintiff is *Magnat*) and if in the Language and Dialect of those Times, the Word *Bishops* does not imply *Magnates*, or *les Grants*,) then surely all *Prelates*, and all that have the Fee-simple of those Lands and *Baronies*, granted to the King, and his Heirs and Assigns, by Act of Parliament, and given and regranted to others, together with all the Immunities and Privileges that the *Abbots* had and enjoyed by virtue of those Lands and *Baronies*, &c. ought to have the Benefit of this Statute of *Scandal. Magnat. quâ Prelat*. Why they should not enjoy the *Privilege of Prelates* in that Act of 2 R. 2. of *Scandal. Magnat*. and all other Privileges that ever the *Abbots* enjoyed by virtue of their Lands and *Baronies*, being meer *Temporals*, (not Gospel nor *Spiritual Priviledges*) I cannot imagine, if the *Bishops* do enjoy these Benefits — *quâ Prelati*, or *quâ Baronies*. Howsoever the other Priviledg. of *sitting in the House of Lords*, may be lost, for the long *Intervall* or *Vacation* of not being call'd thither (*time out of mind of Man*) by the *King's Writ*, be lost, or — for what other Reason, it is not needful here to discuss.

For, if the *Bishops* sit not in the House of Lords purely *ex Gratia Regis*, but *quâ Baronies*, by reason of their *Baronies*, then *è fortiori*, much more may those *Gentlemen* that have the *Abbot's Baronies*, and other *Prelate's Baronies*, claim the old Privileges belonging to their *Baronies*, and for which and other Immunities they have an Act of Parliament to them and their Heirs: Since *Bishops* have not so firm a Tenure of their *Baronies*, and the Privileges, *Temporalities*, and Immunities thereunto belonging, because they hold them *ex Gratia Regis*, and for Contempt may lawfully be forfeited, and seized into the King's Hands: But the *Baronies of Us* that hold them in *Fee-simple*, and by Act of Parliament, (with the Immunities and Privileges anciently belonging to the *Abbot-Prelates*, and *Prior-Prelates*) cannot for such Contempt, *ad libitum Regis*, be so forfeited or seized.

Nay, since many *Rectors* in England have *Baronies* annex'd to their *Rectories*, and their *Parsonage-House* is the *Manor-House*, where Court Barons are kept to this day, and the Tenants do their *Homage and Fealty*, and they are really and truly *Prelates*, I see no Reason in Law or Equity, but they may have the Benefit of this Statute of 2 Rich. 2. of *Scandal. Magnat*. if it pertain to *Prelates, quâ Prelati*. And then every little Rector may bring his Action upon this Statute, *Qui tam*, &c. for Contempt of his Clergy-ship, and *Prelate-ship*; and then (*Hey day!*) we shall have a little Pope in every Parish, and a spiritual *Hogen Mogen* in every Rectory. — *Hey! then up go we*; and then *Thompson* and *Heracitus* look to't, we'll pay you off for your Nick-names, you had better have been *tongue-ty'd*.

And none can give a Reason, why this Defendant should not also have the Privilege of a Prelate, which his Predecessors had, (the *Abbots of Wicks*) when this Statute was made, whose Successor is this Defendant in the Barony, *p. ante*. and to him and his Heirs for ever.

Nay, really, *Thompson* and *Heracitus*, I believe the Defendant is in earnest, since so much Money as 2000*l.* may be coined out of old Statutes; there are *London Juries*, and *Middlesex Juries*, as well as *Essex Juries* — Look to't.

'Tis readily granted, that there is a difference betwixt the Bishop and the Defendant, as to Riches, &c. But what then? As a *Prelate*, a poor Prelate has as much right to his Priviledges as the Rich, and more need of it a great deal:

deal : It is *hard to pull off Hairs from the bald Crown* ; or, to rob the Spittle ; but there is no charity, nor reason, to take the *few Hairs* from the *bald Crown* to make a *Wigg on*, for him that has a good Head of Hair of his own, and needs no *Wigg*, nor such *superfluous Additaments*.

I grant, indeed, Bishops are *Prelats and Barons too* : So is the Defendant a *little one* ; and more than so, the Defendant's Barony cannot be seized into the King's Hands, as the Bishop's may, for Contempt ; therefore I called the Bishops, a *sort or kind of Barons*.

Not such Barons as the Temporal Lords, who cannot forfeit them to the King, nor the King cannot seize them for Contempt, as *aforsaid* ; therefore there is a vast difference betwixt a Baron who is a *Peer of the Realm*, and a *Spiritual Baron* ; the one is *Magnas natus*, born a Peer, and sits in the House of Lords, as his Birth-right and Inheritance ; the other is *Creatus*, and sits *ex Gratiâ Regis*, and may, upon the King's Displeasure, or Contempt, lose his Seat near the Wool-Packs, and his Baronies and Temporalities forfeited into the King's Hands.

But, what non-sence is it for *Heracitus* to prate, Numb. 59. *Jest. says, They* (the Whiggs) clamour and say, the Dammages are excessive : (*Honestly said for a Fool or Jester*) Why so ? (*says Earnest, or Sober-sides*) I think, and so must every Man that thinks at all, (*in one Doctor's Opinion he might have said*) 'tis a very cheap penny-worth to that which the honest Man (*Honest Man ! quoth he ! and a Proctor's Boy ? good sence, and Tory-like*) had, that pull'd off *Hick's* (*what ? plain Hick — still ? no dread of the 2. Rich. 2 ? Will Men never take warning, till they be mau'd 2000 l. thick ? Sure, the Fellow thinks the Defendant cannot get as good a Jury in London, or Middlesex, as was lately in Essex. Hicks —*) Hat ; except the Privileges of the Saintship be as great as those of the Peerage.

Peerage ! The *wise Fellow* thinks, that Bishops are Peers, and thinks there's no difference betwixt *Words* (that are but *wind*) and *Blows*, or Assault and *Batteries*, and Challengings to fight.

The Bishop is *great, Who denies it ?* But 'tis not so long ago since the Defendant being then (*as now, (for he is no Changling)* Rector of *All-Saints* ; and *Cornet Compton* quartering in *Colchester*, I doubt the Defendant being an old Captain, by Commission from two Kings, of *Sweden* and *Portugal*, by Sea and by Land, would not have thought himself obliged, in good Manners, to give him the Wall ; except he had, as *Sir George did*, first told of his Pedigree ; then (indeed) then, I grant.

But not a word of this should have been said, but that they come so with their Comparisons, when the Defendant had told them, (in the first words of the *Naked Truth*, Second Part) that he *honoured* Bishops, but did not *Idolize* them ; could say—*my Lord*, but—not—*my God*. But these *Hireling Pamphletiers* do so *deify* them, that they are netled, when Men do not fall down and worship the —

The Distance is great ! — *None envies his Lordships greatness* ; the Distance is great, the King made it so great as it is, and can as easily make the Distance less when he list.

But enough of this Folly, (for such I acknowledg it) but—only that the Wise Man bids us answer a Fool according to his folly, (that is) *beat the Fool at his own Weapon*.

45. *Edw. 3.* The two Houses join, *Counts, Barons & Communes*, and represent to the King, how the Government of the Kingdom had been a long time in the Hands of the Clergy, (do you see ? an old Complaint ; they were  
(Papists



(Papists indeed, but) true born Englishmen, and could not tell how to buckle to a Mitre or Lawn-sleeves; or that Westminster-Hall should truckle to Doctor's Commons, (a great Indignity, and a shameful!) P<sup>re</sup>sent grant Mischief & Damages sont avenoz, &c. for the great Mischief and Damages that came thereby, &c. says the Parliament-Rolls.

But notwithstanding all this, — the Prelates baffled both King, Lords, and Commons, having their Spiritual Weapons eek't out with two Temporal Writs, — namely, — *de Heretico comburendo*, — the other *de Excommunicato capiendo*: — The former (with much ado) is damn'd to Perdition, for the flames it made in Smithfield, and all the Kingdom over: the other, *de Excommunicato capiendo*, — is yet in force, and fills the Jayls dayly with Men Excommunicated; many about Mony-matters, and Fees, Illegal-Fees, and Oppressions, Extortions, as not paying the Knave a Groat, &c.

For when the Popish Prelates could not burn any that stood in their way for a Heretick, yet, as obstinate and contemptuous, they sent him to the Divil, and then he and the Chancellours, and the King's-bench, and the Sheriffs, got the poor Soul buried alive in a Jayl, till he dyed, or submitted, and swore future Obedience to Holy-Church.

Seven Years after this of 25. Edw. 3. the Prelates (having got the whipping hand) claw'd it away, and to stop Men's Mouths from muttering, got this Statute, 2. Ric. 2. 5.

Nay, (they are as cunning to preserve their Prelacy, as —) for the Holy Scripture, Christ and his Apostles having declar'd an Abhorrence of Spiritual Pride, and Ecclesiastical Tyranny and Oppression, (calling them greedy Dogs, that can never have enough, and Wolves in Sheep's cloathing, not sparing the Flock, but tearing, rending and devouring it) It concern'd them to fly to Force and Temporal Power for aid of their abominable Hierarchy; and the Magistrate, (in those days) what for Fear, and what for Folly, what for Preferment, or to keep Preferment (since there was no other way) gave his Assistance to the Beast and the false Prophet, (caw me and Ple caw thee) Rev. 13. 15, 16, 17. And he had power to give Life unto the Image of the Beast, that the Image of the Beast, should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast, should be killed. And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bound, to receive a Mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: And that no Man might buy or sell, save he that had the Mark, or the Name of the Beast, or the number of his Name.

See the Declaration of the Middlesex Justices.

Yet, in 20. Ric. 2. Eighteen Years after this Statute, — the House of Commons forgot not that they were Englishmen still, — and remonstrated to the King; complaining, — that he kept so many Bishops about him in his Court, and advanced them and their Partakers. The King did not (or the Bishops would not suffer him to) heed his Subject's herein, — (as aforesaid.)

And (Poor King) it prov'd his ruine: for after he had lost the hearts of his People, it was not a few Lawn Sleeves, and flattering Sycophants, and Parasitical debauched Courtiers that could guard him from the unjust Arms of Hen. 4: who had got the Peoples Hearts, only because the lawful King had lost them, by adhering to an Effeminate debauched Crew.

Observe the Machiavillian-skill of the Engineer's, what Masters of Art these Ecclesiasticks (Divine and Lay conjumbled) have commenc'd in Politicks, and all not worth to them one Lausé, after they have beat their Heads together; (for a piece of cunning let them alone!) when Advocats and Counsellors, Civilians or no Civilians, Lawyers and Divines, Clergy and Lay, ana, The Proctors and Attorneys, the Pulpit and the Bar, (Breath-fellers all) are in

Conjunction against a poor Whig, to bring him to ruine, to trample on his conquer'd Corps, to insult over his Grave, to drink and cry — *Huzzah!* the Enemy is fled, we are Conquerors, and shall yet (*in spite of Fate and the naked Truth*) live and rule the Roast, oppress and extort, make Havock of of Souls, Bodies and Estates, hang up or Jayl their Bodies, damn their Souls, beggar their Families, swallow and grow Fat with their Estates; (*not so greedily there, have a care of choaking,*) come let us carowze and drench our selves, revell and be drunk with the *Tears of the Widow and Orphans*; *Huzzah!* — *Huzzah!* — incomparable Epicures!

p 30. Nay, I am told, from a very good Hand, that the good Bishop of London, in great piety and devotion, intends to dedicate (this 2000 l.) to St. Paul, for a *Deodand*; and build up *Paul's Ruins* here in London with the Defendant's 2000 l. (*as far as 2000 l. will go*) Oh! most Exemplary and Episcopal Zeal! worthy his great Soul and noble Extract, and fit to be chronicled to all Posterity. This Heroick Charity shall be writ upon his Tomb, where he shall lie in *Paul's* (when 'tis built) nay, he shall lie (*as great Men use to lie*) in *State*, and his Exequies adorn'd with the magnificence of this *grand Exploit*, celebrated in Heroick Verse; answerable to it and his own *Grandeur*: I am just now (*before my Fancy cool*) writing his *Epitaph*, to be ready for him; we are all mortal.

But yet, the greatest glory of this Atchievement, does belong to *Inch-board Harris*, that *small Heroe* must come in to the *Meeter* and *Merits*, the one half of the 2000 l. he earn'd it dear, and swore hard for it, he has more right to it than any Man alive, except the *Jury-Men*; for the *Judg* (upon the whole Matter, with some grains of Allowance to humane Frailty and Temptation) was *there or thereabouts*, at least, *he was the best of them*; a *Judg* swears to have no respect of Persons in Judgment, (*Oh hard! hard!*)

And therefore, I say, though the *Glory* of the Action, and the *Honour* of the *Foyle*, shall be given to the *precious Jury-Men* alone, (*for they only did the Business, and the most that the Counsel said to the Matter, except Railing and Ribaldry, against the Defendant, was not very pertinent to the Declaration*) for want of Matter in it, no doubt: yet the *whole profit* of the *Verdict* does really and truly belong to *Harris*; he gag'd his poor Soul for it, let him have it; I say, 'tis more than *Judas* got; he has *my Vote* for it, and that signifies more thereunto than all the Votes of all the Men in the World besides; for if I say — no — *He never gets a Penny of it, nor all the Prelates in Christendom on this side the Alpes.*

Therefore do not blaspheme St. Peter nor St. Paul, by thinking to wheedle them into the Contract; for they were *monyless* when alive, and have less need of 2000 l. now they are dead.

God tells us he hates *Robbery* for a *Burnt-Offering*; and if *Paul's* will not be built, or go on but slowly, *God knows*, (*there's my 35 s. buried (already)*) I wish I had it in my Pocket again, for this Trick, the Fool and his Mony should not be so soon parted to help to build a *Cathedral*, whose *Walls* must be cemented with the *briny Tears* of the Widow and Orphans; and the noise of the Singing-Men and Singing-Boys drowned with the *Groans*, Cries and Howlings of *Men distressed and jailed by a Bishop*;

————— For his great Honour  
Another *B*—————

(*This should not have been here inserted, for it is part of an Epitaph belike.*)

But



But I'll divert my Reader, and recreate my heavy Fancy, from meditating on the *doleful Cruelties*, and *tragical Adventures of Ecclesiastical Policy*. (Oh! wo! wo! and alas! that ever a *Bishop and his Clerks* should be so *stony-hearted*): I'll cheer you though, (and *my self* too, and *no more than needs*, in this Confinement and Retirement) with musing on those *mischievous Rocks* (near the *Isle of Silly*, at the *Lands-end of England*, so fatal to Mariners, and called (I am in earnest indeed) by Sea-men, time out of mind of Man to the contrary) The *Bishop and his Clerks*.

In a Dialogue betwixt

## BO-PEEP and TORY.

*Bo-peep.* Those *fatal Rocks* (in Sea) that stand  
Near th' *Isle of Silly*, nigh the Land,  
(By *Marriners* so shun'd and blam'd)  
The *Bishop and his Clerks* are nam'd.  
But, *prethee* (*Tory*) tell me why  
They were so call'd (*for Rythme*) truly?

*Tory.* It was some *Whigg* first call'd them so,  
Meer *Scandalum Magnat*, I trow.

*Bo.* A *Whigg*; (dost say?) that is not so,  
*Whiggs* were *not born* so long ago.

*To.* Not *Christned* (by that Name) you mean.

*Bo.* Ever since *Abel Whiggs* have been,  
I must confess; By *Tory-Cain*  
Poor *Abel* persecuted was and slain.  
No *Tory* can this Truth confute,  
For *Tory-Cain* did Persecute;

C For *Difference in Religion* too,  
Plag'd the *Dissenter*; (Is't so now?)  
For *Whiggish Abel* was so stout,  
He would not eringe, nor face about  
To East nor West, nor yet comply  
With th' *Act of Uniformity*  
Which *Cain* had made; but did implore  
His *Makers Mercy*, and adore  
The *best way that he could*, and so  
As God did best approve on't too;  
Not walking in the *Way of Cain*.  
But, his Religion was his Bane,  
For *Naked-Truth Abel* was slain.

But to the Question keep and tell,  
Why that Name suits those Rocks so well?  
*To.* *Bishop and's Clerks*; Call you Rocks so?  
(*Harris*! come here, and swear once more!)  
Would you make *Bishops stony-hearted*?  
And have *shook hands with Grace* and parted?  
Or, make them as of Old? when as  
*Bonner* a Friend to *Jaylors* was?

\* Bonifac. A.  
Ca. Conc.  
Lambeth. 451  
H. 3. 1260.  
Conc. Lamb.  
Sim. Illope. Ar.  
Can. 26, Ed. 3.  
1351.

When Bishops by Canonical Oath  
Were bound, (it is the naked-Troth)  
By \* Canon-Law to keep a Jayl,  
Or two, or sometimes three for fail.  
Bo. *Hard Hap!* When Clerks are made of stone,  
And yet a Name *Divine* dares own.  
Who e're (*alas!*) does come them nigh,  
Or, touch upon these Rocks, they die:  
Behold *yond Wreck* (swims there) I say,  
A stately Ship it was this day,  
With Flags and Streamers in her trim,  
(*How pleasant 'twas to see her swim!*)  
How loftily she *loun'd!* no sight  
E're pleas'd the Eye with more delight.  
To gaze on her some ceas'd to eat,  
With joy forgetting Work and Meat.  
A *bluff-tall-Ship* she was indeed,  
But *her best Quality* was *Speed*:  
No *Algerines* (swift though they be)  
So *nimbly cut* the Waves as she:  
No Friggats e're crus't in the Sea,  
But she could bring them to her Lee  
*At the long-run*, both Great and Small  
She could with ease *weather them all*:  
No Man of War did ever *shame*  
*The Naked Truth*: (*that was her Name*):  
But now she's split, and sunk to boot:  
(*That th' Bishop and his Clerks should do't!*)  
First, they torment us till we groan!  
Then *Jayle* us (next) because we moan.  
Have they not *rockie* Hearts of Stone?  
To. Why do these *Rocks* so *covert* lie?  
*Drown'd in their Seas*, hid from the Eye,  
Men *lost*, e're they these Rocks espy?  
Bo. Poor *Widows-sighs* does them surround,  
And *Orphans Tears*, till they are drown'd.

Oh! but say some Prelates, and high-flown Churchmen, are not so stony-hearted, nor such *Tantivies*, riding Post to the Devil, and driving Men to Heaven or Hell, *with Switch and Spur*, as you think for; But *Order is a good thing*; and since the *Naked Truth*, and such Books, *taxes them* so smartly, as if they were good for little but to be *mended* and reformed, The Ecclesiastical Fabrick may tumble down, (God bless us!)

Robert Grossthead, Bishop of Lincoln, tax't the shameful Abominations of the Court of Rome, in his Letters to the Pope, that it hindered him from being Canoniz'd and Sainted, though he deserv'd a *Red Letter* better than any Papist in the *Kalendar*; he was, if it be not (*contradictio in adjecto*) an *honest Papist*; and if the *Bishop and his Clerks* (of Rome) had not been *stony-hearted* and impenetrable; beyond all amendment and polishing, neither *Luther*, *Calvin*, nor the Protestant Name had ever been heard of to this day.

By



By *Grosthed's* Counsel *Rome* had stood,  
Had she not vow'd ne're to be good.

*Rob. Grosthed*, the Author of a great deal of *Naked-Truth*, flourish'd (in  
spite of the Pope) *Anno* 1250; and defines — *Heresy* (to be) *an Opinion ta-*  
*ken and chosen of a Man's own Brain, contrary to Holy Scripture, openly main-*  
*tained, and stisly defended.*

This is a true, good, and honest Description of *Heresy*; and if so, for God's  
sake tell me true: If *Prelacy* be contrary to Scripture, contrary to the holy  
Commands of Christ and his Apostles, in plain (not doubtful) Words; and if  
Men stisly maintain it, and openly defend it, (with Actions, Statutes, Sus-  
pensions, Silencings, Curses, Anathema's, Excommunications and Jails) for  
God's sake who is the Heretick now?

Tell not me of Statutes, they are void *ipso facto* as soon as made, if they be  
contrary to the Statutes of God and Christ, saith the Lord *Coke*, the Oracle of  
the Law, who (tho a Lawyer) was not asham'd to be a Christian.

Away with Hypocrisy and Cheat! It shall, it shall tumble down, and fall  
on the Heads, and crush all that shoulder it up, and endeavour to support it:  
It shall, I say; I cannot tell you when, but it shall in due Time; they on whom  
this Stone shall fall, it shall grind them to Powder. Stay till the Iniquity of the  
Amorites be full, and till they have drunk *Brimmers* full of the Tears of  
Widows and Orphans, *Huzrah!* till they have fill'd the Jails full of Howlings,  
Wo and Lamentation, then down *Dagon*, down to Hell, for ever down —

It is an infallible Truth, That not only what is contrary to God, and the  
Sence and Meaning of his holy Gospel, shall come to naught; but also what is  
contrary to the Sence and Meaning, and Desires of the greatest Part of the  
Nation, must tumble down, especially when it has no Foundation of Truth  
or Honesty, but stands upon frail and rotten Crotches: the next Puff, or great  
Wind, — (stand clear) for down it goes; or the next Calm, when the Master-  
Builders have Time and Leisure to view it, and find its Danger, and its Malig-  
nity, down it goes —

The House of Lords represent themselves, but the House of Commons are  
the Representatives of all the People in England: What therefore the Genera-  
lity of the People affect, that, I say, in time shall become a Law. The Honou-  
rable House of Commons have not only struck at this Statute, 2 R. 2. which  
the Prelates make such Work with; but the Repeal thereof past the House with  
general Approbation, and was committed, and sent up to the Lords for their  
Concurrence therein, it stopp'd there. — So much for this time.

The Words — called *Scandal Magnat*. — which must cost this Defendant  
2000 l. are not actionable, taken in *sensu conjuncto*, (as learned Lawyers say)  
nor can the *Inimenda* in the third Count lie, because he that drew the Decla-  
ration forgot to mention the *Colloquium*; for if it had (but) been in, no doubt  
but *Harris* would have swore it through and through: what an Oversight was  
this? Therefore say some to the Defendant, Bring a *Writ of Error* next Term,  
and quash it, and there's an End of an outrageous Verdict, of a desperate Jury.  
Or else motion for a new Trial, because the Declaration is, That the Words  
were spoken before divets of the King's Subjects, and but one little Subject ap-  
peared.

A *Writ of Error*! Where to be argued? In the *Exchequer Chamber*, before  
all the Judges.

M

This

This is a *cunning Way*, more Grist to the Mill; as good be in the Clutches of an *unmerciful Prelate*, as *unmerciful Breath-sellers*.

Mr. Chamberlin, Mr. Hollis, Sir John Elliot, &c. that were Jailed for refusing to pay Customs and Ship-Money, in Charles the First's Time, because *there was no Law for the same*, (a clear Case); they took this Course, and the Judges (ten of twelve) gave the Cause against them: they lost their Fees, and their Cause, and this Defendant gets nothing but Wit.

*Exchequer Chamber!* He knows a Way worth two on't; he'll keep himself and his Estate out of all their Clutches, keep in Harbor till the Storm blow over, let it bluster. And to Jail the Defendant, looks like an *Inhumanity* like that of some Creditors, that in Cruelty arrest the dead Corps, — a *Barbarity* of no great Credit to a Bishop, (that, if he do not propagate, at least should not by Jails and Shams hinder the Propagation of the Gospel) especially not (*how bigg soever any Man is*) at this time of Day.

Money, a great deal of Money will Gadbury get, and more than ever the Bishop will get by this Affair; for,

*Flectere qui nequeant Superos, Acheronta movebunt.*

The Horary Questions will be, Where the Defendant's Estate is? where his Lands? where his Goods? where his Moneys? (if any Body could tell; for I believe the Defendant himself can scarcely tell that) and lastly, Where he himself is? whether within a Mile of an Oak, or just under the Bishop's Nose?

And when all comes to all, the Inquisitors will but throw good Money after bad; for the Devil will cheat them, as he did Madam Cellier, both of the Money and the Sham-plot. And after all — the *Asi-mologer* knows no more (by all his Intelligence with Mercury and the Moon) where the Defendant is, than I do; perhaps not so well: nor ever shall, till the Time come when Truth is valued more than Hypocrisy; when Innocence is a sufficient Guard against Power; when Gospel is prefer'd before an obsolete worn-eaten Law, made in the Days of Popish Prelacy; then (and not till then) shall the Defendant appear to their Shame.

And in the *Interim*, make them know how deep and smartly a single Pen can wound, when whetted and made sharp with Truth, and edg'd by Despair, through the inveterate Malice (but *silly Policy*) of unreasonable and wicked Men: *Christo commonstratore non didicerunt*; They never learnt this Policy of their Saviour.

This Method is like the Policy of the late Suborners, that would have wheedled the Man into Perjury, by telling him of two Sorts of Advancement; if one would not, the other should; if Preferment, and Money, and Gold would not make him swear Treason against — then he should be advanced to the Gallows, and *Boo* — should swear Treason against him.

Wicked Haman, (that devillish *Privy-Councillor* to the King *Ahasuerus*) had experience of both these Advancements; first, to be a Favourite; and secondly and lastly, to the Gallows prepared for *Mordecai*.

This brings to my mind a true Story, and commonly known: There was a great Man, but he was an *Atheist*, but (in pretence) a *Papist*; and being sick on his Death-Bed, he called for two Pictures, that he had provided against such a last Extremity, and hung one on the one side of his Bed, and the other on the other side.

One was a Picture of God Almighty, (you may know he was a *Papist* by that), the other was the Picture of the Devil, (you may know he was an *Atheist* by that; ) in the first Picture — this Motto, — *Si tu non vis, (If thou wilt not)*; but in the Devil's Picture, on the other side his Bed, this Motto — *Iste rogat, (Here's one will.)* Even



Even so, Beloved, like these two Motto's, there is belike, as the Suborners say, *two Sorts of Advancement*; one by *fair* means, the other by *foul*: As if *Cicero* himself, (whose Eloquence is meer *Canting*, and a *set*, little *pedagogical* way of *chanting* Words, (by the *lilly*) admir'd for *Oratory* above *Rhombus* himself) should say, If *Money* and *fair Words* will not make you a perjur'd Villain, and a *Teague* O *Divelly*, then the *Gallows* take thee, and the *foul Fiend*.

O the *Hypocrisy* of some Mens Religion! What have we to do with a Devil in the likeness of *Samuel*? the white Devil is the most devillish, the religious Devil; no Man crosses himself, nor blesses himself from him, nor from the foul Fiend; when the *Suborner* prays like a *Saint*, and when this *Son of Perdition*, and *Devil incarnate*, appears to the World in the *likeness* of a *Prophet*, and yet has no God but his *Belly*, no *Lechery* like *Revenge*, no *Food* like *Man's Blood*, no *Recreation* like *Issuing out Excom. cap*— and filling the *Jails*, the *Royal Seat* of his Soul being in his *Belly* and *Midriff*, the *Throne* of the *Belly-God*.

Let no Man envy the Gentleman his Employment; for if I had a Dog that was such a *biting*, *mischievous Curr*, and *Worry-Sheep*, I would hang him. Look him in the Mouth, do but see there, I told you his *Chaps* were bloody, he has not lick'd his Lips since he told a *Lie*; for his Religion is meer *Cheat*, as the King says; His Voice is *Jacob's Voice*, but his Hands, his Hands (the bloody Hands of this *Nimrod*) look you, Gentlemen, his Hands are the Hands of *Espan*. Seal those *Cap*— there; are you sure they are all sent to the Devil? Yes, *Ecce Signum!* Then pass them— fill the *Jails full* — full — 'tis done, one cries — the Devil take them —; the other cries — Take them Jailor! — A glorious Work! Sure the Fool says in his Heart, *There is no God*: No, the Devil of Hell is not so devillish an Atheist: 'Tis the old Fool, that wishes (and lives as if) there were no God.

Naturalists tell us of Roots called the *Mandrakes*, in proportion and parts *a foolish of a* like a *Man and Woman*, (for like the *Palm-Tree*, there is difference of Sexes, *story of a Mandrake* *Male and Female* of them; and these *Mandraks* are never found in the Earth alone, but *Male and Female together lie*, (that's more than some Men do with their Wives) *bedded together in the Ground*, from whence it cannot be eradicated and *pluck'd up* by any living Creature, but it proves the *Death* of that Creature that does it: Therefore they provide a Dog, good for nothing else, as most fit for that Office and Employment, first digging about the *Mandrakes* to facilitate the *Feat*, and up come the *Mandrakes* with a *Groan*, and down falls the Dog dead, dead, stark dead; nay, no matter, 'tis but a Dog.

Compare we true Devotion (in the conscientious discharge of the Duties of Christianity) and Religion to be this *Mandrake*, at which the persecuting *Nero's*, *Dioclesian's*, *Julian's*, &c. the *Popish Inquisition*, the *Prelatical High-Commission*, with their *Anathema's*, and their *Capias*, and their *Constables*, and *Jailors*, and *Executioners*, have long been plucking, tugging, and sweating, and enacting, to eradicate it, that *Rome* might be made instead thereof, to plant their own Inventions, conformable and uniformable; to secure their *Lordly spiritual Pride*, *Tyranny*, *Covetousness*, and *Oppression*, and *Ecclesiastical Policies* and *Subtilties*, by *Capias's* and *Curses*, *Acts* and *Writs* against inoffensive People: Let them alone with their Employment, their *Bayliffs* and *Burn's*, their *Officers* and *Apparitors*, their *Commissioners* and *Executioners*, *Hangmen* and *Jailors*, and the rest of the *Black Regiment*; let them alone; it will be the *Death of the Dogs*: And —

How now? — what am I going to write? No near — (as the Seamen phrase it) —

Starboard

Starboard your Helm, and keep your Loof — no near —  
Steddy your Helm, — keep her thus — steddy — there.

I must not say at present what I was going to say, and therefore Ple take off my Pen, and amuse my self with a *Welsh-Man* a while, one *Mr. Soli Shaw*, a Man *Mr. Hickeringill* never saw nor heard of before, who from *Monmouth* in *Wales*, (no worse Place I assure you) sent *Mr. Hickeringill* this following Letter and Lines, in a Cover directed to *Mr. R. Janeway*, in *Queens-Head-Alley*, *London*; which for the Honour of *Sir George Jefferies*, (her own Country) I will make bold to print, (if it be but to shew, that more *Welsh-men* than *Sir George* have been in Love with *Mr. Hickeringill*.) But (besides) in my Judgment the Reader, considering all Circumstances, will think them worthy this lasting *Memorandum*.

For *Mr. Richard Janeway*, in *Queens-Head-Alley* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, *London*.

S I R,

THE great distance between me and *London*, with a long discontinuance from the City, my Acquaintance being now worn out, and having no Correspondent, hath caused me to direct this unto you, being the Printer of the *Naked-Truth*; and though I am a Stranger, I hope you will not take it amiss; if you think it worth your pains, you may give it to *Mr. Hickeringill* in print; and when I come to *London*, I will return you Thanks.

Candlemas-day,  
Feb. 2. 1683.

Your Friend,

S O L. SHAWE.

*Monmouth*, Candlemas-day, Feb. 2. 1683.

Reverend Sir,

I Have sent you, in the next Page, some Gratulatory Lines upon the reading of your *Naked-Truth*, &c. I find your Books, in these parts, to be like *Universal Pills*; they have various Operations, and work upon all Bodies Politick one way or other, by Sweating, Vomiting, Purging, Urin, &c. but generally the People take them as Cordials, and digest them with a great deal of comfort; for we are true *Britains* in the West, and are glad to hear there is one wise Man in the East; we hope there are more. We are so yoked with Consistory Collars, that our Necks are worn bare, and our Withers gaul'd; and if we offer to winch, or draw back, we are presently pinch'd, and such Goads run into our Sides, that we are forced to go as they please, for they must needs go that the Devil drives: And tho' we have but short Pasture on our barren Mountains, and lean Livings in *Wales*, that we can but just keep Life and Soul together, yet our fat Task-master does so exact, that we can scarce keep Skin and Bones together; we are so poor, we cannot creep; we are so drained in our Purles, that we are no way able to wage War with the Beast. Our trembling Vicars, Levite-like, conform to all, and *Issachar*-like, bear any Burdens that are laid upon their Backs, and know not



not how to help themselves. And our poor Church-Wardens stand Cap in Hand to the Worshipful Mr. Arch-Deacon, the Reverend Doctor and Commissary, and the Sir Reverence the Register; and are glad they can get off, and be dispatched, by paying of their Mony, (which is a Parish Charge, that grudge to give them allowance for their Time: And if the Church-Warden offer to speak, the Arch-Deacon nods, and the Commissary frowns, and the Register mouths and rails, and calls them *Saucy*, threatening them to march from Court to Court, and wait attendance upon his Ar—that they are so tired in Body and Spirit, that they have no heart to their Drudgery; they had rather be of any Office, (Scavengers to empty Dung) than to be Church-Wardens; for they are forced to swear and forswear themselves, whether they will or no, for it is impossible for them to keep their Oaths; if they offer to speak, their Mouths are stop'd with a Canon Bullet, a Book of Articles is given them, to present their peaceable Neighbours by. The Margin doth quote several Canons which they cannot read, neither do they know when or where they were made: Nay, they tell them of unwritten Traditions, of Customs, and Ancient Usages; and frighten them with high Words, and snap them up, saying, *Take the Book, here is the Guide you must go by, and Present, or else you are forsworn.* And when they make Returns, which is writ by one or other of their Proctors, for which they give a *Shilling*, and subscribe, *Omnia bene*; they will not believe them, but tell them, *The Court is informed otherwise*; and put puzzling Questions to entangle them, and will not take in their Presentments, till they have put in the Names of some of their best Parishioners, (but they must not be *Quakers*); and thus the whole Parish is set in a flame by these Incendiaries; and poor ignorant Creatures, they cannot help it: If there be any drowsy or debauched Clergy-man that they complain of, they cannot be heard; and they understand that some have been proved Prophane in Life, and common speaking, and Heretical and Popish in their publick Preaching; that the High Arches do only check them, and continue them in their Livings; to the encouragement of Debauchery, and the hazard of the precious Souls of their Hearers: But if there be but one pious and painful Preacher, the whole inquiry is after him; What doth that Man do? is he conformable in every Point to the King's Ecclesiastical Laws? and if there be the least *iota* or Ceremony omitted at any time, he is presently suspended, *ab Officio & Beneficio*; and thus the Shepherd is smitten, and the Flock scattered. Sir, I have held you too long, I have been in the Company of the Clergy, where your Books have been mentioned; and some modest Men have spoken, that there were many things too true: But the High Hectors have run them down, and railed against your Book and you, saying, *They know not but you may be a Jesuit*, (which they never said while you drudged for them): They say, *That a Pillory is more fit for you than a Pulpit, and a Rope than a Cope*: They say, *Ere long your Mouth will be stopped, they will cut your Gill, and then Hicker where you will.* They have Silver and Gold Spurs, yours are but Natural, and they will slash you; they will pick out your Eyes, and crow over you; they will not leave a Feather on your Back, or a Quill to make you a Pen to scribble with; they will cut your Comb, and your Stones too, and make a Gelding of you, that you may only serve as a Door-keeper for their Nuns, &c. But I shall detain you no longer, but subscribe my self,

Sir, Yours to honour and serve,

Sir, Your Friends long to hear when the Term will be over, and how it fares with you.

SOL. SHAW.

N

So

So much for the Prose, next follows the British Muse, bred on  
Parnassus, the Penmenmaur.

Thy Naked Truth (brave Hickeringil) out-shines  
The glittering silver, and the golden Shrines  
Of great Diana; all her Vanities  
Are clearly seen by Naked Verities.  
This makes Demetrius, and his crafty Crew,  
With Purse-vants so hotly to pursue:  
For now their Trade is likely to go down,  
They cry Diana round about the Town.  
The Church, the Church is come into disgrace:  
An uproar now is rais'd in every place.  
Confusion is so great, they'r in a smother;  
Some cry out one thing, some cry out another.  
The greatest part know not the reason, why  
They'r met together to make Hue and Cry.  
O for a Town Clerk th' Rabble to allay,  
And send th' Assembly peaceably away;  
For Naked Truth robs not the Church, but she  
Discovers only her Deformity,  
Restoring her to Primitive Beauty. }  
And when a lawful Convention of State,  
Shall meet together, to take thy Relate  
Into their serious Consult, 'twill be found  
There's nothing writ, but on a Scripture-ground.  
They'l see, that Canon is not Statute Law,  
But only like a blazing Wisp of Straw,  
To scare the Simple to Conformity,  
Against their Conscience, Law and Liberty.  
It's only hissing Wild-fire that doth singe,  
To make Fools unto Ceremonies cringe.  
And by this means they will find a just cause,  
To regulate such Arbitrary Laws:  
For King and Parliament have not confirmed  
Their Canon Laws, therefore they may be mended.  
Except unto the Romish Church they fly,  
T'uphold confused Babel-Hierarchy.  
And this thy Naked Truth doth shew as much,  
Except they are resolved to be such.  
What tho' thy Naked Truth by some be blamed?  
Yet Naked Truth will never be ashamed.  
And what tho' thou (like Paul) wert formerly,  
In Commission by Scribe and Pharisee,  
To drudg for them, oppressing some with Fines,  
That would not bow and stoop to their Designs!  
Yet if thou now converted art, 'tis well;  
Thou'r't in the way to Heaven, they to Hell.  
And what tho' many of the Saints do fear  
Thou do'st dissemble; because they do hear

How



How thou did'st persecute the Saints, and hale  
 Their Persons innocent unto the Jayl!  
 What tho' at present they be shy of thee?  
 Yet thou proceeding in thy Zeal to be  
A Convert true, it will rejoyce their Hearts,  
 That God hath raised thee to take their parts.  
 And what tho' Priests do wait by Writ of Cape? Another Merlin.  
 Yet by some Basket thou shalt have escape.  
 Their Ruffins sworn to take thy Life away,  
 By Providence shall miss their hoped Prey.  
 Tho' some may question, thinking that thou art,  
No true Disciple from thy very Heart;  
 Yet when it shall be known what thou hast writ,  
 And preached too, thou wilt be quite acquit.  
 When by thy Naked Truth the Church hath ease,  
 It will the Brethren in all places please.  
 But let me tell thee, Mr. Hickeringill,  
 Tho' many Grave Divines approve thy Pill,  
 Prelats and proud Priests say, thou hast no skill.  
 The Gout, the Strangury, and such Disease,  
 May, by a Velvet Couch, receive some ease,  
 And Golden Chariots rocking them doth please.  
 A Body full of Humours, all can tell,  
 Disgusts that Physick that will them expell;  
 Because it makes them keek, and vomit up,  
 Their sweetest Morfels, like a bitter Cup.  
 Sick Physick they don't like (tho' that must cure);  
 This they resolved are not to endure.  
 Thou purgest Head, the Reins, and Liver too,  
 Fluxeth the Body, and makes such ado,  
 That all their Rottenness will be discovered:  
 They like not this thy way to be recovered;  
 But will keep rather their Distemper still,  
 Than Purge and Vomit thus to make them ill.  
 Diseases foul, Physicians will conceal,  
 And gross Distempers they will not reveal:  
 The Credit is the Patient's; Gain's their own;  
 This thou regardest not, but makes all known;  
 Tho' they tormented are, and full of pain,  
 Yet they have Riches, Profits, Honour, Gain;  
 And they are courted too, have great Retinues  
 To wait on them, and they have great Revenues:  
 Now this they love, and will not change their state,  
 For all thy Pamphlet-printing, and thy prate.  
 They say, a Mungrel-Mountebank thou art,  
 That mounts the Stage, but hath no real Art.  
 Thou runs from Town to Town to show thy Feats,  
 And vend thy mouldy Drugs, which are but Cheats.  
 Thou railst against the Cross, but dost purloin,  
 Picking Men's Pockets both of Cross and Coin.  
 Thou hast no Licence to be thy Defender,  
 Therefore against the Law thou art offender.

If this be true, there's ground enough, I trow,  
 By *Scandalum Magnatum* to o're-throw,  
 And bring thee down upon thy bended Knees,  
 To ask Forgiveness, and to pay thy Fees.  
 Therefore the Scribes do lay for thee their Snares,  
 And do consult to take thee unawares.  
 The Officers of *Doctors Commons* meet  
 Together often, and their Heads do beat  
 What course to take; The Learned Chancellors,  
 Crafty Civillians, foul-mouth'd Registers,  
 Arch-Deacons, Surrogates are in a Huff,  
 The Proctors and Apparitors do snuff :  
 Our Wealth is gone, if we let this alone,  
 We must with th' Irish, cry, *Obone, Obone.*  
 They all combine, and never will give out,  
 Until they have giv'n *Hickeringill* the rout.  
 Their Cobweb-Canons, and their Lime-twig-Laws,  
 Thou valuest no more than rotten Straws.  
 Thou fearest not their hollow Pot-gun noise,  
 Being good for nothing but to fright the Boys.  
 They therefore now appeal, and crave the aid  
 Of Statute-Laws, to help them in their Trade.  
Look to thy self, they are resolv'd (now in)  
 To lose the Saddle, or the Horse to win :  
 They strive to make *Pilat* and *Herod* Friends,  
 And then the Consistory have their Ends.  
 Now Velvet Saddl's offer'd, with Gold Fringe,  
 Richly adorn'd with splendid Trappeling ;  
 And when the Saddle's on their Back, they'l get  
 A Snaffel in their Mouths with Iron Bit,  
 Except God give them Grace, and better Wit.  
 For when they'r mounted, they will spur them on,  
 Unto their own, and thy destruction.  
 It is by this means they support their hope,  
 To get thy Neck into a Hempen Rope.  
 (The Cross thou likest not, and will not have)  
 A Gibbet's good enough for such a Slave.  
 If they can get the Learned Lawyers in  
 To take their part, as they now do begin.  
 This was the way they dealt with Christ (him kil'd)  
 And poor St. *Paul* his Back with stripes was fill'd.  
 But it is hoped (that will be forbidden) ;  
 For honest Lawyers will not be Priest-ridden :  
 For they will show no Mercy, switch and ride,  
 Till they have got unto the Romish side.  
 Lawyers themselves at last will yoked be,  
 Becoming Traitors to their Liberty :  
 For if the Statute do their Canons draw,  
 They'll keep the King's Liege-Subjects in such aw,  
 By raising up a Spanish Inquisition,  
 Bringing all down to ruin and perdition.

Another  
*Merlin.*

They'l



They'll set the Mitre up above the Crown,  
 And bring all Law, and all Religion down.  
 O the Confusion that will follow then!  
 But I forbear, and will hold in my Pen;  
 And so conclude with *England's Letany*,  
 Defend us, Lord, from *French* and *Popery*,  
 And God send thee a safe Delivery.

♫ SOL. SHAW. ♫

We are commanded to—*love the Truth and Peace*, well put together; for Truth seldom meets Peace without, tho' it always makes Peace within. Truth seldom gets in this World external Peace, but never misses internal and eternal Peace.

The Word of Truth, Truth it self, our blessed Saviour, and his Apostles, never failed of inward Peace of Conscience, and Joy in the Holy-Ghost, never fail'd neither of external Ruffles, and War from without; and therefore he said, *He came not to send Peace on Earth, but a Sword.*

It always was so from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, that War should be betwixt the Seed of the Woman, and the Seed of the Serpent.

But there can be *no Peace* (saith my God) *to the Wicked*; neither Peace external, internal, nor eternal.

For Truth is the *Essence of Peace*, the Life and Soul of Peace; it ceases to be Peace, when Truth is absent, and is *meer War*, Confusion, and Conspiracy.

How I have studied the Way of Truth, let good Men judg; and how I have studied the Way of Peace, this following Letter to *Henry Bishop of London* will evince. And not further to displease *Sir George Jefferies*, (for I hate this vain Jangling about Words, and Titles, and Genealogies) as it happens, (the Welsh Knight will now be pleased, for) the last Letter sent from this Defendant to the Bishop was as smooth, *docile*, *courtly*, and *Alamode*, as the best *Courtier of them all* can write. And that the Defendant (*absit invidia verbis*) has been as great a Traveller as *St. Tapsee*, or as that great *Welsh-man* and *Kill-Cow Hero*, (*Capt. Jones himself*) that said, he had a Priviledg or Patent whereby he could lie by Authority, (wonderful Preferment!) the *Welsh-man* was proud on't tho'.

The Letter *verbatim*, thus: *Viz.*

*To the Reverend Father in God, Henry Lord Bishop of London,  
 at London-House, in Aldersgate-Street.*

*May it please your Lordship,*

THIS is the *second humble* Address that I have made to your Lordship, that all *Differences*, as well as the Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, brought against me by your Lordship, may be amicably composed, before the utmost Extremity be tried. If I had poke the Words *modo & forma*, as they are laid in your Declaration, I know not whether upon any Submission, your Lordship would find Mercy enough to remit them. But, my Lord, if you will vouchsafe me a Hearing, with (or without) your own Witness, or Witnessess, I doubt not, but he or they will evidence my Innocence, that I never spoke

spoke the Words *as they are laid*, but without any Interruption or Intermiſſion, in a continued Diſcourſe, I did explain, and explain, and expreſs what *horrid Plot* it was, which I ſaid your Lordſhip had a hand in, *viz. againſt my righteous Name and Reputation in the Barretry.*

And that thoſe ungrateful Words, of — *Impudent, and Ignorant*, (which are odious, if conſidered abſtractly) had reference only to a Diſcourſe we had of a printed Paper your Lordſhip recommended to the Clergy of *Effex* in your laſt Viſitation, (and amongſt other things) the Obſervation of the Canons of 40, *by Name diſallowed by 23. Car. 2. 12.*

Which Statute if your Lordſhip knew not, I ſaid, you were *ignorant thereof*; or if you knew it, it was *impudent* to confront the ſaid Act of King and Parliament, oppoſing your Sence againſt theirs. All which, my Lord, are not *ſcandalous*, taken together, nor againſt the Statute, if true; *but the laſt Words were very raſhly and irreverently ſpoken*, and I am ſo far from juſtifying the *Irreverence and Indecency* of the Expreſſions, (what Provocation ſoever I might have) that I will give your Lordſhip what *Satisfaction* your Lordſhip ſhall *reasonably require*, with all Humility and Contrition. And I am the rather hopeful of the good Succels of this my *humble Submiſſion*, becauſe (I hope) your Lordſhip intended nothing elſe in bringing the Action, but only to bring me to *Acknowledgment of the Irreverence* of the Expreſſions, and not with a *deſign to enrich your ſelf by any Money of mine, or undoing me and my Family.* Yet, my Lord, I doubt not but to make it appear (if you will admit me) to your Lordſhip) that the Action againſt me is *ill laid*, and that you will certainly be *non-suited*, tho it be no Policy to tell your Lordſhip *how and wherein* at this time of Day: However, it will approve me *ingenuous towards your Lordſhip*, and that I do as induſtriouſly avoid a *Conqueſt*, as well as all *Conteſt* with your Lordſhip, and that this *Submiſſion proceeds from nobler Principles than Fear* can ſuggeſt. But I have had ſo ill Succels in all my former Applications to your Lordſhip, that I have but *little Faith or Hope* in the Succels of this; however nothing on *my part* ſhall be wanting to an *Accommodation.*

And ſince Almighty God (*in Mercy*) does not ſend a *Thunderbolt* for every *raſh Oath*, or every *irreverent Word* againſt his *holy Name*; your Lordſhip, I faintly hope, will, after his Example, find *Mercy and Grace enough to remit,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's humble Servant,

EDM. HICKERINGIL.

Nôw let the Reader judg, whether any *ſoft Conceſſion* or Submiſſions can *mollify this ſort of Men*: Flints will break upon a Feather-Bed; but the *Biſhop and his Clerks* (near the Iſle of *Scilly*) are *harder than Flint*, harder than the Adamant, or the nether Millſtone.

What Advantage did *Sir Francis Pemberton*, the Lord Chief Juſtice, take at the Defendant's ingenuous Conceſſions (which were more than needed) in the Caſe?

For there are not any Words laid in the Declaration, (if never ſo true, and well-prov'd) that are actionable, or within that Statute, but are juſtifiable *as they were ſpoken.* And upon a Writ of Error, it will appear, (for the *Oath of the Judges* is, to have *no reſpect of Perſons in Judgment*) That the Words



Words in all the three several Counts are not actionable, nor scandalous; and if so, then all this Noise is like the Shearing of Hogs, a great Cry, and a little Wooll.

To say, *His Lordship is very ignorant*; tis too true, and if he be wise, he will confess it, as (afore said) St. Paul did, and so Socrates, and all the wise Men (before or since.) Agur or Solomon, one of them, says, *I am more brutish than any Man, I have not the Understanding of a Man.* That Danger is over; the other is easy.

For to say *in sensu conjuncto*, nay, *in sensu diviso*; That his Lordship is a bold Man: A Souldier should be so much more when he is a Souldier of Christ, much more when he mounts so high as to be a Prelate, he had need be bold or daring, because of the many Oppositions he must expect to encounter; The Apostle bids us — stand to our Arms — and put on the whole Armor of God, and stand, and when we have done all to stand.

Aristotle and all the Philosophers make Fortitude to be one of the four Cardinal Vertues; (I never heard it was scandalous before to say a Man is bold, *except spoken so* and daring; if it had on the contrary been said) his Lordship is fearful a Coward, *fully expressed* and then; Then, then indeed the Scandal magnat. would be greatly scandalous, and within the Statute; and the Action would well lie; but not to say, *His Lordship is a bold daring Man*; though you add a bold, daring, impudent Man, for sending some Heads of Divinity in a printed Paper contrary to Law.

Is it not Impudence to live in the Practice and Office Episcopal, acting contrary to those Methods, Rules, and Rubricks commanded in the Statutes by King and Parliament, and contrary to the Common-Prayer Book, and Act of Uniformity? Yes, you must say — for a Bishop cannot plead Ignorance, nor Frailty, for then his Lordship would (indeed be very ignorant.

The Defendant is the Man that will prove, (if any Body have the Face to deny it, and when Time shall serve) that there is a Bishop within a Mile of an Oak, that has liv'd in the Practice and Office Episcopal, acting contrary to those Methods, Rules, and Rubricks, commanded in the Statute by King and Parliament, and Common-Prayer Book, and Act of Uniformity.

As for Instance: He that confirms all Corners, Hand over Head, without Exception, without Examination, without Certificate, without knowing that they are Baptiz'd or Catechiz'd; is not this abominable, bold, daring, and impudent?

No great Man (if he be a Subject) is too great for the Law, not too great to be corrected, reform'd, and better taught; not too great for King and Parliament, and their Statutes: It is Treason to deny this Truth. What? shall Confirmation, (of which the Papists make a Sacrament, and Protestants make an Ordinance and Statute-Law,) be flubber'd over against the very Design of it? be flubber'd over, by confirming such as have neither Sureties there, nor any Witness, nor any God-Father or God-Mother, nor any Minister, to testify that ever they were baptized? O abominable! What is bold, daring, and impudent, if this be not? The Canon Law says, *Episcopus non potest statuer contra Jura.* Lyndwood in *Con. Oth. quid ad ven. v. corrigend.*

Then 2dly; For the Bowings, Noddings to the East, to the Altar, to the Wax-Candles: Is it not bold and daring, &c. to set up or countenance Ceremonies, against the King's Laws, and Acts of Uniformity, that were never of God's making, nor of the King and Parliament's making? Is not this bold, daring, and abominably impudent?

Then

Then 3dly; To recommend in a printed Paper, Canons for the Clergy to observe, ( the 65, 66, and 3, of the Canons of Forty, ) when there never was any such in the World. And as for these *Lambeth* Canons, that ( to make all the Republicks in the World our Enemies ) falsely assert, that Monarchy is jure divino, by the prime Law of Nature, and at large confuted in Naked Truth, 2d Part. It was Impudence in the Clergy to make that first-of-the-*Lambeth*-Canons at first, and greater Ignorance; ( that a whole Convocation should be no wiser, and yet so bold, daring, and impudent, as to impose upon the Clergy and Lay-People such Untruths and Falshoods, as are in that first Article of the Constitutions of Forty ) but strangely bold, daring, and impudent, for any Man at this day to justify, vindicate, recommend, or defend them.

The *Naked Truth, 2d Part*, has confuted the Vanity and Ignorance of the Convocation in that first Article of their *Lambeth*-Canons, or Constitutions of Forty, against all Contradiction, and beyond the Skill of all the Bishops and Clergy of England to answer, at least hitherto; they have slept quietly upon't, and shall a single Bishop, and one of the youngest Sort too, revive them, and yet cannot justify the very first of them, which is not the worst of them neither, as is fully and particularly, and at large proved by the Defendant in his former Works, and condemn'd by the great Wisdom of the Nation in an Ordinance.

This 'tis for Men to stand on the utmost Pinnacle of the Temple, and oversee and command all others, when a lower Seat of the Church would be as well or more easily supplied by them.

What Mischief to the Church (in all Ages) has it brought? To make Boy-Cardinals, and Boy-Bishops, and Novices, great before they be good, and to command wiser Men than themselves.— Like *Fresh-water*, and *Courier-Captains* of Ships, and yet know not *Larboard* from *Starboard*, or how to *right the Helm*, nay, perhaps can neither *box* nor (so much as) *say their Compass*; and yet these must be *Pilots* and *Governors*: 'tis the Ruin of the Fleet.

Or to set up or prop a Church of Christ with the unsuitable and rotten Props of Cruelty and Force; as if Christianity destroyed ( what it came to amend ) Humanity; or that to be a Christian Governor, is to be an inhumane Devil, good for nothing but to run up and down, seeking whom he may devour, and worse than Turks, Jews, Heathens, and Infidels.

It is this Ecclesiastical Policy, that has ruin'd the most resplendent Empire of the Christian World, (Spain) not so terrible in her inexhaustible Treasures, and Indie-Mines, as formerly in her Warlike Hands; yet,

How contemptible now? how depopulated? how despicable to all their Neighbours, that were so formidable ( so lately ) to England, and the Christian World? How did King James court them? and King

*Historic. Collect.* Charles the First humble himself, in hopes of an Alliance with Spain? What cringing Letters (upon this Hope) were writ to his Holiness? what Complements (for I hope

they were not in earnest) to Pope Gregory the 15th, ( that Wretch )? — Sanctissime Pater, Beatitudinis vestrae Litteras, &c. Nunquam tanto quo ferimur studio, nunquam tam arcto & tam indissolubili vinculo, ulli mortalium conjungi cuperemus, cujus odio Religionem prosequeremur, &c. Ut, sicut omnes unam individuum Trinitatem, & unum Christum crucifixum confitemur, in unam Fidem coalesca-



*coalescamus: Quod ut assequamur, labores omnes atq; vigilas, Regnorum etiam atq; Vita pericula parvi pendimus, &c.*

Bless us! what Promises are here of Propensity to Rome, even to the Hazard of Life, Kingdoms, and All, in devotion to his Blessedness, (so he is styled) who will not stir a Step from his *Infallibility*; one would think, that to have met him half way, had been Devotion enough in all Conscience, Reason, Scripture, Law, or Equity; and for such mighty and wise Kings and Princes (too you'll say) as were King James, and King Charles the First, in so (I hope) never to be again imitated Condescension and Submission. It makes my Heart ache to think on't, or read the Letters published at length by the indefatigable Mr. Rushworth, (as before quoted) and all the Pope's Demands signed by the King and Prince, p. 73. of his Historical Collect. Part 1.

And all this for what? For the *Spanish Match*. And now Spain is glad to woo, instead of being wooed; glad to court and address, instead of receiving Addresses; glad with Gifts, Pensions, (even to the emptying of their Inexhaustible Treasure) beggar themselves, and keep themselves poor and pennyless, to keep Cart on Wheels; nay, and all will scarce do neither.

And why? and why?

They are depopulated by the Inquisition, the Severity and Persecution according to Law tho. And their Trade is decayed, by reason of their foppish and numerous Holy-Days, or Play-days; Families are needy and starved, because not suffered to work upon the Six Days, whereon God says, thou shalt labour.— That, were it not that the Indian Mines did supply them with mercenary Soldiers, (poor Refuge to trust unto, God knows) they had given up the Ghost long ago. And now — do not they gape for Help, or some poor Comfort, (like Men drawing on, or) at the last Gasp.

Nay, I my self know, (scarce any Man better) that if there were War betwixt England and Spain, (which few Men desire) in this Conjunction) Jamaica, and the Wind-ward Islands alone, are ten Men to one of all the natural Spaniards in the Indies; and without the help of England, either in Men or Ships, Money, or Ammunition, could — I know what — But — I'll reserve it to another Season. I know on what Score — the brave Raleigh was sacrificed to *Gundamore's Revenge*, the Spanish Ambassador.

Yet some Politicians (the Scholars and Disciples of Nat. Thomson, L'Estrange, and Heraclitus,) think that the best Way to keep a Kingdom quiet, is to depopulate, jail them, beggar them, sham-plot them, — send them to the Devil, and the Jail; spoil all Trade, — discourage all Adventures to Sea — as if Men were Dogs, — and good for nothing but to be hang'd. And yet the wise Man found it true, That Oppression makes a wise Man mad; and with all his Wisdom, and his Politicks, he found (too late) that he was mated and beard-ed by his own Servant, and he none of the best neither — Jeroboam, who taking advantage of the People's Discontent and Murmurings, (wanting only a Head) to relieve themselves, soon won eleven of the twelve Tribes from the Fool, that would listen to no Advice, no Address, but that of the young Courtiers, — saying, — My Father made your Yoke heavy, but I will add to your Yoke —: my Father chastised you with Whips, but I will chastise you with Scorpions. — My little Finger shall be thicker than my Father's Loins.

Cunning Fool! and subtil Politician! nay, the Text says, — 1 King. 12. 15. that the Cause (why the King hearkned not unto the People) was from the Lord — for his Ruin —

No wonder then the People grew *stark mad* (Cruelty and Oppression had made them *so mad* ; and yet we do not read that Rehoboam nor Solomon oppressed the People, but that they had a Law on their side to vouch the Whips and the Scorpions too ; (Remember Emson and Dudley !)

No wonder (then) the People *run into Rebellion to this day*, V. 19. and run stark mad, and *after a foolish Religion too*, but they that were made *desperate by bad usage and cruelty* (it might be better with them, it could not be worse, they could but lose their Lives, or their Livings, Lands, Goods, and Liberty (more dear than Life) and therefore they publicly beat up their Drums to a Point of War—and makes the Trumpets—*sound—To Horse—To Horse—*Ver. 16. So when all Israel saw that the King hearkened not unto them ; the People answered the King, (to his Head, and to his Face, most irreverently) saying—*What Portion have we in David ? Neither have we Inheritance in the Son of Jesse : To your Tents, O Israel ; Now see to thy House—David.* 1 King. 12. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. This 'tis, to take no warning, no Counsel, no Advice, but of a sort, of young, unexperienced, huffing, \* vapouring, sanguinary, blustering, bold daring Coxcombs, and very ignorant ; the poor foolish King found it so (to his cost) good Man.

And what Mischiefs have come to the Church, to the Nations, to Christianity and Christendom, by these rash sanguinary ways ? (for every thing is most certainly best preserv'd, by the same Means and Methods by which it was made ; nor was the Peace of Christianity, nor its Propagation, by Might, nor by Power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts). The World shall have a large and particular Account thereof, (if Mr. Hickeringill live) and can come at Pen, Ink, and Paper ; of which his Enemies (with all their Policies and Subtilties) have not had power enough, as yet, to deprive him.—

But will, no doubt, drive on (in the same Road) Jehu-like—stand and see—what an old House some Men have a mind to bring over their own Heads—let them alone—you cannot advise them more mischievously to themselves, than to bid them follow their own Advice, and consult only with their own malice, hatred, and revenge, cruelty and mischief—Let them alone—and give them scope enough—go on.

Mr. Hickeringill will also publicly make appear, (if God spare him Life, Health, and Liberty) particularly and at large, how baneful it has been to the Church, to make Church-men and Spiritual Persons, vastly rich, and vastly powerful in Temporals, (so incongruous and incompatible with the Apostles, the Gospel, nay, Christ himself, whose Kingdom is not of this World) and who never encouraged (as some do) but discouraged a worldly, proud, pragmatical Tribe, overtopping Clergie and Lay, as much as their Cathedrals overtop our Houses : Though they have endeavoured to shut him out of the Pulpit a while, by the help of an old Statute and a Jury, they have not power to shut the Doors of the Press, (God be thanked). Luther and Calvin's Reformation of the Idolatries and Superstitions of Rome, could never have spread (far and wide) if Printing had not been invented : A few Manuscripts might have been handled about, to some few particular Persons, and learned Men : But the Tyranny Prelatical, and Oppressions of Rome, in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Holland, &c. could never (without a Miracle) have been defeated. But by the Printing-Press, well employ'd, by able and Learned Pens, (not scurrilous News-mongers).

The three aforesaid Crimes, are only personal and singular ; but there are other abominable Crimes, of which the rest are guilty ; or, the most of them :



Is not this too *Scandalum Magnatum*? Of which many Instances may be given; some for Example :

Namely, Their Connivance, confident and bold permission of all their under-Officers in their *Ecclesiastical Courts*, (if not their *incouragement, assistance*, and by their Power and Interest, a *bold countenance*) of the daily, constant, publick, and impudent Extortions and Oppressions of the King's Subjects, against the Statutes of this Realm, (that limit the just Fees) in Citations, Probate of Wills, Administrations, &c. nay, against their own Canon-Law, (Concil. London. 3. Edw. 3. Anno Dom. 1328.) and against their own Table of Fees: Wretched, universal, and abominable Impudence! no Name can be bad enough for this wilful and daring Attempt, and Contempt: What? in God's Name, are any Prelats greater than the Law, or too big to be subject to the King's Laws, or too great to be good? God forbid. No wonder the whole Tribe unite their Power against the Man, who has courage to charge those things home upon them, and whom they (therefore) hate, because he is, (and few Men more) acquainted with their Mysteries of Iniquity, and knows how to charge them home: No wonder therefore they so much dread him, and do so unite their Common-Forces, and Joint-Interest, to ruin him, or *Jayl him*, and so tie up his Hands, as well as stop his Mouth, by their Ecclesiastical-Canon-Shot, of Suspensions, Silencings, Excommunications, Curses, and the like Spiritual-Artillery; they act for Life, (as Men that are drawing on). The Silver-Smiths cried out—Great is *Diana of the Ephesians*: And yet to tell you true, this chaste *Diana*, whose Image (as the Priests said) came down from *Jupiter*; and the Fools and Bigots believed it, (Tooth and Nail); and the crafty Priests, and the Shrine-maker, and Silver-Smiths, (false Loons!) they knew that their great Wealth depended upon the belief on't: no wonder then that they cry, and whoop, and hallow, (and the Fools and Bigots eccho'd to the cry which the Shrine-makers made)—Great is *Diana of the Ephesians*; and yet to tell you the Naked-Truth on't, this chaste *Diana* was a *Common-Huntress* and *Common-Strumpet* and Baggage, and as arrand a Whore as any in *Rome*.

Where is there a Clergy-man, now-a-days, that will say, as of old, *Nolo Episcopari*—I will not Bishop it, (if I might) or would gueld himself (as some have done) to make themselves incapable of *Lawn-sleeves*?

No, rather run and ride, with Friends and Relations, Money and Flattery, Cringing and Foppery, to this Miss, to that Miss, Money and Compliance against their Consciences, by hook and by crook, have at it; though good Men find how hard it is for a Rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of *Heaven*, much more difficult for a Rich Man to be a good Church-man.

For they that will be Rich, (1 Tim. 6. 9.) fall into Temptation, and a Snare, and into many foolish and hurtful Lusts, which drown Men (yet they venture) into Destruction and Perdition; For the love of Money is the Root of all Evil, which while some coveted after, they have been seduced from the Faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

20. Rich. 2. The Commons complain to the King, that the King kept so many Bishops about him in his Court, &c. and advanced them and their Followers. (An old complaint).

When the Devil tempted our Blessed Saviour, shewed him the Kingdoms of the World, and the Glory of them; Mat. 4. 8, 9, 10. Then Jesus said unto him—Avoid—Satan.

But how many of our Apostolical Men, (that vaunt themselves Successors of the Apostles) do say, (as the Apostles did, Acts 6. 2, 4.) It is not meet,

that we should leave the Word of God and serve Tables? But we will give our selves continually to Prayer, and to the ministry of the Word.

Ay, Ay, that's a good Work, the best Work, and work enough, and the most proper Work for Apostolical Men. We never read that any Apostle turn'd *Action-Driver*, or *Promoter*, surrounded with the black Regiment of Apparitors, Proctors, Hangmen, and Jaylor.

Again, what bold daring impudence is it for them to keep Courts, and not in the Name and Style of the King, contrary to 2. Edw. 1. if it be in force?

A Statute thought so necessary for the Reformation, and so agreeable to the King's Supremacy, in the wisdom of our Ancestors, that one would wonder any good Subject should scruple at its observance, much less live in contempt of it.

It is a Statute lawfully made, and never repealed.

I know what *Coke* says of it, and wherefore he durst say no more, during the Tyranny of the *High-Commission*; which *High-Commission* alone, kept off all punishment from the Transgressors thereof: an *extrajudicial Judgment* was (*quæ*) given against it.

But where is the Judge will declare against its force, and say in Westminster-Hall that it is repealed?

I grant, in Queen Mary's Reign, all the Statutes against the Pope's Supremacy are repealed, and her Repeal, is repealed by Queen Elizabeth and King James.

But the Pope's Supremacy continues in France, and yet *Process Ecclesiastical* might (if the French King pleas'd) run in his own Name, and yet the Pope and he continue very good Friends, and the Pope's Supremacy continue: therefore the repealing the Statutes made against the Pope's Supremacy, is no repeal of this Statute; there goes more than general words to repeal a Law, and such a Law.

If this Statute be repealed, Why does not the Judges so declare it? If it be in force, no Name is bad enough, nor any Punishment on this side Death, for the wilful and stubborn Transgressors thereof: and 'tis my wonder, that no Men in England will put it home, to have it argued, that it may not continue a Snare to the King's Subjects; for if that Statute had not promis'd fair, and most Learned Counsellors at Law of the same Opinion, the Contest with Ecclesiastical Courts had never been continued against them, for any thing, but only because of their vile Extortions and Oppressions, in high contempt of the Law of God and Man, braving his Majesty's Laws, his Statutes, their own Canon Laws, their own Table of Fees, against Justice, Conscience, and Equity; What is Impudence if this be not? The King may seize their Temporalities for Contempt—no wonder they frisk, being so nettled; How they strive for Life?

And for the words in the last Count, more need not be said, than that it is ridiculous to insist upon them; and therefore Sir Fran. Withins said, They would take a Verdict only for the words in the first Count: For instead of *damnable Plot* (meaning) the *Papish Plot*; their own little *single Witness*, Harris, swore against them, namely, *Horrid Plot against my Righteous Name and Person*: though that word *Person* was false too, for instead of *Person*, it was *Reputation*, and so did all the Witnesses agree; never was such a Cause carried, on the Testimony of so infamous a Man, a Man of so bad Memory, that could not tell his Tale right twice together, nor twice the same way; and therefore though he had not been proved infamous, (by that Noble Earl) yet he ought

not



not to have been believed, against the Testimony of so many substantial Witnesses (that if they were not crazy) must needs have better Memories than be.

Lastly, He swore for himself, and in revenge, and to get the Defendant's Benefice.

And yet the precious Jury would not only believe him against so many, but would not only find the words, that are not actionable in themselves; as has been prov'd at large, and beyond all contradiction.

For Men, thus to ruin a Man, and beggar him, to enrich a Rich Man that has enough already, (one would think) or, at least, as much as he deserves, is so like the Parable, in 2 Sam. 12. 1, 2, 3, 4. of the Ewe-Lamb, (the poor Man's whole Substance lost at a clap) that the Jury may thank God that they escape King David's Threat: For David's Anger, (Ver. 5.) was greatly kindled against the Man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the Man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the Lamb four-fold, (Mark that, four times 2000 pounds; How much is that? 8000 l.) because he did this thing; and because he had no pity.

To dishonour God, by a rash Oath, taking his Name in vain, is, but (by our Law) twelve pence for the temporal Punishment.

And to defame a Prelat, (that in comparison of God is but Worms-meat) shall the temporal Punishment be no less than Imprisonment, or 2000 l. in Mony? Oh monstrous! The Mercies of the Wicked are Cruelty.

But cruel Men should remember (in time they may have cause to remember) the wretched End of Empson and Dudley, those grand Pick-pockets, that from the Breach of old Statutes, and Penalties, did ruine Families.

Sir Richard Baker, p. 247. tells us, that their principal Working was upon Penal Statutes, (to use his Words,) they consider'd not whether the Law was obsolete, or in use; and had ever a Rabble of Promoters, (a brave Employ for a Person of Honour) and leading Jurors, (mark that too) at their Command. They liv'd, and they liv'd to be hang'd for their Pains, after three long Years, (for so long God suffered them to drink the Tears of Widows and Orphans, namely, from Anno Dom. 1406, till 1409.) And the Promoters, (mark that too) Canby, Page, Smith, Derby, Wight, Simson, and Stockton, ('tis fit their loathed Names should be chronicled to all Posterity, and so shall others too that drive the same Trade) condemn'd to the Pillory, and then to ride through the City with Papers on their Heads, and their Faces towards the Horses-tails. All seven died strangely in seven Days after, (in Newgate) for very shame.

There's an End, a wretched End of a Pack of Wretches, pack'd Jurors, and Promoters. The Righteous God will hear the Groans and Cries of the Widows and Orphans, by unreasonable and wicked Men ruin'd and undone, and will pay off the stony-hearted Caitiffs (that have lost all Bowels of Humanity and Compassion) with a Vengeance.

That Atheists may know that there is a God that judgeth in the Earth, and pays men in their own Coin. This Adonibezek (too late) acknowledg'd, when his Thumbs and great Toes were cut off, (the very same Cruelty which he had inflicted upon others.) And thus the Merciless, that (without remorse) delight in the Ruin of a Man and his House, palliating Revenge with an Hypocritical Deodand, to ruin a Man and his Heritage, when God has rewarded them in their own kind, each of them over their own Ruines, shall say, with Adonibezek, Judg. 1. 7. As I have done, so God hath requir'd me.

For Truth hath said it, *They shall find Judgment without Mercy, who have shewed no Mercy.*

Tho this must be said in the *behalf* of that Jury, (that tho it was reported in *London* (before the Trial) what the Issue has prov'd, yet it is also said,) that the Jury in so great a Fine, (as 2000 *l.*) intended nothing therein of Prejudice to the Defendant, but to bring him to a Submission, in vindication of the Bishop's Credit, which (how true it is is) Time will discover.

But in truth the Bishop's Reputation had been sufficiently and better vindicated, if they had given credit to six substantial Witnesses, who acquitted the Defendant, that the Words in the Declaration were not spoken as they are laid, rather than to that little Body, who was prov'd upon Oath to be so infamous a Person, by that Noble Earl; and by his own Vouchers prov'd to have so little regard to his Duty, which he owes to God, to his own Soul, and to his Parishioners, and to his Oath of Residence in his said Perpetual Vicarage, as to leave them utterly, and forsake them, taking another Cure and Flock, and leaving his own to the Care of one that was lately a silly Log-roller, and knows not well how to discharge his own Cure, nor to read his Accidence. And all this, when not only all the said Witnesses for the Defendant did swear negatively, that they did not hear such Words, but positively swore that they heard the whole Discourse, and writ down the Words immediatly upon Harris his false Recital of them, and his bringing them in Writing to the Witnesses for them to subscribe, which with abhorrence and astonishment they refused, (the Defendant being gone out of the Room before, and knowing nothing thereof, and also gone out of Town) and the Witnesses of their own Accord writing down the true Words, which they swore to, (and several more of the Company might have been brought to testify the same); for tho there wanted no Endeavour by all means (possible) to gain but one Witness to back Harris his Evidence, — yet found they none — At last came one single false Witness, who will (as 'tis said) be Indicted thereupon for Perjury for his Pains, and Witnesses, substantial Witnesses to prove it upon him, let him claw it off as well as he can, or his Friends to help him. No Man is too great for the Law; such Fellows must be made Examples of, that swear thorow-stitch, and become false Witnesses, to get Naboth's Vineyard from him; when it can be done no other way, must it be done by a single Son of Belial? Naboth had yet the Honour to fall by two Sons of Belial; Hard Case! Must the Defendant be ruin'd by one alone, and such an one, and one so infamous? Nay, there was not only two against Naboth, but also there was not six positive Witnesses for him, as there was for this Defendant, to swear positively that they were in Company all the Time, and heard all the Words, which were not so, but so, and so. And lastly, were this little-Blade of Fortune *rectus in Curia*, nor had any Design upon the Defendant's Vineyard, and never so honest, yet it is against positive Scripture, and God's holy Word, for the Jury to bring in a Verdict (thereupon) against the Defendant, (as the Defendant well told them) because against an Elder an Accusation ought not to be received, but at the Mouth of two or three Witnesses: And neither Common-Law, Statute-Law, Civil-Law, Canon-Law, no, nor the Bishop (of Rome) himself can give the Jury a Dispensation against God's holy Word; and that they will find one Day for so wilful a Sin, and so fairly forewarn'd thereof by the Defendant. — God forgive them! It is ill for Men (that are but Worms-meat) to sin wilfully, and in defiance of the Holy Will and Word of their Creator.



In the *Interim*, — tho the *Sabeans* and *Caldeans* ruin'd *Job*, yet they were but Instruments ( the Defendant sees the *Finger of God* therein, and says with *Job*,) *The Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord*.

The World shall find in this World God's righteous Justice, (*this is my Faith*) and in this Case particularly, wherein God's Truth is concerned against the *Cruelties, Oppressions, and apparent, bold, and impudent Extortions, and illegal Fees of the Ecclesiastical Fellows, so unanswerably revealed by the Defendant, in relief of the Kings Subjects, who are in behalf of their Souls, (plagu'd with their Anathema's and Excommunications) in behalf of their Bodies, (hurried afterward to Jails) in behalf of their Purses, Liberties, and Estates, so mangled by this Nest (at Doctors-Commons, and all the Kingdom over) by Birds of the same Feather, that no wonder they flock together to ruin the Man that will be the Ruine of their wicked Trade; and all the Powers on Earth will not long uphold them, to live thus as they do, in publick and daily defiance of the King's Laws, in Oppressions, illegal Fees, and Extortions, in open contempt of the many Statutes made against them, and now in force, if any be in force; surely they are as much in force, as that of 2 *Rich. 2.* about *Scandal. Magnat.* made when the Prelates (*Popish Prelates*) were rampant, alas! alas! too rampant; both Laymen and Clergy-men (little Clergy-men) were more afraid of them than of Serpents, Toads, Tygers, or Wolves; and well they might, for those venomous Creatures, and ravenous Brutes, were less dangerous, less mischievous, and less fierce and cruel, than those Prelates, when they got a Man at advantage.*

Do you mark me? I say, those Prelates, — do not catch mind the *Colloquium* (before-going) of *Popish Prelates*, (we are speaking of) *Popish Prelates*, that were more mischievous, more inexorable, and hard-hearted, than Snakes, Tygers, Bears, Dogs, or Wolves, or any other persecuting *Worry-Sheep*, or cruel *Blood-hounds*.

And yet those (mind what I say) *Popish Prelates*, with all their *Suspensions, Curses, Anathema's, and Excommunications, and such kind of Thunder*, were esteemed by wise Men, even in these Days (*saving your Presence, — Sir-reverence*) a meer *Crack-fart*. *Rope Paul* the Third excommunicated our King *Henry* the Eighth, with such a *Pope's Bull*, that (the *Historian* says) the like was never known before nor since. No wonder he bellow'd and roar'd so, (for take a greedy *Ecclesiastick* by the Pocket, and hinder his Cheat and Extortions, (as *Hen. 8.* did) and you make him roar and bellow like mad, as if you had got his *Heart's Blood*, and all the Joy and Heaven some seem to aim at if we may judge the Trees by their Fruit) no wonder they drew their spiritual Weapons, and sling about *Curses, Anathema's, Silencings, Suspensions, and grow blacker with haunting* so many *Jaylors, Jayles, Bum's, Promoters, Hang-men*, as did *Pope Paul* the Third.

And notwithstanding all this thundering *Ecclesiastical Blast*, and *foisty Creptures*, the Emperor *Charles* the 5th, and *Francis* the First, the French King, (two of the greatest Christian Princes then in the World, or that ever were in the World,) and many more *Popish* (nay, *Italian*) Princes and Republicks (whilst *Hen. 8.* stood excommunicated by the *Pope*) did confist their Leagues, and entred upon new *Treaties and Confederations* with him.

But I hear that *some-body* (Ile name no-body) is mightily concern'd, saying that the Defendant's own Witnesses proved the greatest *Scandalum Magnatum* against him, in Words that all of them unanimously swore, namely, — That the Defendant said at the same Parish-Meeting, (only they are not, nor could not

well

well be laid in the Declaration ) namely, — That the Bishop of London is not infallible, and the Pope is not infallible. But for that, or any thing else sworn by the Defendant's Witnesses concerning any such scandalous Words, the Defendant told the Plaintiff's Counsel, that if they were aggrieved, they had their liberty to bring another Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, if they had not enough of this : And perhaps they will think they have enough of such Promotions in time, when they have leisure ( without being drunk with Passion, and a little over-seen in Malice, and will take time ) to cast up their Accounts ; and when they examine what they are out of Purse, and what they have lost in the Opinion of the World, and are come to themselves, will repent ; — too late repent —

And if they had repented of their Extortions, Pride, Avarice, and Oppressions, all Men know that it had been better for them ; but now the more they *stink*, the more they *stink*.

And if any should be angry at these Words, the Bishop of London is not infallible, and the Pope is not infallible ; and bring a new Action of *Scandalum Magnatum*, or Scandal against Prelates, let them know,

The Defendant will not plead (as now) *Non-cul* — but justify it by infallible Instances.

To omit many on this side the Water, and all the great Abominations of Rome, I'll instance in one Particular, wherein all the Papists shall take my part (here's a Wonder and a Miracle ! a true one ) against the Pope himself, namely, Pope *Innocentius*, (in his Epistles) asserting (as also did St. *Austin*) that the Lord's Supper was equally necessary for Children's Salvation, and to be received as much and as necessarily as Baptism it self.

Therefore Popes have erred, (in the opinion of the Pope and the Papists at this day ) and St. *Austin* hath erred herein ; or else the Papists and Church of England err in holding the contrary, jointly against St. *Austin* in the Point.

And if it were not that this Trial gives me occasion to observe to the Reader these useful Hints, and lucky Hits, I should (as the Reader well may) be by this time quite weary of it : And also it is resolv'd they shall have their Belly-full of Mr. *Hickeringill*, till they be glutted, and confess, for all their gaping so greedily with open Mouth, and Teeth, and Fangs, to devour him, and swallow him up quick, in time they'll shut their Mouth, and acknowledge, that they have enough of him in all Conscience.

Nor will he leave them, nor go (as he hears they design) beyond Sea, a little Governor in *Carolina*, &c. No, he has more Work first to do in his Native Soil ; they shall not be so rid of him, nor yet get one Farthing of the 2000 l, except they can catch it, and they must be very cunning if they can ; perhaps they may (as they have hitherto) throw a great deal of Care and Pains, Trouble and Vexation, and good Money after him.

Malice is like its Father, namely, Tho it go up and down, seeking whom it may devour, yet (like the Devil also) it is never weary of Mischief, as long as there is any Glimpse of Hopes to compass it, and accomplish it : though a worse Hell upon Earth, nor greater Torment can befall them, than to go on, (as they are willing and eager enough without bidding, and to) proceed — *Halloo !*

Thus



Thus have I done at present with this mighty *Scandalum Magnatum*, and the Defendant's Adversaries have done too, and gone as far as they can; that is, to make him retire, and give him leisure to observe their Motions, and decant upon them; that's the worst, and they have done their worst. But out of the Eater shall come forth Meat, and out of the Strong, sweetness.

And really I do not think that Mr. *Hickeringill* has so much as a displeasing Thought, or rising of Heart, against this Providence of God: for it is God's doings, in the secret methods of his Divine Wisdom; and he best knows, by the seeming-cross-motions, (as in the Wheels of a Watch or Clock) how to carry on the Maker's Design, which puzzles none but the ignorant and short-sighted. *David*—speaks experimentally; I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the Righteous forsaken, nor his Seed begging Bread.

Who would have thought that *Joseph's* Imprisonment should be the shortest and nearest way to advance himself, and preserve the Life of the People of God?

Who would have thought, when *Job* was on the Dunghil, that his latter End should doubly transcend his Beginning? therefore let us say and pray—Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven. Naked came I out of my Mother's Womb, and naked shall I return thither: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, (and yet the cruel *Sabeans*, and the ravenous *Chaldeans*, were the Tools and Instruments of the Rapine) blessed be the Name of the Lord. In all this *Job* sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. *Job* 1. 21, 22. Job 1. 21, 22.

Nay, in a greater Tryal of his patience than this, (namely, the upbraiding and Curtail Lecture of his Scolding and discontented Wife) he kept his Ground, and retain'd his Integrity, and the resignation of his own Will, to the Will of his Creator; for in all this did not *Job* sin with his Lips. *Job* 2. 9, 10. Job 2. 9, 10.

No Man can blame the Defendant (notwithstanding) that he did so lustily and copiously defend himself, in shewing, to the utmost, the vanity of that futile Contrivance against him, from such slender words, and so slenderly, all grounded upon an old Statute made upon Popish Prelacy, were rampant, and were willing to shelter themselves by force of Statute-Law, (which they could and did make, when and as they list) to fence against the just reproof of all good Men, ready to open at them, if their Mouths had not thus been stop'd; yet the House of Commons (notwithstanding) were not afraid afterwards, 20. R. 2. to complain against them, in the Name of the Commons of England, and to persuade the King not to disoblige his People, for the sake of a few Court-Prelats. But do you think that that unthinking King would hear them? And did not he lose their Hearts thereby? And did they not all join with an Usurper against him, that had no Title to the Crown, nor a thousand Men (at first) when he landed. Psal. 33. 16.

One says well, *Lege Historiam, ne fias Historia*: Let us observe the History of Times past, lest our inconsiderate Actions fill the Chronicles of Times to come. Let us remember *Rehoboam*, and *Richard*—2d.

I dare say, the Defendant does not so much as in a wish regret what's past, for all things shall work together for good, &c. 'Tis only short-sightedness, and want of Faith in God, that makes Men flag and despond: Nay, no good thing will be withheld from them that (desire to) walk uprightly.

And what unrighteousness has the malice of the Adversary been able to prove against Mr. *Hickeringill*; and yet there are Man-catchers enough that have

perverted his words, which were but due and just Reproofs against a wicked, foolish, and perverse Generation.

The Defendant has cause (*if any other have more cause*) to say, with Holy

Pfal. 37. 4, 6. *David*, Psal. 37. 4, 6. My Soul is among Lions; and I lie even among them that are set on fire; and the Sons of Men that are set on fire, whose Teeth are Spears and Arrows, and their Tongue a sharp Sword: They have prepared a Net for my steps, my Soul is bowed down: They have digged a Pit before me, in the midst whereof they are fallen themselves, God shall send from Heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. He travaileth with Iniquity, and hath conceived Mischief, and brought fallhood. Hide me secretly, in thy Pavilion, from the strife of Tongues, until this Tyranny be overpast.

Pfal. 37. 3. My Enemies (*in the Hebrew Man-catchers*) would daily swallow me up, for they be many that fight against me, oh! thou most High. Every day they wrest my words, all their thoughts are against me for evil, yet have I not refrained to declare thy Truth to the great Congregation: and therefore they gather themselves together, they hide themselves; they mark my steps, when they wait for my Soul. Psal. 22. 12, 13, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22. Many Bulls have compassed me; strong Bulls of *Bashan* have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their Mouths; yea, the very abjects gathered themselves against me, making mouths at me, and ceased not. For Dogs have compassed me; the Assembly of the Wicked have inclosed me. Deliver my Soul from the Sword; my Darling from the power of the Dog. Save me from the Lion's Mouth; *And then*, I will declare thy Name unto my Brethren: In the midst of the Congregation I will praise thee.

Pfal. 56. 2, 5. Psal. 56. 7, 8, 9, 3, 10, 11. Shall they escape by Iniquity? In thine Anger cast down the People, oh God. Thou tellest my wandrings, put thou my Tears into thy Bottle: Are they not in thy Book? When I cry unto thee, then shall mine Enemies turn back: This I know, for God is for me. What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. In God will I praise his Word; in the Lord will I praise his Word. In God have I put my trust, I will not fear what Man can do unto me. Psal. 57. 1. In the shadow of thy Wings will I make my Refuge, until these Calamities be overpast.

Pfal. 56. 7, 8, 9, 3, 10, 11. Psal. 58. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Break their Teeth, O God, in their Mouths, &c. The Righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the Vengeance; He shall wash his Feet in the Blood of the Wicked; so that a Man shall say, verily there is a Reward for the Righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the Earth.

Pfal. 94. But of all the whole Book of Psalms, there is not one Psalm better suits his Condition, or administers more Comfort, than every Verse of Psal. 94. It was when David hid himself, and play'd Bo-peep, 1 Sam. 23. 14, 15. in the Wilderness of Ziph, in a Wood. He fled not from Goliath, when hand to hand, but he would not contend with the Power of the King; and yet he did study Self-preservation (*Who can blame him?*) against combin'd malice.

And wherefore were David's Enemies so malicious? not for any fault of mine, (he saith, Psal. 59. 2, 3.) for, loe, they lie in wait for my Soul, the Mighty are gathered together against me, not for my Transgression, nor for my Sin, O Lord! for they compassed him about with words of Hatred, and fought against him, Psal. 109. 3. without a cause.

Yet, though they compassed him about, yea, they compassed him about, (yet, he had Faith to say, Psal. 118. 11, 12. that though they compassed him about



about like Bees, (*stinging, stingy, and in Swarms*) yet (*in Faith*) he said, in the Name of the Lord I will destroy them.

Ay, but when? might some say to David—*When? can you tell us that?* for to a carnal Eye there was little probability of it.

Nay, in the very next Onset, *Psal. 118. 13. Thou hast (saith he) thrust sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord helped me.*

That whole 118 Psalm, is spoken of Christ and his Kingdom, under the Type of David, and his Sufferings—typified, and his Resurrection and Ascension, by David's Victory at length; then God had delivered him from the hands of all his Enemies, (*it was long first*) (*he was glad to fly for it first*) and from the Hand of Saul.

But at length, *Verf. 22. of that 118 Psalm, the Stone which the Builders refused, (typified of Christ, and verified also in David) the same is become the Head of the Corner: This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our Eyes.*

In Mr. *Hickeringill's Retirement*, his Muse (*the Heavenly and only Companion of his Solitude*) compos'd this Psalm (*an Infallible Antidote (if sanctified) against all Discontent, (the common Plague of Mankind) Sorrows, and Fears; And which for that purpose he sent (since his Fiery-Trial) to his most dearly beloved Wife, to Confirm her, (not to Bishop her) but to strengthen her against the Bishop's Promotions and Suits; which for the Publick-Good, or Common-Weal, I here publish, viz.*

THAT which disquiets most Poor Mortals here,  
Is not the Pains they feel, but what they fear;  
And what we fear; *Either*---it will not come;  
Or else---sooner may come our fatal Doom,  
And free us, lodging us in our Long-Home,  
Where neither *Bishops nor his Clerks* will come  
To wrack us any more. Then do not whine,  
The present Good or Ill (*alone*) is thine;  
But---what's i'th' depth of future Times---can't tell?  
Thou Fool! for thou the *Morrow* know'st not well;  
Nor where thou shal't to morrow be; nor tell  
Whether on *Earth*, (thou'lt be) in *Heaven*, or *Hell*.  
Let Fools and Knaves then for the *Morrow* pine,  
And fear they know not what, nor can divine:  
And let the morrow for its self take care:  
Sufficient for the day its Evils are.

But enough of this, (at present, at least) let us in the next place consider the Doughty *Articles*, (*sworn by six Doctor's-Commons Reverend Fellows, called Professors; on which was bottom'd, and founded, a Supplicavit*) namely;

## ARTICLES

OF THE

## Good Behaviour.

Exhibited in the Court of our Lord the King, before the King, at *Westminster*, against *Edmond Hickeringill*, Rector of *All-Saints in Colchester* in the County of *Essex*, Clerk, for several Misdemeanours by him committed.

Imprimis. **T**hat in Trinity Term last, Articles were Exhibited against the said Edmund Hickeringill, in the *Arches Court of Canterbury*, for *Clandestine Marriages*, at the promotion of *Henry Lord Bishop of London*, of which high Crimes he still standeth accused; and the said Edmund Hickeringill, did several Court days make his Appearance in the said Court, and behaved himself irreverently, and did affront the Judge of the said Court, and more particularly 20th of Jan. Anno vicessimo tertio of this King, did again make his Appearance in the said Court then held in the common Hall of *Doctors-Commons London*, by Sir Richard Lloyd Knight, Doctor of Laws, then sitting judicially in the said Court, with many persons along with him, or following him to the number of thirty, or twenty Persons as they do verily believe. Tho. Tillot, Tho. Smith, Jur. ad predictum primum Articulum Tho. Tyller. & Tho. Smith in cur. die predict. Hillar. Anno xxxiii<sup>o</sup> coram eodem Rege.

2. Item, That the said Edmund Hickeringill did, on the said twentieth of January, then and there behave himself in the Court of *Arches* then sitting, as aforesaid, very indecently and insolently to the Court, keeping his Hat on, tho by the Judge of the same Court several times monished to the contrary, and then the Officer of the said Court by the Judge his Command taking off his Hat, he put it on again in a contemptuous manner. Tho. Tyllor. Tho. Smith, Cha. Tuckyr, Jur. ad predict. secundum Articulum Tho. Tyller, Tho. Smith & Carolus Tuckyr, in cur. die & Anno supradict.

3. Item, The said Edmund Hickeringill, then very sawcily and impudently declaring to the Judge of the said Court of *Arches*, That if the Arch-bishop himself was there he would not stand uncovered: Jo. Miller, Tho. Stoker, Char. Tuckyr, Jur. id. predict. tertium Articulum Johannes Miller, Tho. Stokes & Carolus Tucker in cur. die & Anno supradict.

4. Item,



4. Item, That the said Edmund Hickerlingill in the open Court there, among other opprobrious and abusive Language then used by him to the Court, said it was no Court by Law, and that they had no power to call him before them; and that perhaps the Court of Arches might do him a Mischief, but that they never had done any good, or he used words to that Effect: Tho. Stoker, John Coker, Jur. ad predict. quartum Articulum, Tho. Stokes & Johannes Coker, in cur. die & Anno supradict.

5. Item, That the said Edmund Hickerlingill did then in a most opprobrious manner, tell the Judge of the said Court, that Toads had Poison in them, but had an Antidote also; that Vipers had Poison in them, but their Flesh was an extraordinary Medicine, or to that effect; and that every the vilest or worst of God's Creatures had something of good in it, saving that Court, which he then said never did any good, nor ever would, or to that effect; and that the Persons, or many of them that came into the said Court of Arches with the said Edmund Hickerlingill, laughed aloud at what the said Hickerlingill said, and followed him out of the said Court with great Noise, and laughed to the great Disturbance of the said Court: Tho. Smith, John Coker, Jur. ad predict. quintum Articulum, Tho. Smith, & Johannes Coker, in cur. die & Anno supradict.

*In Banco Regis Westmynster, Dominus Rex versus Edmund Hickerlingill Clericum.*

Jeremy Ives Cheefsmonger and Citizen of London, Joseph Ashhurst Draper and Citizen of London, and Samuel Wells Mercer and Citizen of London, do depose as followeth, viz. That on the twentieth day of January, in the three and thirtieth Year of this King, these Deponents were personally present in the Court (commonly) called the Arches, held in Doctors-Commons London, when Mr. Edmund Hickerlingill, Rector of the Rectory of All-Saints in Colchester, made his Appearance there; and heard the whole Discourse, and saw the Actions and Demeanours that passed betwixt Sir Richard Lloyd Official there, and the said Mr. Hickerlingill during his stay there; and that the said Sir Richard commanded the said Mr. Hickerlingill to put off his Hat, which he refused to do; whereupon the said Sir Richard commanded an Officer to take off Mr. Hickerlingill's Hat, which he delayed to do, saying, he was afraid that Mr. Hickerlingill would have an Action against him for so doing; but the said Sir Richard again and again encouraging him, at length he pull'd off Mr. Hickerlingill's Hat two or three times, the said Mr. Hickerlingill putting it on so often as his Hat was return'd to him, mildly telling the said Sir Richard at the same time, that it was not Pride, Insolence, nor any design to affront them, that made him then to be covered, but a sense of his Duty, except they would own their Court to be the King's Court, and that they sat there by the King's Authority and Commission, and consequently would make out their Citations, Acts, and Processess in the Name and Stile of the King according to the Statute, and that then (but not till then) no Man should pay them more Reverence and Respect than He: but the said Official

not asserting their Court to be the King's Court, and as aforesaid to be kept in the King's Name and Stile; and by his Authority, Mr. *Hickeringill* would not be uncovered, saying, That it was against the Oath of Canonical Obedience, against the Oath of Supremacy, against the Canons and the Statutes, to own any Court Ecclesiastical, but what sate by the King's Authority and Commission, and acted in the Name and Stile of the King: And if that Court of Arches was only the Arch-bishop's Court, He the said Mr. *Hickeringill* durst not, nor would he be uncovered before the Arch-bishop himself if he were present; because it is contrary to their own Canon-Law and the Oath of Canonical Obedience, for a Presbyter to stand bare-headed in presence of any Bishop: or, he used words to the like effect, Saying, that if they could argue his Hat off his Head by Statute-Law, Canon-Law, Civil-Law, or Common-Law, it should be at their Service, and he would stand bare-headed before them; or, he used words to the like effect. And the said Mr. *Hickeringill* during his whole stay there, used no other Actions, nor Speeches that might give just Offence; unless the said Sir *Richard* took Offence, when he at the same time said, That every Creature that God made was good, and had some good in it; that a Pearl was sometimes found in the Head of a Toad, and the Toads Flesh is an Antidote against its own Venom: And the best Cordial and Venice-Treacle is made of the Flesh of the most poysonful, and Italian Vipers. But (said Mr. *Hickeringill*) the Mischiefs, Extortions, and Oppressions of the King's Subjects are apparent and many, and great, and daily committed by you in defiance of the Statutes: But show but one Good you do, or have done in the memory of Man, or that any Chronicle, or History mentions to be done by any Ecclesiastical Court, and then I may acknowledg your Ecclesiastical Fabrick to be of God's making; or he used words to the like effect.

*Jur' o'au. die Febr. Anno R. R. Caroli  
secundi, &c. tricesimo quarto coram.*

*Fer. Ives,*

*Jos. Ashurst,*

*Samuel Wells.*

W. DOLBEN.

LET



LET all *unbyas'd men*, and honest Citizens (who know these Gentlemen, know *their Quality*, their good *Reputation*) whether it be more probable that they, who have no livelihood at stake, (by such Affidavits to win, or lose, or wreck their malice and spleen) men of Conscience and Honour should attest the Truth, of matter of Fact, the truth whereof above Twenty more substantial Citizens can (and are ready) if needful to attest: Or, *Six Proctors of Doctors Commons*, whose constant use, or rather, abuse, is to cheat and oppress, by injuries and Extortions in illegal Fees, and contrary to Law.

And whether they are not likely to have *impudence enough to wrest* a mans words to a contrary sence, and the *worst sence*, when they have *Impudence enough* to commit daily such said Extortions and Oppressions in illegal Fees in defiance of the Statutes of this Realm.

Nay, how little they regard the Statute of 5 and 6 *Edward the 6.* and 16th. made against *buying of Places and Offices*, shall in good time be made more apparent.

Yet, nothing would serve Sir Francis Pemberton Chief Justice, and Mr. Justice Fones, &c. But Mr. *Hickeringhill* must find Bayl, or go to Jail; nor would they suffer *any Affidavit* to be read in Mr. *Hickeringhill's* Behalf, the Chief Justice *absolutely refusing it*, and saying, *I will hear nothing in your defence, but — find Bayl or I'll commit you*, or words spoke to the like effect.

Sir Francis Pemberton had never bin the Successor of Scroggs, if he had not given good testimony and assurance that he is a *Wise Man*, and one that *knows his cue*: But as wise as he is, it would have been no blemish to his great Wisdom to have heard Affidavits and Pleas in Mr. *Hickeringhill's* Defence, especially, nothing being attested against him of such *pernicious* consequence, and that by *Proctors too*, whose *malice to the Defendant*, and *inveteracy was so notorious* to every man; it might at least create a *fealousie* that the Articles on which the *Supplicavit* was founded, might possibly be sworn unto out of heat, malice, hatred, rage or revenge; nay, most *notoriously* probably it might be so, That 'tis a wonder the *Judges* (to whom God has given *two Ears*, and who are sworn (in the *Oath of a Judge*) to have no respect of persons in Judgment, (Oh dreadful Oath! and that which made Judge *Hales* tremble when he thought thereof, though he had less cause than others, so to be afraid, for he made Conscience of his Oath, and neither the whispers of Courtiers nor the Kings private Letters would he regard in a Cause of Justice) 'tis a wonder, I say, that since one *single word* (added or left out) might alter the sense and meaning of Mens words, they would suffer no testimony to be heard *in behalf of the Defendant*. But against him as many as you please.

And it is the *harder* measure, because it is usual to delay the sending out the Writ of *Supplicavit* (so seldom granted at all) against any man, especially a Man of Estate, till first he be summon'd to *shew cause* (if he can) why such a Writ should not be granted, and most especially not accustomed to be so hastily granted against a *Divine*, and also a man of known and visible Estate, from which there was no fear he should fly for the penalty of 100 Pound, and all for words too that are not worth a *Lawse*, if they had been spoken as the Proctors swore them.

But, if they were spoken to the same effect, that the other Gentlemen and Citizens have attested upon Oath, and the same that several Citizens and Gentlemen (then and there present) can also attest, then the words are not so much as *sawcy*, but may safely be spoken in (and to) any lawful Court in

*Westminster-Hall*, upon occasion. Much more, in and to a Court, which, whether it be a lawful Court is out of Question, if the Statute 2. *Edward 6.* be in force, (which no Judge yet ever did take upon him in *Westminster-Hall* to declare to be Repealed, for Judges are but to declare the Law, not, to make Laws, nor repeal them, that is the work of a Higher Power.) And if that Statute be Repealed, 'tis strange, that Sir Francis Pemberton should so urge that Statute (as aforesaid) to Sir William Scroggs, so lately upon the Bench, and he then at the Bar, during the Sessions of the last Parliament at *Westminster*, Sir Francis saying, — That he fore bore to urge it warmly, because he suppos'd that his Lordship was not prepared at that time to give that Statute an answer: or words to the like effect.

Which if he did say, openly at the Kings-Bench Bar, or words to the like effect, then it is beyond all Contradiction, that Sir Francis Pemberton (whilst at the Bar) did question the Legality of their Courts Ecclesiastical as now managed as well, as much, nay more, and more dangerously to them then Mr. *Hickeringill* did.

And if it be question'd, whether he did urge the said Statute, 2 *Edw. 6.* 1. (as aforesaid) for his Client Mr. *Weild* of *Much-Waltham*, the said Mr. *Weild*, and also divers others are ready to attest the Truth thereof; if any body dare deny so publick a Truth.

And let any indifferent, impartial, and unbiaſt men judge, whether it be not hard measure to be sent to Jayl (or which is as bad, find Bail) and all about the decision of a point of Law, so disputable and questionable, that Lawyers of known and great worth and Learning (without exception) as any other, has urged that Statute so lately in *Westminster-hall*, and confessed, that he thought the Chief Justice was not then prepared to give it an Answer; I wonder what Answer Sir Francis Pemberton will give it now He is Chief Justice; it may very probably, nay ought before him to come in question, when so many of the Kings Subjects are excommunicated in those Ecclesiastical Courts, and Forty Days after its publication, sent to Jayle,

For if that Statute be in force, the Ecclesiastical Fellows are guilty of a *Premunire*; nay worse, nor can scarcely any name or punishment be great enough for them; or bad enough.

But, since the said Chief Justice said he would bear no Plea's in the Defendants Defence, nor suffer any Affidavits to be read or heard in his Defence—God Help

his own poem To Divert the Reader, I'll here make bold with a Friend, and reprint the last Verses of the late *New Satyr* (call'd the *Musbroome*) in the Post-script thereof, namely—

To  
And it is the Authors misdeed, because it is usual to delay the printing of a  
the Writer of a pamphlet (to whom I am indebted for this) to be in a hurry  
the cause of a Man of Letters; till he be in a hurry to be in a hurry  
all of his words are not granted, and not especially not granted to a  
old, and all his words are not granted, and not especially not granted to a  
To  
And it is the Authors misdeed, because it is usual to delay the printing of a  
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all of his words are not granted, and not especially not granted to a  
old, and all his words are not granted, and not especially not granted to a



To serve a turn (of State) a Renegade;  
 (That has his Conscience, God and King betrayd)  
 Sometimes a base Interpreter is made,  
 Though he an Atheist be in Masquerade;  
 And in rich robes (through villany) array'd:  
 Yet, this Apostacy who dare upbraid?  
 The Villian struts it, and seems not afraid:  
 Suborners tho' are shown in Cavilcade;  
 To publick-wrath may liable be made:  
 Oh! then the Villain will for all be payd;  
 Then where's your gay-Apostate Renegade.

I have heard of a certain Prince (not in *Utopia*, but in *Europe*) that said,  
So long as I can make Bishops and Judges, whom I list, I'll have what Religion  
and what Law, I list.

If, He had also said, and what Juries, I list, nay, *Essex-Furies*, if I list, He  
 had nickt the business; and instead of saying our Goods, our Estates, our  
 Lives, our Wives, our Children, our Lands and Liberties are our own; it  
 would be questionable, whether we might say, our Souls are our own; but  
 (worse than the Tantivee-Preacher, For He only said) *Cesar shall have your*  
*Goods, your Bodies, your Lands, your Children and your Wives, &c. Cesar shall*  
*have all, All is Cesar's*, on the outside of your Souls, — But they belong to  
 God, God shall have your Souls — And if he would make his word good,  
 we would clap up the bargain, immediately, and upon that Condition, that  
 He will make it good, That God shall have our Souls, — Let *Cesar* take our  
 Wives, our Lands, our Children, our Bodies, nay, our Lives; (and the sooner  
 the better) we shall not grutch the Exchange.

But Hard, very Hard is Mr. *Hickeringill's Case*, with these Ecclesiastical  
 Fellows, who are either very ignorant, or very impudent thus boldly and da-  
 ringly to confront the Kings Laws, and shall fare better in *Westminster-Hall*,  
 then the man that reproves them, yet how industriously has our wise Ance-  
 stors fenc't against these Plagues (of Mankind) Promoters? *Turbidum homi-*  
*num Genus*, as Coke calls them, *Instit. l. cap. 88.*

18. Eliz. 5. — 28. Eliz. 5. Fac. 14. *In which last about 30 old obsolete Statutes (Snarers with which Promoters catch men) were at once repealed; and yet says Coke, notwithstanding all these Statutes against Promoters— Four mischiefs still remain'd, I could have told him one more— that makes Five mischiefs: but 21. Fac. 28. did some good against this sort of Cattle, who under the reverend Mantle of Law and Justice instituted for protection of the Innocent, and the good of the Commonwealth (tis Cokes own words, Inst. l. 3. c. 88.) did vex and depauperize the Subject (will men never take warning?) and commonly the poorer sort, for malice (mark that) or private ends, and never for love of Justice.*

Shall Honesty and Ingenuity always be out of fashion, and under the Hatches, and vile time-serving Slaves (against their own Consciences Slaves) always keep above Deck?

Where do we live? that pimping, bawdy, scurrilous Postasters shall impune Libel the *Honourable Peers and Patriots* of the Kingdom, and the *most glorious City in the Universe*? And as that bold, daring and impudent *Hackney-Muse* (in his late Satyr) like a Judge arraigns, condemns and deprives them of their Privileges and Immunities (to his utmost) granted and confirmed by so many Kings and Parliaments, through feign'd suggestions of his own — For thus he Rhymes —

*Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,  
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King:  
All hands unite of every farving Sect,  
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.  
They for Gods cause, their Monarchs dare dethrone.  
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo,  
And Kings and Kingly Power would overthrow.*

What's this but to be a *Make-bate*? what's this but to hang men up in effigie, for fancies of his own making?

What? must we still down of our knees and beg Pardon, and another *Act of Indemnity* from every *Rascally Pamphleteer*, and *beggary Hirelings*, that would vain make our wounds bleed afresh, would gladly trouble the waters that are quiet, in hopes of good fishing, to make up their *Hungry mouths*, and *greedy maws*?

Any thing, any method to make the World believe that the *Citys Charter* is already forfeited, or, deserves so to be: And then — money — more Money — and put it where? in a *Bottomless Bagg* that will hold none; you may as well fill a *Sieve* with water — as make *debaucht Torys* rich, whose *lusts* would beggar, exhaust and consume the *Indies*.

Is Libel the way then? nay, to Libel the *most Loyal, best disciplin'd, best govern'd, best built, most glorious, most sober, most potent, most rich, and most populous City of the World*:

And



And this—by every *Sneaking, Rascally, dull, and Insipid* Rhithmer and Pamphleteer; the World is at a *fine-past*, when instead of bringing *Buckets-soalloy*, and quence every *vile Incendiary*, throws *weekly fire-balls* to kindle (if possible) our hearts into a flame? And instead of curing our distempers and wounds, or of endeavours to heal our breaches, must men be countenanced to make them rancor more? *Is that the way?*

As if they studied (like some *Arithmaticians*) by the *Rule of false Possitions*, to gain a conclusion they most wish for, and most especially ayme at; namely, *Subtraction and Division*; But, he that sits in the Heavens has hitherto taught them to scorn, and hath discovered their sham's, and has had their fallcies in derision.

The *Hire of these Pamphleteers* may prove (one day) to be (as *Tory Hilanders* call their *Booty*) *Black-meal* (mock not) when the *Mosse-trooping trade* breaks them or their necks.

Search Histories, consult the Past-times, and then tell me, if there can be worse fools in Nature than some that call themselves *Politicians*?

How have they been baffled, disappointed and beloved with their own *Politick, Wyles, Shams, and Gimcracks*? or could have devised a shorter cut, or a neerer way to stop their own *Wind-pipes*, and ruine themselves and their posterities? Except they should have made a noose of their own *Bedcords*; and yet (like *Rogues that are branded*) might safely swear that they had got the Law in their own hands: (more shame for the branded *Rogues*, to Glory in that that is their shame, as well as Bane.

But, these are sad and melancholy Contemplations, and therefore to recreate the Reader, I'll relate a foolish story, or a story of a fool a Country-Bumpkin, who having been at London, at his return home his Inquisitive neighbours askt him what news at London?

News? (Quoth Hob) I know none but that they say Sir Francis Pemberton is made Lord chief Justice Scroggs:

Scroggs? with a murrain, cryes the neighbours, thou talks like a fool: (or whether he was Parry per pale, as much Knave as Fool, some questioned)

If he had said—Sir Francis Pemberton had been made Lord chief Justice Hales—the wonder had been the greater; and the non-sense not more unwelcome; Scroggs? (quoth a) a likely business; Scroggs? and be naught (to him) This 'tis to want good breeding: Scroggs and be hang'd (to him) for a silly villian? Scroggs (quoth a) that was discarded or discharged honourably: Scroggs that was questioned for as much as his life was worth in Parliament? Scroggs? (quoth a) a Rascally knave or fool (i'll warrant him) to talk such non-sense; does not the fool deserve to have a writ of *Supplicavit* sent after him to bind him to the good behaviour?

But I know not how to finish these observations, till I have cast away one look more upon another—ne're be good—Heraclitus, who sayes this week, Numb. 59. March. 15. 81. where speaking of Hick—(as in good manners the blade is pleas'd (in familiar-wise) to stile the Gentleman he never saw; at least, never beg'd his leave (thus) to elip or new coyn his name,) in these words—*Ay cry they, this is brave, that a man must pay but a shilling that takes the Lords name in vain, but if he do but abuse a Bishop a little, he shall pay 2000l.* And yet 'tis said Hick—(again) himself so pleaded his own cause, but I doubt he finds a great deal of truth in that forraign Proverb—The Ass—(it's well 'tis no worse) that supposes himself a Stag (taking his eares (I suppose) for Hornes) does find, that he is deceived when he is to leap over a Ditch.

Formerly, they gave him hard-names, such as Knave, Rascal, convicted of

*Perjury. The Great Scribler of the Nation* (mock not) And now in all haste They make an *A/s* of him; this is Language most (suitable to such Mens Genius and way of Writings, (which slanders in time they may repent;) But as for his being an *A/s*, Is it not too true?

For who but an *A/s* would write or speak so much plain and naked truth in a dissembling, Hypocritical and lying Age?

Who but an *A/s* would discover the extortions and oppressions wherewith the Ecclesiastical Fellows load the Kings Subjects, and in hope to ease their shoulders, be burthen'd till his back crack with actions upon actions, Promotions, Informations, Supplicavit's, Declarations, Articles, Verdicts, Libels, Suspensions, Excommunications, Power and Interest?

Nor would the late *Essex-Fury* have so unmercifully heaped such a heavy load upon him, but they took him for an *A/s*; 2000 l. why, if a Minister live the days of *Methusalem* it is not to be Collected in *Easter-Offerings*. 1000 l. is a *Horse-Load* they say; if so, then 2000 l. is too much in all conscience to put upon an *Asses back*.

Oh! But it is charitably design'd for the building of Pauls: if it be; yet the work of building Cathedrals of Stone upon the ruins of Temples of Bone, or living-Temples, or (as was said before) to rob Peter to pay Paul; can never be pleasing to Almighty God.

And thus the Hypocritical Pharisees, for fear their hard-heartedness should be condemn'd by all, for suffering their Parents to starve, They made an *Anathema* of the Goods they should have had for such Relief, calling it *Cerban*, Dedicating it to the Church, and the pious *Deodand* devour'd their charity.

Thus making Charity (without which all Religion is a Cheat and a Bawble) to give place to a foolish and Hypocritical, as well as impious Devotion.

For my part I wish Mr. *Hickeringil* was not so overburthen'd, and made an *A/s* of; because of such back-burthens of afflictions the Apostle Paul confesses — We are Fools for Christ's sake, and Truth's sake.

And then however, since *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, since Folly is so Endemical a Disease and Universal, in my Judgment It is as good to be a Fool for Christ's sake and for Truth's sake, as to be (like the weekly News-monger, and rayling Pamphleteer) a fool for the Devils sake, or for the lyes sake; besides the comfort of a good conscience, and a sound mind attends innocence in the *Streights-mouth* —

For a great Soul (like Heaven) is Seated high,  
And like Olympick-Top doth quiet lye  
The Middle-Region-storms come not her nigh;  
So ne're to Heaven she seems to mate the Skye,  
And with Top-gallant brave the Galaxy.

God Almighty always by some providence either takes off the Load, or (which is all one) strengthens the back of all that trust in him;

Yet this does not at all excuse the malice, the injustice, & the cruelty of men. Which brings to my mind a most excellent Copy of Verses made by the ingenuous Mr. *Fohn Butler* of *Croucher-Friars London*, and by him presented to Mr. *Hickeringil* on the occasion of his sufferings, but Dedicated.

To



To the *Master, Wardens, and Assistants* of the *Trinity-house*, upon that stately useful *Light-house* built upon *St. Agnes*, to discover those dangerous *Rocks* called the *Bishop and his Clerks*.

A Fisherman whose nets were torn  
By stormy *Tempests*, and by *Sherks*,  
At last near to the *Rocks* were born  
Called the *Bishop and his Clerks*.

But who those names did give, and why?  
Are *Problems* none resolved have;  
But this is sure, what *Ships* do try  
Their strength against them, find a *Grave*.

Witness *Bows* rent, *Sides* torn, *Backs* broak  
Of many *Ships* that prov'd a *Wrack*,  
Though made of *Iron*, and of *Oak*,  
Did by these *Rocks* *asunder* crack.

Are *Neptunes Clerks*, and *Bishops* such  
No mercy from them can be found,  
As whosoever doth but touch  
Upon them, sinks unto the ground?

Or were the *Flamens* in the time  
Of *Pagan-worship* so renowned  
For *Cruelties*? Was it their crime,  
And only theirs? And not since found?

Or did the *Bishops* who did come  
In place, when these were dead, and gone,  
Retain their *Cruelty* (to doom  
Men unto ruine,) that not one.

Who touch't upon them could evade  
Their anger, fury, and their rage,  
As if to sink men were their trade  
Which they did use from age to age,

Or did some Satyrs who had sinn'd  
And by the Bishops sentenc't were  
In Linnen white up to be pinnd,  
To give these Names together swear

Or did the Gondeliers who see  
Romes Bishop with insulting feet  
Tread on great Fredricks neck, that he  
In Venice City shame might meet?

For which th' Old Doge doth every year  
With Madam Adriatique, make  
A Marriage. And they tell you there,  
That for her Lord she doth him take.

Or was it they that did behold  
Henry the fourth, to seek the Grace,  
On his bare feet in Winter cold  
Of that proud Pope who hid his face

In Miss Matildas-Lap, till she  
Did rub his Ears, and him awake,  
That so poor Henry being free,  
He other measures then might take

Or was't Tom Becket in a huff  
With his most right and lawful King,  
From whose posteriors came a quiff,  
That him upon his Knees did bring

After he sainted was for Treason  
Yet then the King unto his Shrine  
Did barefoot go, against all reason,  
And scourged was by filthy Swine.

The Monks which in that Cloyster dwell  
Such great disgrace in days of yore,  
The greatest Princes oft have felt.  
By Prelates; may they never more.

It may be this, or that, or t'other  
Gave the first rise unto the name,  
And cruelties they could not smother,  
Did afterward confirm the same.

But



But that these Rocks no longer may  
Be unto Seamen cause of danger,  
This Light-house now will shew the way  
Which may secure any stranger.

It was your Wisdom and your Care,  
This rare contrivance to invent,  
No Pains, no Charges you did spare  
Our Dangers that you might prevent.

Old Strombolo that burns, to light  
Seamen unto Messinas Phare,  
With Agnes flames that shine so bright,  
For usefulness cannot compare.

That future Ages will record,  
Who did this Stately Fabrick raise;  
And to your glory tell abroad  
This deed to your immortal Praise.

Come fellow Seamen 'tis the night  
We use clean linnen to put on,  
He's to our Wives; it is a right  
Them once a week to think upon,

The Bishops and his Clerks no more  
Shall Shipwrack bring as in late years,  
And as they us'd to do of Yore,  
Now the light-house of Naked-truth appears.

Men love darkness rather than light, because their Deeds were evil:

For every one that doeth evil *hateth the light*, neither cometh he to the light lest his Deeds should be discovered: But he that doth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God, Jo. 3. 19, 20, 21.

By their fruits you shall know them; if they be mischievous, and bring forth nothing but sharp pricks, then they are Briars, and Thistles, and Thorns, and nigh unto a curse, whose end is to be burned.-----They loved cursing and Anathema's so let it come unto them, saith Holy David.

Any sober-man would think that a Reasonable man might well enough be contented (if he were not very Ignorant and very Impudent) to enjoy quietly, the Pleasures, the Riches, the Honours, the Grandeur and the Pomp that now (attends Bishops) of so cheap (too) and easy acquiescence or purchase; and State-ly and Prince-like, as may be temporal and wicked lay-Princes of the Gen-  
tiles

tiles——nay, as many the Princes and Peers of the Nation (who by *Inheritance* come by the same) and Rights to which by *Gods Providence*, Nature, and *Birth* they are *born unto*; nay, in their *City houses* for ease, their *Country houses* for delight, far *Transcending* the most Peers of the Realm; one would think (I say) such Bishops, *after so full a Meal*, might say *Grace*, and bless God for his *goodns* to them, and never disturb themselves, nor the Neighbourhood, with being *Promoters*, *Inventors*, *Action-drivers*, exacters of *Penalties* and utmost *Rigour* of old Statutes, for which crimes *Empson* and *Dudley* were hanged.

What an odd sight it is to see *Lawn-sheves*, surrounded with *Proctors* and *Jaylors*, and *Apparitors*, and *Promoters*, and *Serjants* and *Bayliffs*, *Affidavit men*, and hung about with *Articles*, *Writs*, *Labels*, and *Libels*, *Declarations*, *Informations*, *Indictments*; and then *Proctors* and a little *Black-Coat* at his elbow (*hungry for a living*) and ready to swear *through-sich*, when his own *Interest*, and the favour of a *Bishop* is in the case?

What wanton *pride* as well as *cruelty* and *hard heartedness* to delight in *Visitations*, *Vexations*, when he might well enough content himself (one would think) with his exceeding many *flocks* and *herds* (which the *Piety* and *Charity* of our devout *Ancestors*, and the *cunning* and *avarice* of others, has *Monopoliz'd* to them, leaving the *poor* (now) quite out of their (old and primitive) *share* thereof and good right unto;) without the wanton *Boulimy* and greedy *Appetite* after his Neighbours little *Ewe-lamb*, and all the *substance* and *subsistence* of a man and his house, no though he should pretend to dedicate his Neighbours little *Ewe-Lamb* to God, as a *Sacrifice*, or an *AnatHEMA*, or a *Corban*, by grand *Hypocrisy*; as if God Almighty did not hate *Robbery* much more *Cruelty* (under colour, and by the help of *Summum jus*, or the *rigour* of Law) for a *Burnt offering*: And if no less will serve the *Bishop* of *London's* charity, then to give 2000*l.* towards the building of *Pauls*, it is more honour to take it out of his own numerous *flocks* and *herds* (which once the *poor* had as much Title unto, as the *Rich Prelate*, before *Avarice* and *Pride* came in fashion-Ecclesiastical) And not go to rob the *Spittle* for a deodand and by force or *rigour* of Law.

I have known a *Gentleman*, that had one odd *humour* and you will say, it was a very ill *humour*; that after dinner when his *Belly* was, full of good *Victuals*, and *Wine*, and strong drink; the *Fop* grew so *wanton*, and the *Ape* was so *mischievously gamey*, and with good chear half drunk, or so half-*Topsy*, that he so far forgot himself, that instead of saying *Grace*, he would be *pinching* and *nipping* those that sat nigh, or within his reach, especially (if he had any old *Pique* against them) he would *nip* and *pinch*, till he made all *black* and *blew*, or left the *Print* of his *Nazles* in their flesh; *Ecce Signum*.

I conclude this essay, with an *Epitome* of the most considerable Parts and passages in this long Book that has swelled beyond the *Primitive intention* and will best serve those (that will not find leisure to read the whole) in this following Letter, long yet most compendious, most *Emphatical*, most *Humble*, and most *Submissive* letter, writ by Mr. *Flickeringil* himself, verbatim, Thus;

To



To the Right Reverend **HENRY** Lord Bishop of  
**LONDON**, at *London-House*.

My Lord,

**S**O little success has attended all my former Addresses that I am almost  
hopeless of this; but understanding that your Lordship expected my  
application, no deficiency should be on my part.

Though I must confess, that had it not been for this worthy Gentleman  
Mr. *Firman*, (the Bearer hereof) I was not readily perswaded to write  
to you.

Because you carry my Letters to your Lawyers for them to pick out  
advantages, and accordingly two of my Letters to your Lordship most  
disingenuously were read against me at the *Trial*, But the Judge told them they were no  
proof of your Declaration, yet Sir *Francis Withins* he made mimick and  
dumb signs to the Jury at every word — nay, my very Books were  
brought into Court, and Sir *George Fefferyes* just such another man (as the  
woman said (that other hopeful Council) he pointed at my Books with his  
*Index*, as not knowing what to say against them without blushing, (of which  
(yet) he is not very guilty) and only made dumb shows too, which were not  
capable of answer or vindication, yet were sufficient hints to a willing Jury  
that knew their meaning by their mumping, and their gaping; and accordingly  
gave a Verdict (contrary to all mens expectations) against me, and damma-  
ges — 2000 l. (a good round sum, two Horse-loads, and therefore would  
break the back of one Horse, no wonder then a single Parson should shrink  
or sink under the unconscionable load.)

Yet I understand that this unreasonable Verdict is so pleasing to you,  
that in the jollity of devotion you have made it a *Deodand*; and intends to De-  
dicate the *Trophee* of your Victory towards the building of *Pauls*.

If so, I fear your Piety is not of the Cabal, or Cabinet-Council with your  
charity; nor will you find that it is pleasing to God to make a man an Of-  
fender for a word, (and so such mighty words neither) if *Trump* had sworn  
true, for he wholly acquitted me of the words in the 3d. Count, and yet they  
were words of his own making too, of his own single invention, and of his  
own ordering and marshalling in the Declaration, and which no flesh alive  
heard me speak but himself, as was attested by all the By-standers, that  
swore not only negatively against this Evidence, but positively and contrari-  
ly as the Judge declared; and that they were not so, but so, and so; as  
they penn'd them down (whilst fresh in their memories) when I was gone,  
and occasion'd by *Harris* his going into another Room by himself, and wri-  
ting his own man-catching-shams, which he brought to the company to sub-  
scribe, which with abhorrence and detestation they all abominated, and both  
him and his Projects, that (with the help of a pickt, and specially appointed Fury)  
have been so successful; and whom you may well thank, or else you had now been  
in my debt, not I in yours, nor ever was I in your debt nor beholden to you for a  
Courtesy (the most trivial Courtesy) in my life, which I did not requite  
ten times over, but mischief you have done not in abundance, contrary to law.

Indeed, if you had prov'd your Declaration that the words (first) were  
spoken before divers the Kings Subjects (nay the words in the last Count  
were

were not sworn unto by *your own Implement*, (though he devised them) but (by *cross and unexpected questions*) he was forc't to swear against *your own and his Innuendo the Popish Plot*, and also swore, instead, of a *damnable Plot* (which he swore at first) dwindled it to a *Horrid Plot* (onely) against *my righteous name and person*; though there he swore falsely, for my words were — against my righteous name and reputation in the Barretry, and the very same words I writ to your Lordship, and Harris also confest there was some pause or Comma, but no interlocution or interruption betwixt the word *Plot* — and *righteous name* — which yet these Lawyers would have improv'd, though Harris contradicted them therein, and himself also.

And as for the other words of *ignorance and impudence*, you will the rather remit the *rashness and severity* of the expression, since *your injustice* in sending that *illegal Sequestration* of the profits of the small Tithes of the Parish of St. Buttolphs, (to which I was Instituted and Inducted as Rector of *All Saints* long before you were quartered in Colchester with your Brother Compton's Troop.

And therefore, if you *do me no good*, you *did ill causelessly* to provoke me, and in hopes to *do me a mischief*; you did *act illegally*, and *contrary to Law*.

And all this in favour of an *infamous Creature*, that had not the *dexterity and exactness of memory* that my Parrot has, for if she could not have perfectly conn'd and repeated the few words in the Declaration more exactly and uniformly than he did, and have learn't by heart and off-book in half the time he has had to *conn* them (and of his own making too) I would pluck off her head.

And do but think *impartially* with your self what a disparagement it is to your judgment and skill in men, not onely to prefer to your favour such a Creature before me, but in favour of him, to endeavour by an *illegal Sequestration* to wrong me of my rights, and so take what is mine and give it to him: you may do lawfully what you will with your own, but what have you to do (unlawfully) to take mine from me to give it to him? a Fellow that is not so good as a Chip in Broth.

I never was nor ever will be ambitious of a Prelates favour if I can but keep out of their Clutches, and out of harms-way, and keep them from doing me a mischief, it is all the favour I ever expected, or ever will expect from them; you will not suffer me quietly to keep my rights to which I am lawfully instituted, which wrong of yours has occasion'd all this stir, thus the original sin is yours, but the punishment thereof is mine; there is no conscience nor equity for it though; let me tell you, without incurring your further displeasure, as hitherto I have, because I durst be so bold as a worm, namely to turn again, when trod upon by you, against the law of the Land; And because of laying this truth, and complaining to you for remedy and crying out and groaning, when you press me unmercifully, as well as illegally; without Compassion as well as without Law, nay contrary to Law, Therefore you double my Pressures — with — more weight — more weight. —

First you torment me 'till I groan,

And then you pinch me, 'cause I moan.

And all this you know to be true, and yet your heart (I fear will be) hardened as much as ever, because I cannot make false submissions, and confessions of faults that were occasioned by your own Injustice and causeless revenge, and default, (so call it no more)

If such submission or satisfaction as becomes a Gentleman, or a Christian to pay



pay you, *will serve your turn*, you shall have them *cheerfully* and readily, but *base Concessions*, against *Truth and Honour*, all the *Prelats in Christendom* (*united*) shall *never extort from me*, use what *Cruelties* you please, or shew the World your skill in *Men, your Policy, and solidity of your Judgment* and discerning, in preferring *such a Wretch* to my Estate, whom I doubt not but speedily to convict of *Perjury*, (notwithstanding all the assistance you can give him) and make an Example of such an *Episcopal Tool*, of those *Ears*, that can bear more than all the *littening and attentive Company*; and yet so silly, that he cannot repeat those *short words* twice together *uniformly*; who was also *prov'd infamous*, by his endeavour to cheat the *Earl of Lincoln*, in hopes of an *100 Guinies*; and also by his *forswearing* himself for the company of a *Wench*, and by being usually a *Maudlin-Drunkard*; And this is your Man, (who you have in your great *Cave of Souls*, in your *Judgment and Skill*, with so much *bustle* and detriment to the *Parishioners*, prefer'd not only before me, but to my Rights in Law.

Well, if nothing but such Counsels still please you—Then still, go on—and endeavour the ruin of me and mine; and yet with a *Corban* or *AnatHEMA*, imagine to atone for the *unmercifulness*; go on—I say—thus with a *spice of Devotion*, in pretence to please him that hates *Robbery* for a *Burnt Offering*, and would not permit the hire of a *Whore*, nor the price of a *Dog*, to enrich or adorn his *Sanctuary*—but go on then—and under colour of Law, or rigour, or *summum jus*, make blandishments for *Cruelty and Revenge*, and cement *Paul's* with the *briny-Tears* of my *Widow and Orphans*—when you have buried me in a *Jayl*; nay, carouze in their *Tears*, and cry, *Huzzas* with jollity and full sayls, fill'd with the *Sighs and Curses* of those you bereave, whilst thus you endear and honour the Name of a *Bishop and Prelat*; and by being a *Promoter* and a *Striker*, or *Action-Driver*, in *Temporal* in *Spiritual Courts*, strike thus with your two-edged *Sword*, that cuts both ways, and meditate to enrich your self; or, (to avoid that imputation) design or pretend to build a *Temple of Stones* upon the *Ruins* of (the living *Temples* of the *Holy Ghost*, and) *Temples of Bones*.

This Counsel, (though it is *mischievous and fatal* to you, and the worst you can take for your self, your *Reputation*, and *Honour*, and *Profit* too; yet because pleasing to *Malice, Hatred, and Revenge*, 'tis possible you may follow it; but first judg how suitable it is to your *Office and Family*) or rather this honest, sound, *honourable* and fair *Proposal*: Namely—

That, since (of this *outrageous Verdict*) you shall never have a *Farthing*, (though you perhaps may throw more good *Money* against bad) nor any *mighty Credit*; because it was the *Verdict* of a *Jury* picked for the *nounce*, and of Men that held *Commissions* only *ad nutum*, and good pleasure of the Court, where you have great *Influence* at present. And since all you can get, or shall get—is my *Bones*—if you can catch them;—And perhaps you will never catch them,—nor will I ever fly for it, my *Friends and Enemies* shall not so be quit of me. — But if you do get my *Corps*,—it is but like the arresting of a dead *Corps*—sometimes (but rarely) practis'd, and that (only) by *inhuman Creditors*—a barbarity that will ill become *Bishops* at this time of day,—how confident soever they be, or may flatter themselves.

Besides, since the *Verdict*, and also your *Prosecution*, was expressly against the *Word of God*, 1 Tim. 5. 19. which commands (you especially) not to receive an *Accusation* against an *Elder* (older than your self) but under two or three *Witnesses*: Here was but one, and an *infamous one*, and a Man keen with self-

*Interest and Pretensions to the Profits of my Benefice; though most illegally, and an Intruder, and could not swear it perfectly neither.*

For what *Sir Tho. Exton* (your other *precious Witness*) did say, the Judge declared, *it was nothing to the proof of the Declaration; and therefore ought not to be accounted any thing to sway the Jury, as to finding for the Plaintiff, (whatever or however his Testimony, or my private Letters, might aggravate the Damages) yet first the Declaration ought to have been well prov'd, (for 'tis not Scandal till communicated) before Men use to talk of Damages: but it was so far from being well prov'd, that the (worse than) Parrot, could not say it uniformly twice together, nor alike.*

*S. Tho. Exton* Nor did your other Witness, *Sir Tho. Exton*, get more credit amongst all *ingenuous and unprejudic'd Men, by making my private Submissions, and what I spoke in Confession to him, (as an old Friend, and in mediation of Peace, and an Accommodation) a publick Accusation and Aggravation; but, judge you, — how inhumane, unchristian — un-Knight-like, un-Man-like, and ungentile is it for a Man to be treacherous, and make his Table a Snare? — a Turk or Bravo (amongst the Spaniards) that live by killing Men, will yet rather die than be treacherous, or, betray any Man under colour of Friendship.*

Many that hug the Treason, hate the Traytor, and will be shy of him; at least, they ought to avoid him, as an Enemy to all Society, Commerce, and Conversation, as a Serpent in the Bosom, — or a Toad, or any dangerous Villain.

God keep all good Men from trusting to the Honour and Ingenuity-Ecclesiastical, especially that of a *Lay-Vicar*, (bless us! from the *Hermaphrodite! or Church-Monster!*) or — *Gray-Fryar*, as *Sir Thomas Exton, Doctor Exton* is, in one fence.

It was an *Exton* too, that treacherously and cowardly came behind King Richard the Second, and murdered him with a back-blow, when his valliant Hands were busied with three or four Rogues more, (he killed one or two of them tho!) before that treacherous and cowardly Villain — *Exton* — strook him behind, and did his Business.

But, I send this to your Lordship, that you may show it to your two doughty *Confidants and Witnesses*, and Lawyers (if you please) as formerly; but rather as an Expedient to acquit your self, with Honour and Profit to you (more than to my self) from this outrageous Verdict of a pick'd Jury, singled out by special Order of the Court of King's Bench, (I shall live to thank them); which Verdict, (notwithstanding) with all your Interest, Friends, Power, and Greatness united, shall never be worth one Farthing to you, (I say it) neither in Money, nor Reputation and Honour.

But, on the contrary, This fair and equal Proposal, shall be both, certain Profit in hand, and as certain Honour; Namely —

That, considering the Premises, and the outrageous Damages of 2000 l. (if they had given you 40 s. all the unprejudic'd World would blame them on such an infamous single Evidence, against so many other Witnesses, as well as against God's Word; and that 40 s. would have been better for you, in Money and Reputation than the 2000 l.

For, if the Jury, on a stretch, did it to vindicate your Honour and Reputation, then they are guilty of the greater *Scandalum Magnatum*, to prize your Honour but at two Thousand pounds. Thus they have set the price on't, in full value in their Opinion; for, as for Damages (you sustain'd) there was none prov'd.

The



The Propofal is this, viz.

I Will pay you, upon dedamand, single Cofts, (or, if you have the Conscience to take it) double Cofts, as the Master of the Office shall tax them, (so you will be sure of something); And I will also give you sufficient Security for the paiment of whatsoever another Jury shall give you upon a New Tryal, if the cause go for you.

Nay, to have an equal and indifferent Jury, I will give you far more Advantage still; I will consent, that you shall chuse what County in England, Essex, Middlesex, Tork-shire, or where you please, for the Venue, and to try the Cause in, over again, upon this only condition, that the last Pannels of Juries, return'd the last Assizes, in other Causes, in Nisi Prius, in any County, you please, or shall chuse, to draw any of them by Lot, not looking into them, till you (or some for you) have drawn and are fix'd: And let the Tryal be managed by what Learned Counsel soever, all England over, and before what Judge soever best pleases you, and I will have no Assistance in the management, (but as the last time) God, and my self, and my Witneses, and the justice of my Cause.

And, if you will not accept this fair, this honourable, this profitable Propofal, then consider—how lost will the Justice of your Cause be in the Opinion of all Men, nay, even in your own Opinion, if you be afraid to try another grapple, before an indifferent and equal Jury, not preposselt, not pick'd, not pack'd, not depending upon—to help you out with it.

And, though you have now given me a Foyl, you had twelve such kind of Men to help you; but it will abate the good Opinion of your courage, the good Opinion of the justness of your Cause, even in your own opinion, if you dare not, upon so fair Terms, let go the catching hold you have got, and take fair hold, when you may assure your Mony, your Cofts, your Credit, and your Damages, (all now desperate) only by playing the Prize over again once more before indifferent and equal Judges; and you shall have Mony of me too for playing the Prize again, with a naked, single, Priest, friendless, helpless (but) not hopeless, though you are arm'd with all your Power, Friends, Riches, (and consequently) Learned Counsel, High Places, and Interest, and flust'd (also) with your late Victory and Success.

Ele venture all I have in the World upon this Contest, if you will stake an equal Gage: What? Shall such a Man as I am be run down with one little, single, ill-thriven, infamous Priest, against God's Holy Word, and so many substantial Witneses; nay, a Priest that cannot tell his own Tale off book, with the exactness, uniformity and docility of a Parrot? The World cries shame on't, and of such a Jury.

Nay, (further) I here promise that I will surcease the prosecution of that same Harris, in order to convict him of Perjury, till (first) this new Tryal be over, he shall have his beggarly Ears a little longer on this condition; That's some comfort for this Episcopal Witnes.

These are the certain Benefits and Honour you may be assured of, by consenting to a new Trial: And if you do not consent, I doubt not but the Judges will grant me a new Trial, whether you will or no, at the Term, upon such Suggestions as I shall make to them, and upon such Motives as has been prevalent with them in other Cases; and why I should not have Justice, nay, their Countenance too, more than vile Extortioners, Oppressors, or their Abettors and Partakers, I do not understand: I believe I shall live to see the day, that Judges

will value the Oath of a Judg, and have no respect of Persons in Judgment, though never so great ; ( Oh ! for Judg Hales at this day, and in this Affair ! ) or, if they warp, will warp on the right side, and countenance the innocent Sufferer for telling Men of their Sins, and not warp in confederacy with the Sinners, and grand Contemners of the King's Laws, who are very ignorant, or else, bold, daring, and impudent, to act so contrary to Law, in vile Extortions, &c.

At a fair Hearing, my Lord, you can never justify the Wrongs you have done me, in despite of his Majesty's Laws, and God's Laws ; ( where is Mr. Withins with his dumb shows to give Item hereof ? ) His dumb shows could not keep him in the Parliament-House from his Knees.

How can you answer the invading of my Legal Rights by an Illegal Sequestration, contrary to Magna Charta, and the Petition of Right ?

How can you answer it, to turn Promoter in the Spiritual Court ? Is it for a Bishop to be a Striker, that is, an Action-Driver or Promoter ? and to strike with his two-edged Sword, and hack and hew both ways ? as you have hack'd me in Spiritual Court, and Temporal Courts ? Ecce duo gladii ! The Popish-gloss, says, Temporal and Spiritual Sword, but what is that to you ?

How can you answer it, to vex me in despite of a Premunire, with Law-Suits, and Accusations of Barrety, in the Spiritual Courts, ( as you have done ) in defiance of the many Statutes of Provisors ? Are you above the Law ? are you indeed ? we will try that one day : It is no Scandalum Magnatum, to say, that greater Men than you ever were ( or ever shall be ) have been glad to kneel, and submit their sturdy Necks to the Laws of England.

How can you answer it, to vex me in the Spiritual Court for Barretry, in those very Instances, whereof I have been honourably acquit, upon a fair Hearing in the Courts of our Lord the King ?

How can you answer it, as Promoter, to cite me, and prosecute me, in the Name of Robert Wiseman, Doctor and Knight, or I know not who, from my Home, my Employment, my Cure, ( that you ought to further, not hinder ) and not in the Name and Style of the King, as enjoyned 2. Edw. 6. 1. a Statute that I doubt not but to make good against you all ? and then, what will become of you all ?

How can you answer it ? when you were, or might be convinc'd at the King's Head in Colchester, that Martin and Groome, &c. your Apparitors, who forswore themselves against me, and against the Ecclesiastical Records and Registries, still to countenance the Prosecution ? And when I was acquit ( honourably ) still to vex me again, and turn Promoter to plague me for Crimes ( of which I was prov'd Innocent, and to vex me in a Court that cannot take cognizance thereof, and have incurr'd the danger of a Premunire, for the vexation you have done me therein causelessly, and for the illegal Prosecution ? for you ( as Promoter ) swore Witnesses to those Articles ; and cited I was, at your Promotion, to attend your Motions thereon, at Lexden ; Manent alia mente repositum, when time shall serve, you shall hear on't.

And when you had plagu'd me almost a Year with these Barretry-Articles, then they dwindled only to Marriages without Banes, or not paying your Registers, or your under-Officers Mony ( as I used to do ) for Blanck-Licenses, or marrying too cheap, this is the worst inconvenience thereof ; and I think that I can prove that I have as much, or more Authority to give Blank-Licences, then your Lay-Vicar, Doctor Exton, or, your Lay-Registers ; ( a fine World ! ) when Matrimony must be the Benefit of those Gray-Fryars, ( instead of the Benefit of the Clergy ) because the Hermaphrodites buy their Places, or hire them.

Besides,



Besides, There is not a Minister in our Town, or (almost) in the whole Country but does the same, and why do not you turn *Promoter* against them also, if Justice be not only the *Presence*, but malice, spleen and revenge at the bottom? why do you make *fish of one*, and flesh of another? why a Picque at me only? or is it because none of them had the Wit, or at least, not the Grace, nor honesty, nor courage to discover the Ecclesiastical Corruptions, which you are too privy unto, and ought to amend and not boustfer them up; I am ashamed ont; and so may others too in time, and of such grand Partiality.

Besides those poor five couples, which I am accused off, (for marrying without Banes first published in time of divine-service in the Parish-Church or Churches) is a fault impossible to be avoided; for else the couples could never have been (Legally and in strictness of Law) married, having no *Parish-Churches*, nor any divine-service at that time; and yet your Proctors in the Articles swore they were high crimes.

Oh! (My Lord) would you be willing to be so serv'd; and to be so done by, as you have done by me (to be plagu'd, vext and suspended of your Benefice and Office three years, for transgressing the Rubrick in the Common-Prayer-Book, which you so daily transgress (as well as other Statutes) in your Non-conformist illegal Confirmations, and the like; which in time I can prove upon you; and not always bear and bear your blows, and be always Defendant.

Or, If I should be such a fool as to give you 2000l. how can you in Conscience or honour take a penny on't, when you are not damnified a penny? Are men bound to Repair when there are no Dilapidations? which of your many High-Places or Preferments have you (thereby) lost, either Temporal or Spiritual? what minute favour of the King have you lost by this Scandal, that had never been heard of, if Harris had not broacht it?

What displeasure of the King or great men of the Realm have you incurred hereby? I know not what you may do tho', by being Unmercifull, Cruel, or Hard-Hearted in using your power (quite contrary to the Apostles) and abusing it and your self—for Destruction, not Edification; you know not yet how apt mischief is to rebound, or the Echo to tell tales out of School (as all Echo's do) and of its Fathers motions, and ring all the Kingdom over, and make good the Proverb—Harm wasch, Harm catch—or how you will answer it, for your neglect of gathering the King's Tenth's, of fingring hoe; or, not returning the default, a *Peccadillo* to your other Crimes in this Letter minutely mentioned.

The greatestt murders (as that of Naboth) was done by form of Law, and two sons of Belial for false witnesses to prove the Declaration; but my 2000l. must go upon the Testimony of one Son of Belial; (fy on't let's hear no more on't) my hap is harder then Naboths: Robbers are neverthe the less Robbers, though they have a Vizard on.

If you will not consent to a new Tryal, upon so profitable, so honourable and so advantageous Terms, what will men think and say of you? how will their fealousies of soul play be Increased, when you dare not let go this catching-hold, and take fair hold before equal Judges; especially since this verdict (as I am told by substantial witnesses) was discoursed upon the Royal Exchange before the Assizes. That the Jury would give a verdict for the Plaintiff, and 2000l. dammages. If this be so, This is to hang a man first and judge him afterwards, which (if I prove to be true) how can you or the Judges, in Justice or Ho-

now refuse a new Trial, that will be so profitable to you, especially if you conquer: whereas now you will get nothing but my bones, which are old and will do you more harm then good; you will wish you had not troubled your self with them; they will prove as fatal to you as you can be fatal and mischievous to me; (if you do catch them) and it will be some loss of ready money to catch them; there will be some craft in the catching of them, I'll assure you, with all your power, and yet I will seldom be a Mile from your house, perhaps just under your nose; must Men be run down with one single Infamous, Ill-looking, Interested, Ill-thriven, Revengeful, Besbrimpen, Forgetful, Dull Priest, in defiance of Gods word, and in defiance of the Testimony of so many honest and substantial Witnesses, whom no Temptation could corrupt! never think on't, it cannot, it shall not be; yes! perhaps you may get my Childrens beds from under them, I know not how Stony-hearted you will be; and yet (I do) in part.

Shall you first occasion all this by doing me wrong, and sending the wretch to usurp my Legal Rights by Vertue (or Vice rather) of your Illegal sequestration: must I suffer for your mistake and ignorance at least, (if it be no worse) If it be no worse, it must be through your Ignorance of my Title; and your prosecuting me for Barretry (as Promoter) in the Spiritual-Court, must be through your Ignorance of the Law, ignorance of the Statutes of Prowisors or worse then Ignorance, for—*Ignorantia crassa non excusat*—A Bishop and a Privy Councillor (above all others) cannot, nay, will not be admitted to plead Ignorance of those Laws that were made on purpose against Prelatical Insolence and Usurpations; for if your Prosecution was Illegal, blush and repent at least, and make me Restitution for being Promoter thereof, if Legal, why did you abandon it and durst not mention it in the Sentence? However, it is mentioned in the Process, and you shall hear on't all of you, if I live.

Not can you plead ignorance of the fundamental-Laws and Constitutions of the Realm, and yet so commend, recommend in Print, and in publick discourse (in the presence of the Mayor and Aldermen of Colchester, at your last Visitation, kept at the King's-Head Tavern in Colchester, and in presence of divers other witnesses and worthy Gentlemen) to seem to justify the Canons, and Constitutions of forty; nay, the very first and worst of them—that (foolishly as well as falsely asserts that) the most High and Sacred Order of Kings is of Divine-right, being the Ordinance of God himself, Founded in the Prime-Laws of Nature and clearly established by express Text both of the old and new Testament; (Right Lambeth—Arch-bishop Lauds nowne selfe!)

The mischievous and bloody consequents of this Doctrine is abundantly discovered in my 2d. part of Naked-Truth, p. 7. which if you had impartially read, you and I had been friends not foes: And none of you (yet) did or have been so bold as to answer it, or attempt to confute, otherwise then by oaths of Ecclesiastical-fellows, Whispers, Cabals, Pointings, and Dumb-shows of Council to an apprehensive Jury (to endeavour my ruin and how did you quarrel me at the same time at your Visitation upon this very contest, shakeing your head, and saying, now you begun to know me (not for a Tantivicee; even! Curse ye Merox was a true English-man) but said also (and if you had not said it, this Letter might have been spared) that you never desired to speak more with me; yet you could turn Promoter against me in the Ecclesiastical Court, and defame me (to a person of Honour) as a Barreter, and vex me and plague me with Actions upon Actions (I never

was



was quiet one week *(since that contest when you said begun to know me)* Articles, Supplicavits, Libels, Informations, Verdict of your pickt-Jury *(much to your Honour)*; Promotions, &c. But because you said *(then)* you begun to know me, you and the world have therefore *(since that time)* known me better, and do know you better too, upon that difference betwixt us, the rise, ground cause and occasion of all our after contests, and therefore you took my place of Surrogate from me; the next day, for I also began to know you then and was more joyfully dismiss'd in hopes that I and the world may know you better, and publickly renounce these Canons of 40. which you publickly commended particularly, that *(which you then justified)* the first Canon thereof, that same Arch—Lauds Canon, the Sybthorpien Canon, away with them for shame! *Manwarings Canon*; for our difference thereupon is a difference about this most considerable point *(this day)* in the Kingdom, a point on which all English-men's lives, Estates, Liberties, their Children and their Wives, does depend; a point of difference betwixt me and you and your convocation and Canon of 40. which not a Tory Fury, but a Parliament had need to decide.

What? Ha? Is it come to this? Is the boyle Ripe, that has been so long a breeding? Is the Pussh come to a Head? 'Tis high time to let out the Corruption.

Behold the ghastly Cicatrizes still! or rather wounds which were *(I thought)* quite closed, and must men rend and tear them open again Impune?

'Tis true, Dr: Laud, Sibthorp and Manwaring got preferment by this Tantivee *(before they durst make it a Canon)* principle; Laud was Archbishop and Chiefe Minion; But Manwaring recanted in the Parliament-house upon his knees with Tears, and was grievously Sentenc'd, 4. Carol. 1. 1628. by both houses of Parliament, to be first imprisoned *(the Bishops could not help him,)* during the pleasure of the House. 1. He was fined 1000 pound *(that was not 2000 pound to the King (and yet his offence border'd upon if it were not quite Treason) and the Original-Rise of my offence, onely my dislike of such villanous and damnable Doctrines: 2. He was to make submission and acknowledgment of his offences at the Barr of the House of Commons, merciful Judges! for the Payson of this Doctrine of Devils afterwards occasion'd on one side our late bloody Civil-Wars; and must we recommend and Justifie at this time of day? is it come to that after so much blood-shed: an aggravation, an aggravation! as Withins said, — remember 40. and the Canons of 40. as well as 41. or 42. when Arch—Laud lost his head, and the King and Kingdom all most ruin'd, and dare any man publickly be at it again, when His Majesty has so often declared that he will keep his Oath, his Coronation Oath inviolably, when so many Addresses has been made to His Majestys thanking him that he promises that he will not break his Oath, nor rule us arbitrary; but as (we are) Englishmen and he a good English King; we do not live in Turkey, Muscovy, nor yet in France; How hastily soever, and furiously some men drive Slaves and Sycophants that having no Children, no Inheritance nor posterity, care not how they ruine posterity to get a little present poultry Preferment, (the price of their flattering Souls) nay, they ruine themselves by these Principles as well as endeavour to ruine the King and Kingdom; such plaguy Ear-wiggs ought not to come near the King-ear, for they wrigle in infection what they can, blessed be God, His Majesty is not capable of such impressions; no thanks to Earwigs—(like other men infected with the Plague) they care not how many*

many

many they infect, when they themselves have got the *Tantivee Sickne(s)*, or, like Devils, care not how many they tempt to damnation, being themselves condemn'd (the expression is not harsh, better for men to be cur'd with *Ink* than a *Hatchet*) You have no better way to acquit your self from Jealousies and Fears, then by as publick an owning of me, as you have publickly vent me ever since I spoke against your constitutions of 48.

4. *Manwarring* was to be suspended for three years (gentle ! most gentle!) and yet his crimes were more mischievous and fatal then to marry people too cheap or without banes, or without a blank-Licence, (*meer Tranguin's* for want of other faults, and thus it alwayes is, when men *are resolved to find a hole in a man's Coat*, and rather then fail they'll make one where there is none, and then get *Proctors, Apparitors, and Doctors, and an Episcopal-Tool, to swear in a willing Court*—Lo here ! here is great holes ! *High Crimes* !) whereas *Manwarring's-Doctrine* and *such like Doctrine* occasioned the ruine of our flourishing Kingdom and Common-Wealth.

5. He was disabled to have any Ecclesiastical Dignity or Secular-office, (but his fine was pardoned by King Charles the first, and the Doctor punished with the two best livings in England, namely the Rectory of *Stamford-Rivers* in *Essex*, and the Rectory of *St. Gyle's* in the *Fields*, and had a dispensation to hold them both (do not *Tantivees* know the way to the wood ? and the way not to be plagued with *Promoters, Bishops, Articles, Informations, suits, Supplivavit's, Declarations* and outrageous *Verdicts*, they are wise and know a way worth two on'ts, and willing to be of the Religion Mr. *Sheriff* is off, especially if the Court do but command him, to *single out* and especial *Fury* for that very purpose and expedition.

6. That he shall be for ever disabled to preach at the Court hereafter : (and all such as he; they might well have added (all such *Sycophant Preachers* might well be spared, even in *Lent*, the very *Harvest* for Court *Preachments*) all such *Poyson-Sellers*, that for mischief might out vye the *Poysoners of France*.)

But the best on't is our King (blessed be God) does not overmuch heed vain *Pulpiteers*, and does but smile when the *Bigotly seaver* makes them talk idly and prate impertinently (like the *Gown Philosopher Phormio*, that never saw a sword drawn in anger, or (if he did) tremblingly knockt his knees together, and yet the *Fop* made bold to read *militia Lectures* to *Hanibal*—of the art of War.—)

No thanks (tho') to these well-willers to the *Mathematicks*, though wise Kings shut their Ears, or smile to hear a *pragmatical Coxcomb*, or imboist *Bygot*, who mounted upon the Stage of the over-topping Pulpit (bless us !)

How liberally he flings about — Have at all within his reach — And is as terrible as a French Minister when he cockes his Beaver, looks grim, and lifts up his threatening-Arm heav'd up and arm'd with a *Geneva-Bible* — Gentle-men — look to your heads — look to your Hitts — do not dop your heads there — the man is n-t in earnest — Draw-can-Sir means no harm, he may fright *Fools* and little *Bigots*, but can not hurt them.

For his Threats are as inefficacious perhaps as the Bishop's-Benediction — (of *Paris*) when the *stocking-Beggars* beset his Lordships Coach, and begg'd his *Alms*; instead of opening his Purse, though he was close-fisted, he spread his empty *Palms*, and laid them gently upon each of their heads, muttering his set-form of words, and gave them (instead of a *cardecu* or a *farthing* (a puce) which they expected, (to him) (or more readily come by, or always readier at hand) a cheaper Commodity) His Episcopal-Benediction.

At



At which *disappointment* the *Saucy Beggars* told his good *Lordship*, That if his *Bishopric*, or *Bishop's Benediction*, had not been in his *Lordships* good Opinion the *cheaper* (if not) the *viler* Alms of the two, his *Lordship* would not be so prodigal of it.

The History does not say, whether they grew *stiff in the Knees* ever after, as not willing to kneel on the cold hard *Stones*, or in the *Dirt*, any more, for his *Lordships Benediction*.—But the *Parisians*, and jeering *nickering Shop-keepers*, smil'd to see the wretches kneel so devoutly for an Alms, and yet be angry when they thought themselves *disappointed* and *sober'd off* with the empty *Benediction* of *Lawn-Sleeves*, (I mean) that *Popish Lawn-Sleeves*, who smil'd in his *Sleeves*, and said—*Si populum vult decipi, decipiatur*—as if he would say—*The World is a great cheat*.—The *Knaves* cheat the *foolish Bigots*.

But if that *Parisian* frenchified *Bishop* had been forc'd by Law to give a *Souce* or a *Shilling* to every one he so *Bishop'd*, that as he pretended to both the two *Swords*, the *Temporal* and the *Spiritual*, so do mischief with, so he might be forced to both the two *Charities*, the *Temporal* and the *Spiritual*—to do good with—And be constrained by Law to be good in sight of his Teeth, as well as cruel and mischievous, and to be as honest as the *Publican*, that said—*Half my Goods I give unto the Poor*; and if I have taken any thing from any Man, by *false accusations* (mark that) to let I restore him *four-fold*: And if the *Bishop* had so given the *Poor* their old *Money*, and *Primate's* share, in his *Mannors*, *Tithes*, and *Glebes*; or, at least, let them go *snips* with him, in getting a *Shilling* for every time, and every Man, Woman, and Child, to whom he so liberally (higgle-tee-pickle-tee; hand over head) gave his *Benediction*: I am of opinion, the *Popish Bishops*, whatever the *Protestant Bishops* may, would not *frisk* so often about their *Diocess* in frequent *Visitations*, *Procurations*, *Money*, more-money, *Conferences*, &c. but rather shut up their *Doors*, and keep a big overgrown *Porter* to keep out the crowding *Votaries* from such *Benediction*.

However, the Office of such a *Bishop* would be (then) good for something, and they would be (giving *Twelve pence a Blessing*) *spiritually* and *temporally* charitable; as now some are (with their two-edged *Sword*, *Spiritual* and *Temporal*) most troublesome and mischievous, (in *France*) by *Suspensions*, *Silencings*, *Church-Censures*, *Curses*, and *Anathemas*, and *Money*—more *Money*—*Excommunications*, *Prisons*, *Jails*, *Hey-day!* for an *Apostolical Man*, *alamode de France*!

Come, my Lord—open the *Pulpit Doors* of *All-Saints* again to me, (or else I'll open them my self) which *with* so much ado you have endeavour'd to shut, and exclude me, and bolt me out (if you could tell how) for a *Bible-babble*—*marrying* too cheap, or not with a *Blank-Licence* (as hundreds others do *uncheck'd*) therefore act not in *Revenge*, nor *partiality*, in *devotion* to your *Registers*, that *uled* you *unworthily*, (in many *Mens* Opinions) in making a *Promoter* of you, for the accomplishment of their *viler* and *baser Ends*: And let there be no more *strife* (as *Abraham* said to *Lot*) betwixt me and thee, betwixt my *People* and thy *People*, for we are *Brethren*—why should we thus *quarrel* adays, and thus *fall out by the way*—about your *Registers*, *Blank-Licences*, or *Fees* illegal—or *Money*?—And a little *Money* has (to my knowledge) often *taken up* this *Dispute* with them: for you know—*Money* is all they aim at, that buy their places, or hire them—you know it well enough;—or, if you do not, I can tell you how, and where, and whom, and when—

And as for your little *Harris*, his *Evidence*, (if it were true) consider the first *provocation* you gave me, through your *ignorance* of my Title to the *Benefits* of the small *Tithes* of *St. Eustulphs*; to *usurp* which from me *illegally*, you sent the *Creature* with your *Sequestration*; would you be so done by, or have your *Superiors* to take from you your *Rights*, and you must not speak for your self? and tell them, they are *ignorant* and *mistaken* in your Title; or, if you do—*slap*—says the *Usurper* with an *Oath* upon you, and reports your words in the worst *sence*, and another *sence* than you spoke them.

For *Harris* has not wit, memory, nor *docility*, to repeat my words twice together alike off-book; and must I pay 2000 l. because he wants *Wit* or *Grace*? My Lord, 'twas hard! you would say your self, if it were your own case.

Why should we make our selves thus the *Town-talk*, the *Kingdoms talk*, the *chat* of every *Ale-bench* and *Coffee-house*?

This might have been—in time foreseen;—but you did not know me, when you said you began to know me; if you had, you would not have ventured to attempt to—*wrong* me of my laid *Rights*, to please ten thousand such as *Harris*, a little *Mimion*, that neither you nor the *Church* can have any credit of, more than of a little *Fucaw*, good for nothing but to paint your *Cheeks* with a blush; and to say too late—I had not thought. Better late thrive (tho) than never.—I allire your *Lordship* (as I did formerly) I have not done half my best; (that is—my worst, as you will call it perhaps); and you will find it true, and the *Mens* of *Doctors Commons* too, (say) I tell you so; whereas I, as I said before, do lie on the ground, and can fall no lower, I am *foot-free*; or, if with so much advantage of *Power*, and the outrageous *Verdict* of your *Pick'd-Fury*, you hit my *Body*, yet you shall never finger my *Estate*; and my old *Corps* will but make you sick of them; and prove fatal to you, and annoy you, if you do catch them; extend then your utmost cruelty that your great *Power* or *Revenge* can contribute, yet *stony-heartedness* will bring no other *renewal* to the *Bishop* and his *Clerks*, except the external blame and *name* of being mischievous to all *Posterity*, by virtue of a single *Oath* of an infamous *Wretch*, that swore for his own *Ends*, against all the *By-standers*, and believed by a *fury* singled out for the *Service*, against the *Word* of God so expressly to the contrary, as aforesaid; a *Bishop* should not countenance this; nor is *Scandalum Magnatum* an Offence at *Common Law*, but an Offence only against a *Penal Statute*, and the *Penalty*, *Imprisonment* (only) till the *Author* be found out—but the very words of 2. Rich. 2. are scarce intelligible in the last words; Yet, no Punishment of the *Author* is mentioned in the *Statutes*; and *Penal Statutes* ought to be taken strictly—and not extended to *Damages*—(as the *Lawyers* have finely spun it out)—especially when no harm have you received, nor ever could, if *Harris* had not broach'd his own *Lies*, and father'd his *Spanish* Brats on me—and I must be charg'd with them 2000 l. thick, by *false accusation*: Remember *Zachem*, Luk. 19. 8.

But, not a Penny (upon my word) shall you get, except you will consent, as aforesaid, to a fair new *Trial*, by an *indifferent Jury*, empannell'd in other *Causes*, and not pick'd for this *Exploit* only.

This is not a Time (my Lord) for *Bishops* to rule with a *Rod of Iron*, and break Men in pieces like a *Pottery Vessel*; *Christ* and his *Apostles* did not so.

This method might have done (simply tho) in *Queen Mary's* days, and in the *Inquisition* of *Spain*, and in *England* too, when the *High-Commission-Court* was up, but the *wringing* of the *Nose* brought forth

Blood—and the bloody and cruel Bishops paid dear for it in conclusion—Mens Eyes are opened—*it is not to be done now in England.*—(If we may judge at the Minds of the People, more by the last Parliament, than the last Addresses, (which I like well enough of); But were there not as many, and as numerous Subscriptions to that Usurper, Richard Protector, may, more zealous Expressions and Promises & resolutions.

But when he needed them, *not a Man stood by him.*—I know the case is vastly different—but not different in zealous Promises and Protections.

But as little Rivulets alter their Motions to follow the great Tyde—and the Stars obey the motion generally of the Primum Mobile, though they may have some little excentrick motions of their own: For, *what ever the generality of this Nation does affect or disaffect, it shall become a Law;* (it is naked Truth).

Oh! but we have a Law and Act of Uniformity, and must not Laws be put in Execution? I answer—*No—not with partiality.*—But either hang all or save all: either punish all Non-conformists or none.

make not Fish of one, and Flesh of another. (say)—In your Conscience and Honour, is there any Conscience or Honour in this Partiality?—Hang it.—*It breeds ill Blood.*—Shall a Non-conformist-Bishop send Men to the Devil for Non-conformity? *Hey day—where live we?*

Besides, Cruelty, Severity, and Persecution, does it become a Protestant Bishop; the Servant of the Lord should not strive—but with meekness instructing (not faying, nor cursing) those that oppose (mark that!) themselves.

Should they (indeed) Curse them, and Jayl them; and send them to the Devil by Excommunication, and tossing them to the Magistrate, (as nimble as if they were but Tennisballs, and all this Racket about a Moot-case, or, Money matter) by Significavit, in order to Jayl them? And then the nimble Magistrate resses them to the Bishop again?

As the Justices of Middlesex admonish or desire you, in their late printed Declaration, to deliver Men to Satan by Excommunication, that so (also and likewise) they may not be capable of suing for their lawful Debts, nor be Competent Witnesses, nor Jury-men, nor Testators.

This is no Persecution to speak of—but *except death, what is worse?*—Nay, 'tis worse than Death to be thus us'd for a Bawble.

Time was when I writ—*Curse ye Meroz*—that I was just of these News scanning. And in this particular, had no more wit than Sir George Jefferies—who then admir'd my folly, (for such it was) as all Men admire those things that fit their own size, their pitch, and their attainment, their honour and their scanning.

But, I confess, my Lord, at that time, *I knew no better,* (How does Interest blind the Eyes of the wisest?) till I consider'd the Golden Rule of our Saviour in this case, of doing as we would be done unto; And how loth we should be, that the rigour of Law should be exacted for our Non-conformity, or—Premunires.—And that *Empton and Dudley* were hang'd for being so rigorous (against the general sence) in exacting the penalty of Statutes, in force too: Some Justices (now) admire this Policy: *Hullo! Let them go on.*—They got the Law in their own Hand.

Time was, when I look'd upon all Non-conformity, to proceed from Humour, Frowardness, Self-conceit, or Design, rather than from tenderness of Conscience (the mock of Athelists that have none) until I had impartially weigh'd their Arguments, which I could never (as yet) meet with any Man that was able to answer; if you can, you understand more than I.

No, not that Argument of King Charles the First, mentioned just before the last Verses of my Black Non-conformist—concerning Conscience—*God's Throne.*—And therefore refrain—Do not (like the Giants) attempt to scale Heaven—the Babel is in vain to boot—though Pope and Devil—High-Commission or Inquisition should confederate against Conscience (God's Throne) it is hard for such Persecuting Saul's to kick against the Pricks.

Besides the great Friend of Persecutors (innuendo) the aforesaid Devil usually leaves them (as he does Witches) when he has brought them to the Gallows.

I do not desire you should, in a sour humour—turn the Cordial Wine in this Letter to Vinegar, and call it at, as formerly, and make it my Accuser; but do—if you have the baldness—for I will justify it to a Turtle; and that there is no Scandalum Magnatum in it, to any but the Wicked, who have most need on, and therefore much good may it do them.

There is a Divine Nemesis, a Divine Vengeance (the Heathens could say) that pursues bloody and cruel Men—they shall not live out half their days; like that Heathen Adonibezek (I shall live to hear them say) As I have done, so God hath requited me.

And, my Lord, you have not such Enemies under Heaven (in time you will believe me) as these Ecclesiastical Fellows that egg you on, and hearten you on to stalk as their Promoter, for their own little, and baser Ends and Gains, (in their dear-bought Offices and Places) to these harsh Methods, so below the dignity of a Bishop—saying—*What will become of Discipline? what of the Church? Fire on them!*

What care they for Discipline? that (as well as they love Money) come but little out of Whores and Rogues, Swearers, Drunkards, Tories, and Blasphemers; except of a poor Whore now and then—but Money will redeem or buy off a white Sheet.

But, if there be a conscientious Non-conformist—they coin him presently—or—if he will not down with his Dust—and ready Darby—then curse him and fag him.—Brave doings! and yet what Wretches in England are greater contemners of the King's Laws than they? or, greater Oppressors?

And how can you answer it, to talk of Discipline and Excommunication, and be a Promoter, and yet not deliver these Fellows to the Devil, amongst other vile Sinners? What has the House of Prayer to do with a Den of Thieves?

For shame! for shame! for shame of the World, and speech of People, abominable this Partiality, or, pretend to no Discipline at all. The very Heathen Romans did so hate Partiality, that Brutus sacrificed his Son to Justice: And shall a Christian; nay, a Protestant; nay, a Protestant Bishop be guilty of Partiality? and draw his two-edged sword against some Dissenters; and some Non-con's, and some that marry without Black Licences or Banns, and yet connive at others; nay, at the impudent contempt of the King's Laws, in Extortions and Oppressions, and illegal Fees, of his own Servants and Officers just in his Eye; and under his Nose?

It admits no Answer—no Cavalier Trade is—A Premunire is not harsh for harsh Men, and partial and unjust



unjust, cruel Men. *Augustus* (busy to reform the State) blush when a Peasant bid him go home and reform his own House first, his Wife and Daughters, being the very Whores in Rome. Whole Vices? what Sins? what Oppressions does your Discipline-mongers correct? no, not their own; good doings the while — when Vice corrects Sin — nay, it does not that neither. — If there be Friendship, Tory-ship; Tantivee-ship; or Money in the case — Rare Discipline! — *Let me hear no more talk of Discipline*, except it were better. Where does one (of all the Whores in *England*) stand in a white Sheet for lying in polluted Sheets? are they *Amicae Castae*.

Besides, Tho' to me it seems improbable, that ever Popery should be the State-Religion, yet it is possible that it may be so, and then — by this Act of Uniformity-Principle, we must all be Papists or Martyrs — Then I think we have uniform'd finely, and have made a fine Scourge for our own Backs — And well may the *Inquisition-men* stop our Mouths with our own Arguments, and Methods unanswerably, with — *Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked Servant* —

But, all this while, I had almost forgot our old Friend, Mr. *Manning* and his Sentence — which was —

7. That his said Book was worthy to be burnt; and that his Majesty may be moved to grant a Proclamation to call in the said Books, that they may be all burnt accordingly, in *London*, and both the *Universities*, and for inhibiting the printing thereof, upon a great Penalty.

This was a true *English-Parliament* — in 28, and not that of 40, nor 41: 41 as the rascally-Hireling Pamphleteers thunder it. Slaves like *Esau*, that vilely sell their Birth-rights. And all the Addressees in *England*, can never chuse other than true English-men to defend their Liberties, their Lives, their Estates, their Children and their Wives (bately sold by Pensioners formerly) — tho' the Tantivy-Slaves little deserve such a Parliament. *England* is not trenchised, nor ever will, never think on't, they'll dye (first) a thousand Deaths, if possible: Men may as well talk of — 21, — and 28, — and 71, — or — 91, as 41. For when we are dead, our Children will be true free-born English-men (and I dye) if they be not *Baltards*.

Now, my Lord, compare the Crimes of the *London-Convocation* of 40, (for which you do stickle, and hate me, and vex me ever since I opposed them.) Canon 1, with the Crimes of *Manning* charged upon him in Parliament by Mr. *Rouse*, namely, a Plot, and practice to altar and subvert the Frame and Fabrick of this *Esstate* and *Common-wealth*.

1. In labouring to Insult into the Conscience of his Majesty (Ob! may such *Ear-wigs* never now come so near him!) the pervasion of a Power not bounding it self with Laws (the very Crimes charged against Duke *Lauderdale* and the *E. of Danby* by the Loyal Long-Parliament) they fate never the longer for that tho' But what car'd they? which King *James* of famous Memory, calls in his Speech to the Parliament: Tyranny, yea, Tyranny accompanied with Perjury. (where is your *Ius Divinum* now, my Lord? and your *Prime-Law*?) In your Constitutions of — 40: See the Articles and Impeachment of Arch-bishop *Laud*.

2. In endeavouring to persuade the Conscience of the Subjects, that they are bound to obey Commands illegal; yea, he damns them for not obeying them (*vide your Can. 1. of 40, to the same tune.*)

3. In robbing the Subjects of the Propriety of their Goods, (*vid. the Proceedings twelve Years together, from 28 till 40, whilst Bishop Laud was a Minion and a Privy-Counsellour*) in *Loans* (you may call them Gifts, for they were never repayed, *Ship-money*, *Customs*, and such-like) If a High-way-man say, with Sword in hand: Come — Friend, I must borrow your Purse, we had as good give it him as be cut.

4. He brands them that will not lose this Propriety with most scandalous Speeches and odious Titles, to make them both hateful to Prince and People; so to set a Division between the Head and the Members, and between Members themselves, (*and how like, my Lord, are your Proceedings against me ever since you* (said) you begun to know me, when I spoke against your Canon and Constitution of 40. How have I been vexed and plagu'd ever since, a Martyr for the Publick-weal) against your Canons of 40, by your Promotions, Citations, Processess Ecclesiastical, *about Fiddle-faddle*, Suspensions, Excommunications, except I would pay a Guinny, (*which I did*) Suits, Articles, Labels, Actions, Informations, *Whips*, to Judges and Great Men, Supplicavits, Informations in the Crown-Office, Defamations as a Person convicted of Perjury, Declarations, and now, an outrageous, and convicted Verdict of 2000 l. And yet, (*for God's sake*) what one Evil have I done? or, who sweats against me, but the for-sworn Rogues, *Groom*, and *Martin*, your Apparitors, *ix Proctors*, *Harris* and *Exton*, all Ecclesiastical-Bellows? And yet here's no Plot (*like*) against my righteous Name and Reputation; I never was quick one whole week together since that fatal time that your Lordship begun to know me; Know me! for what? for what? for what you shall know me till I dye, (*against your Lambeth-Canons of 40*) a true free-born English-man, that hath a lusty Possessy, and Estate for my Heirs; and Heirs for my Estate (*if I can but keep it out of your Episcopal-Gripes*) and I'll gage all I have (*cheerfully*) upon this Quarrel and Difference, the true cause of all our Differences ever since, and more fit to be decided by a Parliament, than a Tory Jury, picks and singled out. If I had said, as you said, and as the *Convocations* of 40 said, and as the Popish Clergy (*then presents*) durst do no other than say, It had been 2000 l. in my way, and a better penny, the Canons of 40, with a Curse and mischief attending them. But no Bribes can tempt me, nor Fears appale me; as the Cardinal told the Pope of *Luther* when he refused a Cardinals Cap, — *Germania velle bisia non curat aurum*; Therefore keep your Gifts to your self, and your Threats too, and reserve your High-Places and Preferments for *Tantivies*, I am none; nor for I treat or Money to be made a Slave, or a Traitor to the Fundamental Laws and Constitutions of this Kingdom; and this, as Mr. *Rouse* styled it, to the Speaker without Rebuke, *This State and Commonwealth*; not unlimited and absolute Monarchy, but bounded within Laws; not by prime Law of Nature, nor by exprest Texts of Holy Scripture, as falsely, Can. 1. of your Confit. 40, but by human Bargain, Compact and Stipulation, contracted and agreed unto betwixt the King and his People.

5. To the same end, not much unlike to *Faux* and his Fellows, he seeks to blow up Parliaments, and Parliamentary Powers. God grant there be no such *Viburnum* alive at this day! No such privy Ear-wigs — nor therein Successors of *Laud*. One would think a Bittle should better become Bishops, than unminging of Governments and Fundamental Laws, that the Sycophants have no skill in, thus — unlike Apostolical Men — and leaving the Word of God to serve Tables: *Acts* 6. 2, 3. nay, leaving it to do Mischief and get the Kingdom's Curse, and sometimes a Block for their Pains, and unflitable *Alibis* Episcopal Mischief. *Hamlet*, King of *Denmark*, was poisoned and kill'd, by Poison poured into his Ears as he lay carelessly and securely,

a mad scurr

ED

W. almost royal  
Sins, Lys, & Ign  
Dignition.

foolish insinuation of a pocket in a Church.

and supinely sleeping by his false Friends and Sycophants. We are told this day by *Nat. Tompson's* Intelligence [Numb. 134.] that *John Wolf* [I do not know whether your Lordship ever heard of him or no] that notorious *Pick-pocket*, when he was [on Saturday Feb. 18 Instant] at *Salisbury*, drawn to Execution, confessed that he had pickt Pockets at *St. James's Chappel*, at the time of receiving the *Sacrament*, &c. God blefs us from *Church-Pickers*! Amen.

Thus [saith *Mr. Rouse* to the Speaker] you have heard the Voice of the wicked one—*Judas* (*quid dabitur?*) what will you give me? [two good Livings and Preferment and Favour, Tantivie.] And I will betray this State, Kingdom, and Common-wealth.

And observe how *Manwaring* nicks the time for rendring this damnable Doctrine, namely—in the Heart of the *Loan*, and printed in the Term that ended in a *Remission*. So that you might guess [saith he] there might be a double Plot—[namely—at *Westminster-Hall* as well as in the Pulpit at *White-Hall*] by the Law—and Conscience to set on fire the Frame and Estate of this Common-wealth, was *Mr. Manwaring*—[just such another Man as he that justifies the Canons and Constitutions of 40? well—he got Preferment by it, but it was *burning*,] as well as the like Doctrines the ruine of this Kingdom and Common-wealth.

And by his Divinity [saith *Mr. Rouse*] he [*Manwaring*] would destroy both King and Kingdom: mark that—the King, for there can be no greater Mischief, than to put the Opinion of *Diers*—[whose *Will is a Law*] into his Ears: [yet how ignorantly and impudently, by that *Lambeth-Synod*, attempted in that *Can. 1.* of the Constitutions of 40, from, falsely pretended exprels *Divine* Scripture: Will Men never take warning?

For if [continues *Mr. Rouse*] from the King's Ears, it should have passed to his Heart, it had been *Mortal*: you know how *Henry* perished: [I may add, you know how King *Hamlet* perished and died by this *Bar-Poyson*] Will Men never take warning?

King *Alexander* the Great, well answered his Sycophant Courtiers, that Diedied him—He that empries my Close-stool, is not of your Opinion: nor did the Wenches that lay with *Jupiter* and *Hercules*, think them to be Gods; or, but very lustful, beastly, Goatish Gods. *Jupiter* appeared to so more like a Bull than a God.

Now [continues *Mr. Rouse*] this Man [*Manwaring*] gives Participation of Omnipotence to Kings: tho a Part may seem to qualify, yet all doth seem again to fill up that Qualification, and very dangerously, if we remember, that God faith of himself, *I am a jealous God*.

He goes about to destroy this Kingdom and Common-wealth by his Divinity. But do we find in Scripture such a destroying Divinity? [yes, yes, if we believe a whole Synod, and believe the Constitutions of 40, my Lord, mischievous Canons of 40, I may well say, and so may all mine, and this poor Kingdom too, ruined and undone by such Sycophant-Tantivie-Doctrines.] Surely I find there [namely in Scripture continues *Mr. Rouse*] that God, is the God of Order, and not of Confusion—and that the Son of God came to save, [mark that—my Lord] and not to destroy. By which it seems he hath not his Divinity [mark that too—my Lord] from God, not from the Son of God—And that we may be sure he went to Hell for his Divinity, he names sundry Jesuits and Friars, with whom he hath consulted [mark that too] and traded for his Divinity. But not to be-ly Hell it self; the Jesuits are honeller than He [mark that too] for if he had not brought more Hell unto them, then he found with them, he had not found this Divinity in them, which he hath brought forth; yea, in his Quotations he hath used those Shifts and Falshoods, for which Boys are to be whip'd [mark that too] in Schools; and yet by them he thinks to carry the Cause of a Kingdom, [mark that too, my Lord] you see the Ground and Occasion of this—Difference betwixt your Lordship and my self [begun in the Presence of Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester*] is not private Piques, but an adjudged Case long ago—in many Parliaments, and called in 1618, in Parliament, *The Case of a Kingdom*; and so it is, and will be—See the Book called, *The Loyalty of the Last Long-Parliament*—wherein, tho there was a long Bill of Pensioners (who may yet live to be hanged; for it is far worse than robbing by the High-way) said to be found amongst them, such as the Treasurer had gratified with two hundred thirty one thousand six hundred and two Pounds in two Years time—(Oh liberal! on a poor Kingdom's Stock, and so empty an Exchequer—as the Widows and Orphans howl!) Yet the major part of the Parliament did, and for ever will continue true English-men to the ancient Constitution and Frame of—Government, and the Fundamental Laws—(the Scott of Tories and Tantivies.)

This Loyal Long-Parliament plainly told the King in their Address against Duke *Lauderdale*—Feb. 23. 75. (not 41 nor 40.) that he was abused—saying—Some Persons in great Employment under your Majesty, have fomented Designs contrary to the Interest of your Majesty, and People, intending to deprive us of our Ancient Rights and Liberties, that thereby they might the more easily introduce the Popish Religion, and an Arbitrary Form of Government (well coupled in troth—Papist and Tantivie—together) to the ruine and destruction of the whole Kingdom, &c. (then particularizing) The Duke of *Lauderdale*, did publicly affirm in the Presence of your Majesty sitting in Council (I am apt to think your Lordship heard him) and before divers of your Majesties Subjects then attending, that your Majesties Edicts ought to be obeyed—for your Majesties Edicts are equal with Laws, and ought to be observed in the first place.—Thereby justifying the said Declaration (of March 15, 71.) and the Proceedings thereupon, and declaring his Inclinations to Arbitrary Councils, in terror of your Majesties good Subjects.

They conclude thus—We do therefore in all Humility implore your Sacred Majesty—That for the ease of the Hearts of your People, who are posselt with extream Grief and Sorrow to see your Majesty thus abused, and the Kingdom endangered; that your Majesty would graciously be pleased to remove the said Duke of *Lauderdale* from all his Employments.—&c.

Wherein, if his Majesty has gratified his People to ease their Hearts from the said Terror, your Lordship knows better than I.

And in their Addresses against the King's Declaration of Indulgence—they tell his Majesty plainly, but with all Humility—That Penal Statutes in Matters Ecclesiastical (mark that) cannot be suspended but by Act of Parliament—and yet some Judges have been of another Opinion, (I know who, and where, and when, when time shall serve.)

And tho his Majesty tell them in answer—That they question his Power in Ecclesiasticks, which he finds not done in the Reign of any of his Ancestors.

This



And in fine — His Majesty did desert the Informations of Earwigs, and adhered (as most safe) to his great Council of Parliament, and did cancel that Declaration — (notwithstanding the suggested Power in Ecclesiasticks) and declared it should be no Precedent for the future. Let no man dare make any such suggestions for the future, and may such Earwigs also be banish'd to any part of Earth, or into the Earth — rather than thus to plague a King and Kingdom at this rate, in all Ages, and vex and grieve his Sacred Majesty and his Parliaments — what a pother and a doe have Parliaments had with these Taintives in all Ages? And how ruinous and rufil were the Consequents — I know not whether you — my Lord, can remember, But — I can, by woful experiment — — you said you begun to know me — now you know me better, and I know you in part — I hope I shall know you better; the only design of this Letter —

I with Synods, and Lambeth Conventions, and Bishops would keep to their Bibles, and mind their own business (work enough in conscience, for 1000 Bishops in England, if they would stoop to be Conformists to the Act of Uniformity, and more than a thousand Bishops can legally perform, if there were so many in England, for there was a greater number in a far less spot of ground in Africa, Contemporaries with S. Austin the Bishop of little Hippo, that was never so big as Mlinton which is not impossible; nay — if we had a thousand Bishops in England they could not at all do — the confirming work alone — let alone the Work in the House of Lords, and at the Council-Board, and their promotions at Doctors Commons, and their Actions, Suites, and Declarations and Libels, as Action-drivers and Promoters, and Visitations, and vexations) of ruinous consequence to the Projectors as well as to the Kingdom) such as the Taintive Doctrine of *Manwaring* and little *Laked* — that had better minded his Book, his excellent Book against *Fisher* — then to turn Politick-Engineer, and Master-Gunner in planting of Canons against the Fundamental Laws, that such Taintives are not skill'd in — but if they read but of a King in Scripture, though it be *Rephobam*, (that Fool) or *Casar* (that Heathen) then Heysday! — for the Pulpit or the Synod — Hey for Lambeth and the Canons of 40.

But, you will say, what have I to do (a Priest also) with these State-matters? To which I answer. 1. These State-matters improperly or foolishly handled by your Taintive-Archbishop *Laud*, and your Taintives (Bishops that would have been) *Sybilhoop* and *Manwaring* and by your Taintive Canon. 1 of the Constitutions of 40 was by you justified in your publick Visitation, and before the Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester*, and the greatest part of the Gentlemen of the Town and Clergy of that Precinct; and for you boldly to recommend or justify this Taintive-Canon 1 of the Constitutions of 40 — I know not whether all the Clergy you have, or any Friend in England would have thus adventur'd — *suo periculo* — to awake you out of this Taintive-dream — in which, as in the old disease (the Plague of *English-men*, and of *English-men* only) called *Suden Anglicus*, or the *English-swearing-sickness*, if you sleep in it, 'tis mortal, if you had a hundred thousand lives; and I think you are beholden to me, above all mankind, him that you have thus vexed above all mankind, for nothing but the cause — the cause of the Kingdom — the cause — and Fundamental-Laws, scold'd at and derided by none but *drunken Tories* and *Sack-pollers* Taintives that cry — brother — let me pledge thee — Brother *Sybilhoop*, Brother *Manwaring*, Brother *Arch-Laud*; they will be loath to follow him though at the long run, and latter end — But it is that we must all come to — if we be Taintives — therefore as you love your self, my Lord, and me — Let me hear no more — in my part of *Essex* — any more *Commendations*, *Justifications*, *Aggravations*, or *Recommendations*, of this ignorant Synod, and Taintive-Conconvocation — of *Lambeth* — in their Constitutions of 40 — nor of any such Synod-men, that were never lick'd into Form-Political; let them tell *Sacred Stories* of God and Christ — I but no more *Politick Canons* of 40 against the Fundamental Laws — if you love me, or my betters, (*irruendo*) your Lordship for one.

2. This Politick-Lecture of State-matters begun by you and your *Lambeth-Synod* has been a Plaguy-vexation to our Kings and Parliaments in all Ages — read the History of the *Barons Wars* in King *Johns* Reign — *Hen. 2. Hen. 3. The Edwards. The Richards, the Henrys* — I had almost said — The *Charles's*. By what I have said, you read the said *Bickering's* in the Reigns of King *Charles I.* and our present Sovereign King *Charles the II.* and His *Loyal House of Commons*, then which never any King was more happy than He in that — yet (though) chosen in a time of languishing Expectation, after the Profits and Benefits of a King (which we had too long wanted) they were *English-men* still — And he's an Ass that expects a fitter juncture or more auspicious Election — for the choice of Parliament to carry on any Designs but what are *Catholic*, and according to the *Good Old Cause* — I mean the Fundamental Laws — which not a few swearing and beggarly Pamphletting Tories, and unthinking and very impudent Taintives, and withal very ignorant, are able to defeat, though they draw down

their *Carars* of 40 — which I thought had been rail'd and damn'd and rain'd 40. years ago, by the Tories Themselves and *Tantives* to whom they prov'd so fatal — will men never take warning? must *Parliaments* always be plagu'd with these *Earwigs* and *Tantives* of Flatterers and Court Sycophants, and *Blasphemous Insinuations* of Divinity into Humanity by a most *Artificial Invention* of a New *Hypocritical Union* — But the Holy Trinity admits, no Partners, though the Priests teach us, or inculcate never so villanously, traitorously, falsely, illegally, unscripturally, irrationally, or blasphemously. It is a high Shame, that's the truth on't, that such *Tantives Doctrines* should thrive — and such as stand up for the *Ancient Laws* and *Liberties* must suffer above all others: 'tis a shame, power should be thus abused (like a silk worm) to ruin and consume its self to bedeck worse Vermin — 'tis a shame — I will not venture to say any more — but draw a Curtain over some mens shame, because I will not show — all their Nakedness — I forbear — my Lord I have done — And leave you to think sadly to think (and with sorrow (I hope) and repentance too) for justifying this first *Canon* of the *Constitutions* of 40.

those *Chequer-works* of different Hue — black and white — good and bad — especially the First of them — *nigro carbunculum* — let you and I remember that First fatal *Canon* of the 1. of the *Constitutions* of 40. that has been so mortal already, and will still prove (without very timely and immediate Repentance) baneful to one of us, or rueful to both of us, or to this Kingdom, State, and Common-wealth.

But still you will object — what have I to do to discuss these State-matters, fit chiefly for a *Parliament*? I answer — That you have given the occasion (the sad occasion) It now becomes me, and becomes necessary what before had been as impertinent as for a *Bishop* or *Synod-man* to meddle in the State-affairs.

But 2. Do you compare my *Skill* or *Learning* or *Undeasending* in *Laws* and *State-matters* — with meer *Cassock men*, meer *Synod-men*, that never yet were lick'd into other Form or Fashion, than their own *Tantivee Will* and *Inclination* — undisciplin'd, unrefin'd in Judgment, by the study of the Law of the Land, the study of men and the *Laws* and *Temper* and *Constitutions* of *Foreign Kingdoms*, more whereof I have seen than some *Tantivee Circingles* ever read off (in *Heylin's Geography*, if they have it) And do you compare my *Knowledge* — *Salt-water-Souldiers Knowledge* in *State-matters*, Do you compare us that have been *Souldiers* (at least on this side the *Water* in times of *Peace*) with meer *Cassockmen*? I Hope there is no Compare, at least the Comparison is as odious, as groundless.

But, I had almost forgot the Provost of *Eaton*, where I left him (Mr. *Rous* to the Speaker) saying —

For a Conclusion, to give you the true Character of this man (Dr. *Edward Manwaring*) whom I never saw, I will shew it you by one whom I know to be contrary to him — *Samuel* — (we know all to be a true Prophet, now we read of *Samuel* — that he writ the *Law* of the Kingdom in a Book, and laid it up before the Lord. And this he did as Mr. *Manwaring's* own Authors affirms — That the King may know what to command, and the People what to obey.

But, Mr. *Manwaring*, finding the *Law* of this Kingdom written in Books, tears it in pieces, and that in the presence of the Lord (right *Tantivee*) in a Pulpit, that the King may not know what to command, nor the People what to obey.

Thus Mr. *Manwaring* being contrary to a true Prophet, must needs be a false One, and the Judgment of a false Prophet (mark that) belongs to him.

I have shew'd you an evil Tree, that bringeth forth evil fruit, and now it rests for you to determine, whether the following sentence shall follow, cut it down, and cast it into the fire.

Thus have you seen, my Lord, what a Potter and a do, these Clergymen have made in the Kingdom, how *Parliaments* have been plagu'd with these *Tantivee Jehu's*, (nay Kings most of all, and themselves also) the *Rash Pharaoh* setting the world in a flame by ambitiously mounting and driving *swire* and *spur*, *Gallop* and *Tantivee* in a Chariot they have *Pride* to mount, but no skill to drive, finding and burning themselves to boot in flames of their own kindling.

In your next Visitation, I hope, we shall hear no more of these *Canons* and *Constitutions* of 40 — I wish it for my own sake, that would avoid all occasions of Contests, Differences, Suits and Disputes with all men, more especially with you, but I wish it also more for your own sake, you will most repent it in Conclusion, if it take Air, and be pois'd abroad so loud, till it come to the Ears of the King and Parliament, (when we see one) His Majesty has promis'd his Subjects frequent *Parliaments*; the Fundamental Laws; which whosoever attempts to undermine, and liker another *Faw*, to blow up, it will be his ruin, and fall heavy on his head.

Better leave no Lands, no Fields to our Heirs, than *Skeldams* only, or Fields of Blood; or else in base Tenure, at the Will of the Lord — much worse, at the mercy of every Court Sycophant that may well beg us, and our Estates for Fools, if we be willing to part with our Fundamental Laws for *Manwaring's* Sycophantry, or your so magnified *Cap. 1. of the Constitutions* of — 40.

And



And, in your next Visitation, not my Sufferings will so far daunt the *English Clergy*, but that they will remember, they are *Englishmen*, not *Scots*, nor *Irish Tories*, nor *Lambeth Canon-men*, especially when their Eyes are a little more opened with more *Naked-Truth* — *Soli Magna est veritas & prevalebit*; Men will not long be blinded (under pretence of Loyalty) to abuse the King, the Constitutions of the Kingdom and themselves and their Posterities; nor be willing to hold their Liberties, their Estates, their Lives, their Wives and their Livings *ad unum Episcopum*, no, nor *ad libitum Regis*, but *ad libitum Legis*. Oh vile Slaves! willing by cowardly Pedantry or ambitious Sycophantry to be Hoodwink'd and led by the Nose to a certain Precipice and ruine, or, to have a Ring put through their Nose, and led about like Bears for Sport, or, Collars about their Necks, because trimell'd perhaps, or made of Silver — and snapping and biting and snarling at him above all others that would take the Collars off, would unring the them, would unhoodwink the blind-men Bulls in spite of their Teeth: 'Tis do't, I am resolv'd let them snarle and bite — poor hearts — it is their nature — they cannot help it, nor can I in reason expect other requital of my Charity, I know them, the men and their Communication — the men and their innate envy, and peevish revenge: In time, they will grow better, when prejudice and passion makes them not forget that they are *Englishmen* (not *Irishmen*) Christians, (not Bigots) and willing to be governed by our ancient *English Constitutions* and Laws (not the *Manwaring* and *Laud's Canons* and Constitutions of — 40.)

Have we, with so much ado, been puzzling all this while, these 40 Years, and are we not yet got over the *Lambeth-Canons* and *Constitutions* of 40? must the Church and Kingdom twice be split on the same Rock? some men endeavour it might and main; or else the *Loyal Long-Parliament* were not the *Happy House of Commons* (as the King styles them) at least not happy in their Intelligence, if they struck so violently (without sufficient Reason) against Duke *Lauderdale* and the *Earl of Danby*, for this very cause of the Kingdom, *The Good Old Cause* (without a *Sarajin*) Good for the King and Kingdom, the best and surest, if not the only way to make the King and Kingdom happy, safe and pleasantly united, against which (the old and true foundation and principle) none ever yet attempted, but it prov'd his ruine, bringing the Old House over his Head.

And when you have impartially weigh'd the mischiefs that have attended these new *Syluborphan Divines*, *Manwaring* and Dr. *Laud's* false Canon of — 40. you and I shall never more quarrel, nay, let us now shake hands; enter the Ring again, and try the other touch in a *New Tryal*, or, let us shake hands, and be friends, and on Condition you be so Good Natur'd as to remit this Unconscionable and Outragious Verdict I to shew my Good Nature, in requital will Remit the Injuries aforesaid, the Original Sin that has tainted the Consequent Differences and Contests, I hope I have in this Long Letter given your Lordship such sufficient satisfaction about the Canons of 40 — the vanity, the Mischiefs and Unjustness especially of the 1. Canon thereof that, like eager Disputants, we shall end just where we began, and yet, both be wiser and better, and the Kingdom too, for this Contest, and then this Outragious and Unconscionable and Outrageous Verdict will have a Happy Issue, in either Curing the St. *Anthony's Fire Heat* and *Tamvose-Flame*, that has not only endamaged Me, but Endanger'd the Peace of the Kingdom, if we believe the late Long and Loyal Parliament, or if not convert, at least convict and rise up in Judgment against those *Erostratus's*, that get great Tules by setting the Church on Fire again by such *Tamvose-Heats* as product and brought forth that destructive Canon 1. of the Constitutions of 40 and burnt a fine Church.

Yet some tell me, that all this Long Letter is but labour in vain, that you are set upon a Will and Revenge, and whom you once hate you know not how to Remit, but I have other hopes: surely I do not walk a *Blackamore*, nor preach thus long a Sermon to as little purpose as St. *Bede* when he preach'd to a heap of Stones, or, as if I were preaching to the Rocks, near *Silly*, called *The Bishop and his Clerks*, you cannot be so Story-heated I think: but, either you will Remit the Verdict and be friends, or accept of those Honourable and profitable Proposals which I hear make you of a *New Tryal*: and if you will do neither, the World shall know it, that they may judge betwixt you and me, and my Six substantial Witnesses, and your single, interess'd Witnels, that swears for his own ends, to get me out of my Rights, which you have unlawfully endeavour'd to invade by an illegal sequestration, the cause of the words betwixt us: and the Canons of 40 the cause and first occasion of your displeasure against me, which made you so willing in defiance of (1 Tim. 3. 19.) Gods Holy Word to receive an accusation, nay, and prosecute it too, upon the single Testimony of an infamous wretch, who wasts the necessary accoutrement of a Liar, a good Memory, whom I have begun to prosecute for the Perjury: I hope you will not still countenance him against such a Man as I am, I have also prosecuted for Perjury your other Apparitors, Groom, Martin, and your six Proctors of Doctors-Commons: blush for them, help them not for for shame — (I hope) no — *Noli prosequi* say I am advis'd to make an attaint against the Jury.

I have in this Letter, made very sharp Reflexions and corroding Epithets of the *Lambeth-Faction* and *Tamvose-Principle*; It is not rashly done, but upon good Advice, such spreading Concoct and dangerous cannot be corrected, check'd, nor cured without Precipitate Corrections. For this *Lambeth Ministry* ruins Humour, Polity, and Policy.

III. We do not live in *Spain* (where *John Palevoda* (I believe I do not write it right) the *Admiral* of *Delagoa* with *the* *Empire* of *Russia*, Tyrannically, laid a Tribute upon the people) of several hundreds of living *Flies*, and (in default) an outrageous Rule and arbitrary. I am now banished from *Spain* and *Italy* myself it had been hundreds of dead *Flies* I believe I knew where he might have been fitted the last Summer, but *Spain* have a skittish Property, and are sooner kill'd than jail'd, or put into bonds, except they be dealt with as the *Spanish* *Princes* dealt with the *Musquitos* of the Bay of *Cambray* in *Spain*; namely, he Excommunicated them; and then everybody knows it is not very far to the Jail or gallows.

The Tyrant had as good have seized upon Lands, their Liberties, their Lives and their Wives, without the Ceremony of *Excommunication*; for only *Spain* quarrel. For so the Tyrant *Spain* of *Spain* at this day, bring neither a Ship load of *Tobacco* without the Philosopher's Stone, turns to immediately to a Ship load of *Silver*, by selling to every man according to his Estate, a quantity of *Flies* commanding them to send him, the like quantity of *Silver*, and so the Bargain is made; or, if they do not like the Bargain, a *Man* goes along with the *Flies*, and does the men's business with a Bow and Arrow, if they do not cheer them, and live them the Labour by making use of his own *Bad* Cords, before they come nigh when he first hears they are coming and knows their Errand Tyranny needs no Ceremony, but a long Sword.

These arbitrary Cruelties are common in *Turky*, *Muscovy*, and a little (I fear) in *France*, and the *Priests* make them believe they have a *Jus Divinum*, and express Texts of *Alcoran* (in *English*) holy Scriptures for all. But the *Canons* of *Spain* are not yet Canonical, my Lord, nor ever shall if I can help it, though you prosecute me with all the united Power, *Privy Whispers*, *Affidavits*, *Verdicts*, *Articles*, *Libels*, *Supplicants*, *Informations*, *Declarations*, *Suspensions*, *Silencings*, *Faits*, and *Bails*, or your severest weapon, namely, (what the *Flies* frighten the *Flies* with) *Excommunication*.

But I have by this fair Proposal so profitable to you, acquit myself in the Judgment of all Ingenious men; for if it be profitable to you, you seek that I will secure, if you recover by an indifferent Jury; if Honour, that is better secur'd by this Proposal: for it can be no Honour to you, if you dare not try the cause before (not a pickt Jury for the nonce) but such a Jury as is indifferently return'd upon other Trials.

And if nothing will prevail with you but you'll keep the catching hold you have got, nor listen to any thing but revenge, except I make dishonourable and base Submissions, then

Scabard is gone, fight on, be bold, I And *Spain* fall that first says hold.

I believe you do not read my Books, for if you had impartially weigh'd the 7th Page of *Naked Truth* second part, second Edition, I should have been more in your books than the *Canons* and *Constitutions* forty read 23 *Hen. 8.* 13, or *22.* 61, 24, against *Spiritual*, *Apostolical* persons meddling with

temporal Councils and Employments; disdain not to be drawn out of a Bit with rage, and do by me as you would be done by, when time shall serve; for these contents are but a kind of hot-cockles, there will be no sport if we do not lie down in our turns; especially when I prophesy so right, why, and how, and who it is that smote me.

Neither despise nor reject with scorn the good Admonitions in this Letter; if I had not lov'd you well, and better than you deserve at my hands; I would not have bestowed so much pains upon you.

But there is seldom a greater Plague attending Greatness than the flattery of their own judgments and conceits, as well as the flattery of *Sycophants* without; but what non-sense is it?

IV. The King can make a man a Knight, but he cannot make the Knight one jot the Wiser or more learned; he may be the poorest for his Title. The King can make a Bishop; but all the Kings in *Christendom* cannot with the Lord Honey Leasing and Wisdom; but usually lets for a Lord Bishop has more Diversions from his Studies and Books, by attending Councils, and *Parliaments*, and *Conferences*, and *Prerogatives*, and *Privileges*, *Promotions*, *Suits* and vexations; that it is next to impossible that he can study so much as a Country *Knave*.

Robt. Greenhead, Bishop of *Lincoln*, writ a Letter *Mendicant* to the Pope, and the distance betwixt them two was far greater than betwixt our Lord and my self; says, *Abbot Bernard* a child Pope *Eugenius*, and call'd him all to naught. The World is the better for these letters, though Pope *Eugenius* was harden'd in wickedness, and incorrigible, till the Council of *Constance* took him in hand convey'd him before them, imprison'd and upon the Old Gentleman as an Adulterer, Sodomite, symoniack, &c.



I am sure of one good event of this Letter, namely I have acquit my self in my own Conscience that I have thus studied the way of Peace as well as Truth—and by my fair proposal for a new Trial: But if you reject it you get nothing but my Bones when you catch them; but the Honour will be mine, in that you will seem to be convicted in your own Conscience, that if I have fair play, I must worst you, having six to one against you, six honest Witnessess to one little infamous one—that has not the docility or memory of a Parrot or Magotte-Pye.

For all men that have any briskishness of Spirit are herein like Tennis-Balls, which you may safely handle and play with, nay, toss and bandy too sometimes; but if nothing will serve your turn but with violence to throw them right down, or down-right, 'tis odds, if they do not rebound, and hit you in the face with eagerness answerable to the impetuosity.

And if no other Councils but what are violent, will reach your Ears and Heart—go on—In time you will find (as to Tennis) I will return your very best with Excellent design, and perhaps into your hazard—or—hit the hazard of your Partners and Partners; nay, I will write your Epitaph, that in memory of your conduct, and how obtained, shall outlast your tomb, and Celebrate your name and fame to Posterity; though I cannot say, but it might have been more honourable to you to sport with Flora (as now do you) at Fiddle, then to be a Promoter (by my Pen Recorded for) a Promoter.

For every thing has two handles, if a Prudent man cannot hold it by one, he can certainly hold it by the other—nay; even when he falls he falls but like a die, which flus'd or cog'd or thrown which way you will, always rests on a true side and right bottom; it is true I suffer, but the Original sin was yours, in that illegal sequestration, and the justifying that first and worst Canon of the Constitutions of Perry.

Thus am I whipt upon others backs that deserves the lash more than my self: Sometimes you hold up to the men of Doctors Commons (as Promoter) and they lash me with Suspensions, Excommunication; and sometimes they take turn and hold me up to you by swearing against me, and then you swing'd me with Supplicants, Affidavits, Overbearing Verdicts; between you both, I have had a good time out, I thank you (which excites me to help you) pay'd me off to some tune at—Chelmsford.

Now if you would be but as good to me as you were to the men of Doctors Commons, the Employment would be less Drudgery, and more honourable (as being a piece of Justice for which the Nation would call you blessed—namely—that you would turn Promoter or Informer against them for their many and impudent, daily extortions and oppressions of the Kings Subjects till they groan again—or, if that will not please you—do but hold them up to me—see how I'll make them frisk again—yet—a little nearer—yet nearer—let me but have them within my reach, And I will to chastise them, that the whole Kingdom shall joy in me.

But I confess to your Lordship I do not like the sport, I had rather be quiet, if you and they would suffer me to rest,

My Lord,

Your Lordships (humble as well as)

Humbled SERVANT

Cc

Edm: Hickeringill

## P O S T - S C R I P T.

**S**INCE I writ this, I missing of Mr. *Firman*, (whom I never saw) ——— carried this Letter My self intending to present it, as well as write it, with my own hand ——— but your *Porter* and *Maid* (all the family I could find at *London-house*) told me that you kept not *Hospitality* there, but was gone to your *Country-house*, for this Summer, I know not how well to get it to your hands, nor how, nor when I shall have your answer, I going home to morrow, and therefore have Order'd it to be *Printed*, hoping that way it will not miscarry, (whatever the *Manuscript* may do) which I have this day sent to you by the *Porter*.

And yet both may miscarry, for I could never yet find that you did ever read my *Letters*, except to *Cavil* at them, and produce my very *Apologies* as evidence against me; for my part I know not how to deal with you, you are too cunning for me, (*I am sure*) too powerful.

And when the quarrel first began about this *Tantivee*, *Heylins*, *Manwarings*, *Sybothorp*, *Lauds* principle and Canon, you did so espouse the cause against me and the good old cause and was so angry, that before the Mayor and Aldermen of *Colchester* (if you could have disgrac't me thereby) you passionately said ——— that you never desired more to talk with me.

For, (*I confess*) I was pretty warm upon you for some time, but I am now more settled me worse than to fright me (with what the late *Loyal-long-Parliament* in their said Address to his Majesty confessed to be a terror to them, and grief of heart to His Majesties Subjects) to hear of a *Manwaring*, a *Heylin*, a *Laud*, a *Sybothorp*, reviv'd, or their *Canons* or *Principles* so destructive to the *Fundamental Laws* or *The Good Old Cause*.

But you are so seldom Resident at *London* (the great *Episcopal Workhouse* for a Bishop of *London's* Presence and Residence) and at *Fulham* the greatest part of the year, That if you would admit a conference with me (which would be good for both of us) yet I know not how to obtain it, except I go to *Fulham*, which is out of my way (and so will be) till you come to *London*, where the perpetual Residence of a Bishop of *London* is absolutely necessary, (especially since the *New-Buildings* have almost doubled your *Diocesis*) That if you had nothing to do there, but only to *Bishop or Confirm All Saints and All Souls* therein, if you were as High and Great (and I believe you are now past (the Age of) growing, but if you were now as great) as the Giant *Bryareus* that had 100 hands, they would all be too little for the performance of (one single *Episcopal Badge*) the *Confirmation* in the *Common-Prayer-Book*.

Nor does the *Rubrick* say, that Men are bound to take a pair of Oars, and go by *Water* to *Fulham* to be confirmed ——— as if men were dipt with the *Error Anabaptistical*, and thought it necessary to go to Heaven by *Water*, (more then needs.)

*a malicious approach* Surely, you came lately from reading the *Eucomiums* given to *Laud* by that blind (in a double-Sence) that old *Tantivee-Bard* ——— *Peter Heylin*, upon that *Archbishop*, and I would not have you (whom I love so well) to be so ambitious as to desire to be his Successor; (though) to follow his steps: I hope you will be wiser before you come to the Grave; they are dangerous steps for you — believe Me.

## The C O N C L U S I O N.

**T**HIS Letter is the Quintessence and Epitome of the whole Book, and may (for a shift) serve those that will not or cannot find leisure to read the whole Book, and though writ raptim, and in haste, yet (though I say it that should not say it) worthy for the matter to be writ in Letters of Gold, and transmitted to all Posterity; the Subject is so Good, so seasonable, and so needful to be handled.

For however it happen to work doubtfully upon *Teagues* and *Irish-Tories*, and slavish prostituted and *Hackney-Pamphleteers*; (whose only Religion is their Gain) yet I doubt not but it has sufficient Vertue in it to Convert all *English Tories* and *Tantivees*, that are not sworn-slaves, and make them perfect *WHIGGS*: whose Numbers increase daily (they are never the fewer for me and this Contest with the Bishop) and multiply wonderfully; and so will still, when things are well-consider'd, and impartially-weighed, according to our ancient, Honourable, safe, and most excellent *English Frame*, and Constitution of Government; Our Kings are Kings of France, but (God forbid) they should be like the French King; then indeed (as the *Tantivee-Preacher* ratted it) our very Souls would not be our own, nor (scarcely) would God be suffered quietly to enjoy them, as his share, but All would be *Casars*, our *Estates*, our *Liberties*, our *Children*, our *Lands*, our *Lives* and our

*Wives*,



*Wives*; And then, what shall we have? nay, what shall God have? If *All* be *Cesars*: such *Tantivee-Fops* and senceless *Preaching-Sots* deserve to be hang'd, and till some of them be all of so served, or, made *Exampels* of, we shall never be freed of these *ENGLISH Incendi-futhers*; (*Tory-Pulpiteers*, and *Tory Pamphleteers*) but be ruin'd (twice in an Age) with one and the same *Plagues* and *Pests*. And work (as *Negroes* do in *Barbadoes*) by day for their *Masters*, and at night lie with their *Wives* to get *slaves* for their *Masters* too: And is it not better to have no *Charters*, no *Priviledges*, then to serve a weary *Apprentyship* and give *Money* to boot, for our *Freedom*, and yet hold them by no *sure Tenure*, then till a *Cour-tier* be displeas'd, or wants *Money*? And as for *Ecclesiastical Courts*, if 16 *Car. 1. 11.* be in force, and was never repealed, and that the 13 *Car. 2. 12.* (repealing 17 *Car. 1.*) can never be construed to Repeal, 16 *Car. 1.*

Then what force have they or *Power* toward, impose or inflict any pain, penalty, &c. nor did they, or durst they inflict any pain or penalty (as loath to venture 100 l. for every offence) nor did they censure any, till 13 *Car. 2. 12.* repealed 17 *Car. 1. 11.* but if it did not repeal 16 *Car. 1. 11.* as it is evident upon the *Parliament Roll*, it is 16 *Car. 1. 11.* that repeals the branch of 1 *Eliz.*—I think they have brought their *Hogs* to a *Fine Market*, and stand liable for all the mischief they have done, to *Souls*, to *Bodies*, and to *Bones*.

I believe some in the *Parliament* (at least did intend) to repeal 16 *Car. 1. 11.* but if it be (as it is a great mistake) it is fatal, and not to be remedied, but by a *PARLIAMENT*, and if ever they should be so bold and daring as to inflict any penalty upon me—have at them for the 100 l.

Besides, I doubt not but 1 *Edw. 6. 2.* is in force; for though it is repeal'd by 1 *Mar. 2.* yet that 1 *Mar. 2.* is repeal'd by 1 *Jacob. 25.* and *Samson* is unbound again *Remoto Impedimento Revivescit*; and herewith agreeth the *Book-Cafe* in 15. *Ed. 3. tit. Petition Placit. 2. Coke mag. chart, 686.*

'Tis true that 4: *Jacob* two questions were moved, first whether any *Bishops* made, especially since the first day of that first Sessions of *Parliament. 1. Jacob. were lawful* or no.

2: Whether the Proceedings in the *Ecclesiastical Courts*, being made under the name *Stile and Seal of the Bishop* were warranted by Law?

The *Chief Jusices* agreed that 1 *Edw. 6. 2.* was in force—for though the *Act 1. Eliz. 1. Revive the 25. Hen. 8. 20.* Which Empowers *Bishops* to Act as formerly, (and consequently or obliquely the 1 *Ed. 6. 2.* is struck at) yet can any man in his right wits imagine that it is either true or safe, that a *Statute* should be repealed obliquely, and by consequence without the least thought thereof in the *Legislators*? this would be of most dangerous consequence. But the *Legislators* could not think of repealing that which was actually and expressly at that time repealed already by 1. *Mar. 2.* nor of repealing the *Ed. 6. 2.* by 1. and 2. *Phil. and Mar. 8.* which was repealed already by 1 *Mar. and 1. 2. Phil. Mar.* that does not repeal 1 *Ed. 6. 2.* by name and consequents will not do, nor inferences, this is tricks and wiredrawing, to defeat a *Statute-Law* by finess or nicety of Wit, or *Lawyers Criticisms*. And therefore there is no need of flying to 1 *Eliz. 1.* for the repeal of 1. 2. *Phil. Mar. 8.* yet the *Judges* generally extrajudicially were of another opinion.

The case deserves the Resolution of the *Judges* in open-Court; or in a *Parliament*, or both; an extrajudicial Judgment then has been in Jan 4 and 1 July 1637 and the *Judges* gave their opinions as the *Bishops* best liked, (*Dr. Laud* especially) but the same *Judges* also to please him, were for the Legality of *Ship-money*, and *customs* (unsettled by *Parliament*) see *Appendix of Dr. Godolphins Abridgment of Laws.* and *Coke Instit. C. 2. p. 685. 686.* the Lord *Coke* was overawed by the *High-Commission Court*, now the Law is not in awe, though the *Gentleman* that gives this Narrative of the said *Tryall* did not take it in short-hand (he that has so vast a memory shall not need) nor yet is willing to be known to be the Author of these observations; not that there is a word or line in this book that he is not prompt, and at hand and (to chuse) willing to justify

justify, if any dare be so bold, daring and impudent, or so very ignorant as to oppose these profitable and well known truths, backt with the Gospel and the Law; Ha! Let me have no grumbling — you may whisper, Point, make dumb-shows and Signs, but — I will have no grumbling aloud. But he is not willing to put his Name to this Book as Author, yet nevertheless according to the Common Castane of Learned Authors that Preface their works with their own Pictures or Effigies (they shall not need neither, some of them are not so handsome, no more then the coarse face of this Blunt Author) Nevertheless the Author (to hamper the Common vanity) gave me leave to give you part of his Picture, or a halfe face of him, pourtray'd as followeth (not in his first, but last Page of his Book) (if you be Oediposses) you may soon unriddle the unigma, the Author has a soul to great — I'll say no more on't — but as for his fancy and invention the whole Creation is so immediately at his beck, that (like Chambers to be let ready furnished) it never wants apt Epithets, Metaphors, or Expressions to Elucidate the thoughts of his weightier matter and judgment. But (which are seldom pairs in one man) his memory (Ay, that, that same — his Memory) like the French King, seizes all it can lay hold off, right or wrong: or like the men that drive the Commons, impounds all that comes to hand — or like a Drag Net, it sweeps all, and retains All, the Good, the Bad, but what its better Judgment purposely waves and throws away, or like a Serjeant, a Bum a Snap, a Trap, or a right English Mastive never lets go its hold, except the piece come but, when it has once laid hold, and snatched, coupled or matcht with a Body so perfect a Slave to the greater Soul, that it never tires or plays the faine when set at work sometimes unmercifully and most Tyrannically us'd, and yet the willing Slave, like good Horses, keeps its self in Good Case, tight and in good plight, &c for a Sinner, if it were not sometimes Priest-ridden, or rid with the spiritual Incubus, or Night-mare, I say, for so great a Sinner, well to Live. Plump & fat — desideramus eastera.

Thus have I with a Pen, not Pencil drawn the Authors Picture; and there is a some men's styl'd as in Faces and Features, such peculiar Idiosyncrasies and distinguishing Ayres from others, that it is headless to write the Authors name (as was, over dull painting, accustomed of old) — This is Cock, This a Bull.

For this reason it is as little and remarkable as a Pick's Fury, or a Tory Sheriff, or a Hunted Doe, that may indeed (endeavouring shelter) a while be concealed amongst the Crowd, but any soft Capacity may single him out from the Common Herd.

But do not you, ye weekly Libellers and dirty Pamphleteers! Do not you prophane any more this Effigy; especially Trusty Roger, Mr. Observer I tremble at aspersions, least the Villanous Assumpt you made against the Printers Widow, (now Mr. D's Wife) rise up in Judgment against you to her unpotted Honour, and your strange and unheard of Villany, look too! And do not bring your Works of Darkness to Light, The modest Gentlewoman, which your Goatship would have prophan'd, is yet alive to attest your Villany, though you promised her, that if she would consent to your Goatship, or Whorey, Heat above the rage of Dog days you would, being then Press-Master, permit her to Print all the Quakers Books and Unlicensed Pamphlets — only she should lay them aside before your coming to make a Search, of which you would give her timely notice. Mr. Villany — to make the Kings Favour and Trust in Trusty Roger, A PIMP to Trusty Rogers Goatish Lust, Oh Taintives — blush at your Observer, do not hereafter (ye Reading Don's of the Pulpit) do not hereafter take matter out of his Weekly Pamphlets for your Reading Lectures in a Country Church — blush at your Whorey, Rogues, Taintives, of which, Mr. Observer, I cannot but, in kindness to you, make this Observation, to check (if possible) your prophane Billingsgate, as if you were — I won't say a Swearer as well as a Perforator to the Forses and Taintives — but I spare you at present. However deface not This Pouterature. This is no Common Office, nor every mans share. This is not the Pass of an Hermaphrodite or Lepus, it is false and base, as treacherous and low as a Lion — What? prefer the Patron of a Bishop before Flickeringill? It is a Sin to call dirt upon this Medal. But if any silly Tory or unthinking Taintive be so Fool-hardy, he knows he may in just Requital expect (but that they are not worthy) a Whorey.

MUSHROOM.

FINIS.